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THE LIEVEN-PALMERSTON CORRESPONDENCE
1828-1856



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IN COMPLETE CONFORMITY WITH
THE AUTHORIZED ECONOMY STANDARDS

“ WILLIAM ”—a Satire

Translations from German

LUDWIG OF BAVARIA

By OTTO ZAREK

MADAME DU BARRY

By ERHARD BREITNER

FURTHER LETTERS OF QUEEN VICTORIA

Edited by HECTOR BOLITHO



PRINCESS LIEVEN
School of David

THE LIEVEN-PALMERSTON CORRESPONDENCE

1828—1856

Translated and Edited by
LORD SUDLEY

With a Preface by
SIR JOHN SQUIRE



LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

TO
MY FATHER,
LADY PALMERSTON'S GREAT-GRANDSON

First Edition . . . 1943



ERRATA

- p. 6, note 5, *for* Maria Alexandrowna *read* Feodorowna.
p. 260, note 1, *for* father *read* uncle.

EDITORIAL NOTE

THE letters from Princess Lieven to Lady Palmerston published in this volume, were left by Lady Palmerston in her will to her daughter Lady Jocelyn, who in turn left them to her four grandchildren, Lord Arran, Mabell, Lady Airlie, Lady Salisbury and Esther, Lady Hambleden. In 1939 these letters were presented to the British Museum.

Lady Palmerston's letters to Princess Lieven form part of the Lieven archive in the British Museum. This archive was inherited by Princess Lieven's son, Alexander, who died in 1886, directing in his will that the papers should be kept under seal for fifty years, and not published until 1936. The papers were kept at Mitau, in Courland. During the Russian revolution they were given up for lost. In 1932, however, they were rediscovered in the Berlin State Library, where they had been transported after the German occupation of Courland. Princess Lieven's descendants removed them from Berlin, took them to Brussels, and ultimately sold them to the British Museum.

As there are only two correspondents it seems unnecessary to add both names at the head of each letter. Therefore, only the name of the recipient has been given, and from this it is obvious who is the writer.

It is of interest to note that both sides of the correspondence are in French. After twenty-two years of residence in this country, Princess Lieven must have understood and been able to write English well, but she always preferred French. Lady Palmerston was fluent in French, and perhaps was not sorry to have the opportunity of exercising her powers in her letters.

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* From *Early Pencillings from PUNCH* by John Lecch, 1864.

BIOGRAPHICAL FOREWORD

DOROTHEA PRINCESS LIEVEN, whose letters to Lady Cowper, afterwards Lady Palmerston, form the greater half of this volume, was born in 1785, the daughter of Baron Christopher Benckendorff, member of an old Prussian family which had settled in Esthonia. Her mother was Baroness Charlotte Schilling, one of the ladies-in-waiting whom the Empress Maria Feodorowna, on her marriage to Czar Paul I in 1776, brought with her from her father's court in Württemberg. In 1797 Baroness Benckendorff died, leaving her daughter Dorothea in the Empress's charge. She was educated at the Russian court, and although of German parentage was thoroughly Russian in temperament. At the age of 15 she was given in marriage to a suitable husband, the 26-year-old Count Christopher Lieven, one of the Czar's Ministers of State. There were five sons by the marriage, Alexander, Paul, Constantine, George and Arthur. After the death of Czar Paul I, Count Lieven was appointed by his successor, Alexander, to a high post in the Russian army. In 1808 he resigned from the army on grounds of ill health, and in 1810 was gazetted Russian Ambassador at the Court of Berlin. Here he remained two years, and Madame de Lieven studied the arts of feminine diplomacy, of which she was to become in later years one of the most brilliant exponents ever recorded in history.

In 1812 the Lievens were recalled from Berlin, owing to the severance of diplomatic relations between Russia and Prussia. The French invasion of Russia began, and now was the time to seek the alliance of Great Britain in the struggle against Napoleon. All differences between the two nations were composed, and in September, 1812, Count Lieven was gazetted Russian Ambassador at the Court of St. James's. On hearing of his appointment he said, "I have been given the most brilliant, the most important and the most agreeable post to which I could aspire." He and his wife were destined to remain in England for twenty-two years.

Emily, Countess Cowper, afterwards Lady Palmerston, the other correspondent in this volume, was born in 1787. She was the daughter of Lord and Lady Melbourne of Brocket Hall, Hertfordshire, sister of William, Lord Melbourne, the Whig Prime Minister, and of Frederick Lamb, Lord Beauvale,

English Ambassador in Vienna during the post-Napoleonic period when Metternich presided over the councils of Europe. Emily Lamb was born into the great circles of English Whig society. From the moment of her marriage to the rich Lord Cowper of Panshanger, she became a leading political hostess, and as far back as 1823 Princess Lieven refers to her in her letters to Metternich as an enchanting personality, "charming, subtle, amusing and kind". In the early part of this volume it is Princess Lieven who, at the summit of her power, condescends a trifle to her friend from Panshanger, even to the extent of inviting her own guests from London to stay in her friend's house. But life was to bring misfortune upon Princess Lieven, while to Lady Cowper it brought increasing prosperity, until in the end we find the Russian exile desperately begging assistance from her English friend, begging for mental and material comfort from one who had the sustaining background of riches, home, family and political power. Both women were eager in pursuit of the enjoyments of life, and neither was immune from the frailties of human nature. But Lady Cowper exercised a characteristic English discretion which carried her through the whirlpools of turbulent ambition to a safe haven of respectable and respected old age; Princess Lieven, in contrast, was wilder and more reckless in pursuit of life, and, having left the shores of England, embarked alone upon a perilous course, with only her own brilliant charm and talents to guide her. Which is preferable, English caution or Russian temerity?

PREFACE

THE correspondence here for the first time translated and edited—one side of it preserved as by a miracle during the Four Years' War—was exchanged between two of the most talented and instructed women of the nineteenth century. The history of their relationship is sketched in the little introductions which Lord Sudley has placed before each of his sections. It is considerably involved with politics. But the reader will find that, all historical questions apart (such as the rôle that Princess Lieven played, with a view to revenge against Palmerston, in Guizot's "Spanish Marriages" scheme), there is a fascination in the contrasted characters of the two women, the play of their wits, and the quality of their friendship, which would have been there had they confined their letters to entirely non-political themes.

For the personality of Princess Lieven the historian has long had ample materials, though they are here supplemented with documents with a peculiar hue of their own. But Lady Cowper [Palmerston], who was for so long her prudent intimate, is here unveiled as fully her match in intelligence and resource and her superior in sense and morality. And, for all the superficial resemblances between their interests, and the sort of lives they led, and the manner of their lighter conversation about men and things, they were fundamentally very different sorts of people.

For one thing Princess Lieven was, for all (perhaps partly because of) her wit, charm, and quick shallow sympathies, decidedly a "dangerous woman" and Lady Cowper was not. Lady Cowper was a statesman's close friend and adviser (afterwards, significantly, becoming his wife) during her husband's lifetime; but she was a domesticated woman and was content to be Palmerston's Egeria or "man behind the gun." She had, when she cared to exercise it, as good a gift for describing "tableaux vivants" as her vivacious friend; and she could display, on occasion, as caustic, if not quite so cattish, a talent for summarizing characters and situations in a sentence: as when she says: "Lady Augusta Neumann is no handsomer, although she shows an interest in her husband and talks of him in an affectionate manner; perhaps it is a pose, but at any rate

a highly suitable one." But she was solid, as solid as Panshanger and Brocket. She was interested in foreign politics but from the insular standpoint, which has its merits in regard to detachment though not, to-day, in regard to ignorance. In her calm smiling manner she did unorthodox things and said acute things. But she reminds one, occasionally, of Jane Austen; whereas the characters who leap to mind when one reads Princess Lieven's letters are Becky Sharp and Marie Bashkirtseff. Both had great griefs; but when Princess Lieven suffered grief or even disappointment she clamoured hysterically for death. "The world is dead for me," she cried after leaving her husband, "Numb my senses. Take me out of myself. Horror has seized hold of me. Why am I alive? Why does Heaven allow me to exist? Oh, God, has there ever been greater misery than mine"—proceeding, after a few lines, to inquire, "Who are the Ministers? Are you in alliance with the Radicals?" When Lady Palmerston contemplates death it is in quite another vein—the good-tempered jocularly of her brother Melbourne: "One must admit that this world is an amusing place—I wonder if the other planets also have their crises!! I am in no hurry to die, quite the contrary, but I have a great curiosity to know everything." "An amusing place"—she was amused by all sorts of things, from the exercise of power to the spectacle of the persistent Brougham flattering the Duchess of Kent and giving "an excellent imitation of Don Quixote and Dulcinea."

She was cheerful and sagacious; in stormy times she could remind her panicking friend about the strength of England: "Dearest, it is an illusion, there will be no revolution; our constitution is so admirably formed that it can resist everything—moreover, everyone is conservative—they only dispute over different forms of Conservatism." And she served one man in whom she believed, whereas her friend, egoist to a degree though loving company, used or tried to use men as tools to carry out her views or personal vendettas. No country, though she really seems to have found England to her taste, had a great hold on her. Her native Russia, she remarked with indiscreet contemptuousness, was not in Europe. Of the France which gave her a home and great influence she said: "What astonishes me is that with my fondness for Paris I should have such a profound dislike and scorn for all French people. The city itself must indeed be charming, for there is no doubt that its inhabitants are devoid of charm." Doubtless she dazzled and delighted

her lovers and close men friends, but they were chiefly pawns to her. Almost any influential man would do. At one time it was "I see Lord Grey every day"; nearly twenty years later it was "I see M. Guizot every day"; and it is scarcely unjust to say that had she not, in the prime of life, settled down with Guizot, she would have been quite capable of transferring herself to Constantinople in the hopes of embracing the person and dominating the policy of the Grand Vizier.

She was rash, cunning, a humbug, unreliable (see page 225 as to her showing private letters); she was spiteful. . . . Why, therefore this long friendship? Well, it was not a bad thing to keep in with so well-armed a Delilah; and her company was delightful; and geniuses at conversation and correspondence are not so common that a person so unusual as Lady Cowper would easily let one go. In the end she was simply forced to drop her; but over the long period of their acquaintance she must have given her old English friend far more pleasure and information than ever she caused her irritation. It was on Palmerston that they parted. She could never forgive him for getting her removed from England; and there was a strain of stupidity in her which made it impossible for her to see that Englishmen could not stand the wife of a foreign Ambassador meddling fiercely in English party politics.

In many regards, social and political, the world reflected in these letters is a world very remote from ours. The Kings, in Europe, were still on their thrones; the princelings were many and their visits and marriages of European interest. The Dual Empire existed; the German Reich and united Italy did not; Princess Lieven could say of the Tsar's dominions that there would be no unrest whatever beneath the crust; women of great position and political influence could write each other long leisurely letters mingling elaborate discussions of diplomatic detail with gossip, scandal and the description of fêtes; the world that mattered to them was a small one, whatever the rumblings of "democratic change" and the occasional violent incursion of rebellious mobs; the urban workers were still in a minority and the sunset of feudalism still looked like daylight. In England, whatever the periodic troubles about "reform" and the Corn Laws the Government was still in the hands of a committee of the House of Lords and their relations. Landed Tories waged a rotativist gang warfare with Landed, and even richer, Whigs; Parliament had long holidays; much was

settled during long holidays in great country houses—and it might be argued that, so far at least as concerns external affairs, our then rulers did at least as well as the modern delegates of universal suffrage. That society, in its more glittering aspects, is depicted in the novels of Disraeli ; its more rural and domestic aspects are faithfully mirrored in those of Miss Eden, whose name occurs in this book ; and as a coherent thing it has gone after a welter of local and universal convulsions. An order in which all the pyramids, social, political and economic, were coincident has been succeeded by a kaleidoscopic confusion swarming with aristocratic stockbrokers and floor-walkers and new lower- and middle-class peers.

Yet, however far away the social fabric here recovered, with all its strong qualities and all its hollownesses, and blindnesses and shams, all its elegances and hypocrisies, one cannot help reading these letters without being often reminded of the obstinately enduring problems, passions and national characteristics which persist underneath all social change. In 1835 we find Lady Cowper exclaiming : “ How incredible to start torturing the Jews again in Paris, Berlin, Spain and Hamburg—I thought these things belonged to the Middle Ages.” Next year it is Princess Lieven on Spain : “ Leave Spain to herself and some solution will come out of this chaos. Let everyone mind his own business ; it is absurd to try and form an international police. As a philanthropic gesture it is bound to fail, and if any country does it for personal gain the other countries are up in arms immediately. The Spanish revolution will do you no harm—let it continue as it has begun—touch it and you will have a general war.” And, much later, during the slow waste of the Crimean War, she writes again : “ We are not a logical people. We are and always will be mules. Intimidation, attacks, will only make us all the more stubborn, and you will see that Russia will sacrifice her last halfpenny and her last man in the conflict. We have still a great many halfpennies and a great many men, enough to exhaust everyone’s patience ; there will be no end to this war.”

History repeats herself ; but she found few listeners even in days when a knowledge of history was more prevalent than it is now amongst those who determine the destinies of mankind.

J. C. SQUIRE.

PART I

PRINCESS LIEVEN IN LONDON

When these letters open, it is two years before the death of George IV, and Prince Lieven had been Russian Ambassador at the Court of St. James's for sixteen years. Princess Lieven was enjoying tremendous power and prestige in England. She was on familiar terms with George IV, William IV, and with all the leading figures of both political parties. Lady Cowper, married to a rich peer, sister of Lord Melbourne and intimate with Lord Palmerston, also enjoyed considerable power, but her sympathies were Whig, while Princess Lieven was a "free lance", courting each political party in turn, and acting only in the interests of Russia. How far the two women trusted each other is a matter of doubt, but very often their interests agreed and we find them collaborating in political intrigue, as, for instance, in the War of the Portuguese Succession, in which both were "Pedroite" in policy. In 1828, when these letters start, the Tories are in power, so Princess Lieven flirts with Wellington and Aberdeen, but in 1830 she is equally arduous in pursuit of Lord Grey, the Whig Prime Minister, and endeavours to influence his policy and the policy of the Foreign Minister, Lord Palmerston, her friend's confidante.

Princess Lieven's letters to Lady Cowper in Part I of this volume are largely concerned with social events, as well as with politics, for the two women were constantly each other's guests, and met frequently at Windsor Castle, Hampton Court, Claremont, Chatsworth and other famous houses. The Princess appeared to go from strength to strength—she imagined her position impregnable and her influence unbounded, until at last the blow fell. Lord Palmerston, the Foreign Minister, whom she imagined to be her friend, was goaded beyond endurance by her temerity and by her attempts to meddle even in the internal affairs of England. He decided that she and her husband must be driven from the country, and with this object in view, purposely created a "difficult" diplomatic situation with Russia, thus forcing the Czar's hand, and obliging him to recall the Lievens.

The Princess appeared to be shattered by this blow, for all her interests, affections and ties were centred in this brilliant and prosperous England, and the agony of departing for her cold and barbarous native land with a husband whom she did not love, her diplomatic career destroyed, to face an unknown future, was hardly to be borne. Fully aware that it was Palmerston who had caused her downfall, it is a wonder

that she continued unbroken her flow of correspondence with the woman who was later to become his wife, and who had sided with him in the plot which brought about her downfall.

To Lady Cowper.

RICHMOND, September 24th, 1828.

THIS is my fourth letter to you, dearest, since leaving Panshanger; I am telling you this because I have had no letter from you, and am beginning to fear that you are not receiving mine.

Yesterday the ladies of Windsor¹ paid me their visit. The King let it be known that it was his particular desire that they should come and see me—he is still in bed, still unwell, his arm so swollen that they cannot put his shirt on him. He sees no one—the ladies are rather bored during the day and play whist at night.

The little Queen's arrival² is considered a nuisance and an embarrassment—they are trying to persuade her to remain in the seaport town where she landed—if this is impossible she will come and live somewhere near London, and the King will receive her one day at St. James's Palace—a courier has been sent to Venice to ask for orders from her grandfather the Emperor—either this story is false, or if it is true, it is the most idiotic thing they could possibly have done. The people who brought her here to prevent her falling into the hands of this grandfather will not be any more willing to hand her over now—and you cannot send her off to Vienna as a State prisoner. In any case it appears that they want and hope to be rid of her as soon as possible. We will see what Don Pedro decides, for he is the only person entitled to a say in the matter.

The King, even now at this very moment, has no idea who is to be Privy Seal.³ The Duke of W.⁴ told him last Sunday "that he was not yet prepared to discuss this matter with him". Indeed the King has been so ill that all recent events have been of complete indifference to him.

¹ George IV's mistress, Lady Conyngham, and her daughter.

² Queen Dona Maria of Portugal, who had been sent by her father Don Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, from Brazil on a visit to her grandfather in Vienna, Emperor Francis II of Austria. While she was on her way news came that her uncle, Don Miguel, had usurped the Portuguese throne, so Barbacena, the Queen's Chamberlain, decided to interrupt the journey, and took her to England instead of Austria. The Queen was nine years old.

³ In place of Lord Ellenborough.

⁴ Wellington.

The Lady ¹ is delighted to accept your invitation to Panshanger, but she is not sure if she can come as early as that—I can see that she is dying to go, but that they won't allow her to leave. She is of opinion that Lord Melbourne should think of marrying, and that Frederic ² is very good-looking. Little Townshend has been made Groom of the Bed Chamber.

I have promised to return their visit at Windsor one day—I may perhaps go and spend two or three days at Southwell with my children—it would make a nice change.

What do you think of the Duke of Newcastle's letter? ³ What will the Duke of Wellington have to say, and for that matter what will become of England in the end if the fanaticism of the people is inflamed by one side and another? What idiots your High Tories are! The whole affair was started by Cumberland; he boasted to me the other day that he had an organization which would defeat the *Catholic Association*. A fine state of affairs when a country is governed by clubs! ⁴

The Duke of W. has sent a message inviting Barbacena ⁵ to come and see him directly he arrives—he will ask him why the Queen has come to England—whether she is here on a visit, or to escape from her enemies or to raise the standard of opposition to Don Miguel's government. Her reception here will depend upon the answer. This, at any rate, is what I inferred from my conversation with Lady C. ⁶ I think I have told you everything now—the Strathavons have gone home. The Mount Charles ⁷ are living permanently at Windsor.

Adieu, my dearest—I am very sad and lonely—I shall be glad to know that you are at Panshanger for the sole reason that thirty miles is a more comforting thought than a hundred and ninety—I send you all my love. We have no news whatsoever, except that the Emperor has rejoined the army and that the Corps Diplomatique (less your ambassador) are following him.

¹ Lady Conyngham.

² Frederick Lamb, Lady Cowper's brother, later Lord Beauvale.

³ In *The Times* of September 23rd. He exhorted the nation to unite in Protestant Associations all over the country, and to address itself personally to the king. The Government, he said, was not to be trusted to prevent Catholic Emancipation in Ireland.

⁴ The Duke of Cumberland was violently opposed to the Government in the question of Catholic Emancipation.

⁵ Chamberlain to the Queen of Portugal.

⁶ Lady Conyngham.

⁷ Son and daughter-in-law of Lady Conyngham.

Tell your brother that I think constantly of what he told me about A'court.¹

Your letter of the 22nd has this minute arrived. Thank you very much for it, my dear—let us continue writing to one another—and do not forget me with all your dissipations at Chatsworth. But I am very glad you are going there; it will amuse Emilie, and I welcome anything which gives her pleasure—I have also had a letter from my correspondent in the north,² who tells me he is annoyed by certain indications of the Government's intentions towards Ireland³—he is black one week and white the next, never grey which he has the right to be in more senses than one. He even denies the right of Dona Maria to be called Queen; what a perverse and censorious person he is.

My husband had news from Lisbon this evening, that Valdez⁴ offered a two day resistance at Madeira—the garrison then mutinied and he was obliged to retreat.

It is quite true that the English packet-boat in Lisbon was fired on—charming allies!⁵

To Lady Cowper.

RICHMOND, *October 19th, 1828.*

I have decided to believe that you are still alive until you send me definite news of your death, and am therefore writing to you again, my dear—at least you must admit that I could not be worse treated than I am by you. You have not sent me a single line since October 5th; tell me at least that you have had my letters; there have been quite half a dozen of them.

We are still without news of the army—I believe I am beginning to lose interest in the war—what a way to conduct a campaign! I am at a loss what to say and think about it.⁶

Lebzeltern⁷ has arrived in England, doubtless to claim back

¹ Sir William A'Court, later Lord Heytesbury, Ambassador in St. Petersburg.

² Lord Grey.

³ Catholic Relief Bill, supported by Lord Grey.

⁴ General Valdez, Governor of Madeira, who had declared for Don Pedro and Queen Dona Maria.

⁵ This refers to the Miguelite party.

⁶ The Russian campaign was at first unsuccessful, and only next year, when Diebitch replaced Prince Wittgenstein as Commander-in-Chief of the Russian army, were the Turks driven to surrender.

⁷ Austrian Ambassador in St. Petersburg, sent as Envoy to England by Emperor Francis II.

the Queen of Portugal. He won't succeed, although he is Metternich's cleverest diplomat. I mean he will be stopped by Barbacena, not by your government, which, I imagine, holds the same views as the government of Vienna in the matter.

The King had recovered his health completely, but has since caught cold somehow or other and has a recurrence of fever.

How is it that the "fashionable movements", which are concerned with the activities of some Mrs. Mitchell or Mrs. Goldsmith, do not tell me where you are? Now I am scolding the newspapers, having scolded you first.

The Emperor wrote to the Empress from Varna that Lord Byngham¹ had greatly distinguished himself during a sortie made by the Turkish garrison in Varna.

Adieu, wicked woman; I end this foolish letter with my love—you see that I have no news to tell you.

Do you not think that your troubles in Ireland are over? In England everthing, even the most serious troubles, seem to disperse like this.

To Lady Cowper.

LONDON, October 24th, 1828.

My dearest. Barbacena remains firm. Austria is trying to entice him with flattery, England to expel him with threats; neither is succeeding. He is determined to stay here. And now for good news from Rio Janeiro—peace has been signed with Buenos Ayres—and Don Pedro has declared that he will never acknowledge his brother.² They say that he is sending some ships against Portugal. That is how affairs stand at the moment. On Monday the little Queen is going to the country and she will thank the English Government for its attentions. She is separating herself entirely from the Court.

The weather is glorious to-day—so Lord Cowper will not get wet. The meeting is causing great excitement in the City.

I hear that Prince Gustave (of Sweden) has written to his future father-in-law that if he is denied the title of Prince of Sweden in the marriage contract and in the official announcement of the marriage to the States of the Netherlands, he will renounce the honour of being his son-in-law; and I imagine, as the King of

¹ Lord Bingham, later Lord Lucan, was attached to the staff of General Woronzow during the Russo-Turkish war.

² Don Miguel, who had proclaimed himself absolute sovereign of Portugal.

the Netherlands will not dare allow him this title in view of the demands of the real King of Sweden and the protestations of your Government, that the marriage will be broken off. There you have a little piece of political scandal—I beg you never to repeat the secrets which I tell you except to people who are *safe*.

The Lady ¹ writes to me that the King is well. Gordon ² is staying at the Cottage.

To Lady Cowper.

RICHMOND, November 27th (1828).

My dearest, I thank you for your letter but am very much annoyed that you will not be at my dinner to-morrow—we will talk about that next week.

I feel very ill and sadder every day.

I understand from a letter of Lady Conyngham's which I received yesterday that the King has been very unwell and that she is still very uneasy at this moment. She writes, "He is not happy unless he is ill." This seems to me a bad state of affairs for a man of his age.

Palmella is having some violent scenes with the Duke of Wellington.³ The Duke has given orders that the Portuguese in Plymouth are to be dispersed throughout the country.⁴ Do your laws permit that foreigners should be compelled to live at Brentford if they wish to live in Staines? Actually I believe that Palmella, rather than obey, will decide to send them all back to Brazil—that is to say that in fact it will be your Government who will have driven them away. You did not act like this towards the French emigrés.

Don Miguel's broken thigh is very cheering news.

The report of the taking of Silistria is true.

Every day sad details come to me from St. Petersburg. The Emperor is inconsolable. He spent the last four hours of his mother's ⁵ life on his knees at her bedside. He wants her funeral

¹ Lady Conyngham.

² Robert Gordon, M.P., Lord Aberdeen's brother. He shortly afterwards became Ambassador in Constantinople.

³ Princess Lieven still hated Wellington, the Prime Minister. Palmella, Minister to the little Queen, had come to England to raise money for the Constitutionalist cause in Portugal.

⁴ There were 3,000 Portuguese refugees in Plymouth, regularly regimented and receiving pay as soldiers. They were members of the "Constitutionalist" party.

⁵ Empress Maria Alexandrowna, wife of Tsar Paul.

to be like that of the Empress Catherine. Her body is to lie in state for six weeks—twice a day the Imperial family will go and kiss her hand and all classes of the public will be admitted for the same purpose—I hear that the public grief is indescribable.

My eldest son is ill in bed in St. Petersburg—I was expecting him from day to day but now I do not know when he is coming.

We shall be delighted to go to Panshanger on the 9th. You know that you need not offer us any enticement beyond that of your own society.

The Gwydyrs are coming to live in Richmond I think.

I have had a long conversation with Lord Aberdeen ; he was very amenable, but W.¹ is the real ruler so this means nothing.²

To Lady Cowper.

RICHMOND, December 25th, 1828.

My dearest, I received your letter yesterday and am delighted to hear that you are going to Windsor in such large numbers, and that your brother will be there as well, how delightful. I shall not wear my mourning at Windsor and have written to the Lady to tell her so, explaining that I am following the customs of my Court where people leave off mourning from Christmas until the Epiphany. As I am wearing Russian mourning I follow the Russian custom. You, too, I think, would do well to leave it off on New Year's day, especially as the King hates black.

The more I think of the reception given to the Queen,³ the more I am convinced, as you are, that it was done in defiance of the advice of certain people⁴ ; it is a very good sign—your brother's invitation is another sign⁵—and these two signs point in the same direction.

My dear, let me know if you are coming to London on the 30th, because in that case I claim the right to entertain you to dinner, you and all your family,—and I am arranging to come to London myself on that day.

¹ Wellington.

² In *Une vie d'Ambassadrice*, by Daudet, there is quoted a letter which the Princess wrote to her brother describing how she could twist Aberdeen round her finger, and how she was particularly concerned to convince him of the justice of the Russian hostilities against Turkey.

³ The King received the little Queen of Portugal graciously.

⁴ Probably Wellington and Aberdeen, who favoured Don Miguel.

⁵ Frederick Lamb was a Whig.

Lord Grey is becoming worse every week—he thoroughly approves the Government's actions in regard to the Portuguese—and he thinks that the Duke of Wellington is right in everything he does. I have written to him to-day describing all the details of the little Queen's reception—his answer will probably be a very angry one.

Adieu, my dearest.

To Lady Cowper.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, *Tuesday, 28th (July, 1829).*

My dearest, I was overcome with joy at getting your letter yesterday; I imagine you here already and am enchanted at the prospect.

How kind Lord Cowper is! I am sure that he will be well rewarded and that Tunbridge with its waters, its good air, its walks and, I add in all humility, my own society, will agree with him. Hurry and give me your orders for rooms. I dined "en famille" yesterday with the Agar Ellises¹ and was utterly bored; everyone bores me except you, so you can imagine how those three women weighed me down! However Luttrell² has arrived and that is a small compensation. Morpeth is arriving to-day. The Esterhazy's³ are coming Thursday. The latter, however, are like police, coming down to see that I do not go for drives in a pony chaise with Aberdeen. Don't you think it would be wise to keep Luttrell here until Lord Cowper arrives? I want to do everything to keep him amused.

My children are rejoiced at the idea of seeing you again.

The Lady has written me a letter all about the Duchess of Cumberland's imminent arrival, but assuring me that she will only stay six weeks in England.⁴

Thank you, my husband is better. Matucewitz⁵ has written to me and asks me to pay you his respects. He is also greatly insistent that Emilie⁶ shall carry out her promise of giving him one of her drawings.

¹ Later Lord and Lady Dover.

² A natural son of Lord Carhampton; a brilliant social figure and famous wit.

³ Austrian Ambassador at St. James's.

⁴ The Duchess of Cumberland, who had been divorced from her second husband, Prince of Salms-Braunfels, had never been acknowledged by the English princesses as a member of the English Royal Family.

⁵ A Russian diplomat who had been sent to London to "overhaul" Prince Lieven, according to the Russian custom.

⁶ Lady Cowper's elder daughter.

I shall expect a letter from you the day after to-morrow and look forward to it very impatiently. You will name the day of your arrival—what joy!

I have discovered some enchanting walks across the park owned by the gentleman with the beautiful magnolia tree. Adieu, my dearest, how I look forward to seeing you—why does your brother not come as well? I wager that Lord Melbourne has not seen this place, and that he would be most agreeably surprised if he came here. All my love.

The Esterhazy's are at this moment at Walmer Castle.

I have written to Howell to send me some gowns, so please tell Emilie not to choose any for me, unless she has already done so, in which case it does not matter, because gowns are always necessary and I will take them.

To Lady Cowper.

RICHMOND, *Tuesday, November 17th, 1829.*

My dear, I was unexpectedly obliged to go to London yesterday for an hour only. I did not have half a minute to write to you from there—so it is only to-day that I can thank you for your little note written on Sunday and for Lord H.'s ¹ letter. You will have an answer to it in writing to-morrow without fail, which will be as explicit as I can possibly make it.

They have not yet sent me the letter which you said you would write yesterday telling me the day of your arrival. Unfortunately I shall not receive it until after this one has gone. If in your letter you mention a day on which you can come and dine with us you can be certain that it will suit us and that we accept it. If you do not mention a day I beg you to do so now, because any day will suit us.

The Duke of C.² went yesterday to call at the Lodge to enquire after the Lady. She has been in bed for several days; the illness has attacked her nerves, but what illness? I haven't any idea. Halford ³ goes there every day. The King is worried and upset. She thinks that she is dying. She faints constantly, and really I have no idea what is the matter. They have invited the Duchess of Gloucester to stay at the Castle from November 23rd until December 3rd, and the King intended to go there this week. Now it is impossible for him to think of it.

¹ Lord Holland.

² The Duke of Cumberland,

³ The Royal Physician.

You see that there is a spate of Cabinet Councils, I do not know what about. My husband has not seen Aberdeen since Saturday. We expect some interesting news from Paris.

I hope, my dear, that this is my last letter and that you will arrive. I am still exercising my dog. I hope that Emilie is completely well again, and am looking forward to seeing her.

Adieu, all my love. I have not a single piece of news to tell you.

Why are they reviving the Garth¹ affair?

To Lady Cowper.

RICHMOND, November 28th, 1829.

Thank you, my dear, for your letter of yesterday. I have nothing to tell you in return except that Lady Conyngham is better. Maria² is my informant, and they have also written to tell the Duke of Cumberland, at the same time hinting to him that he must not yet go to Windsor. I believe, however, that there was mention of a Council meeting on Thursday at the Castle. The King is well.

I had a letter from Lord Grey this morning. His resolve not to come to London until after Easter appears to be unshakable, the reason being his dread of all the political intrigues which will start at the opening of the session; but his attitude seems very like cowardice to me, and I am going to tell him so.³

The Duchess of Bedford stayed one day at Howick on her way to Woburn, where there is to be a big ministerial meeting, and where my husband is to confer about Austria.

What do you think of *The Times* refusing to publish the report which was given in all the other newspapers that the Pasha of Scutari fought against us? How absurd to show such tender feelings for the Turks. The truth is that *The Times* knows very well that this provocation deserved very serious punishment, and

¹ Captain Garth had filed a bill in Chancery for the recovery of certain papers relating to his birth; he claimed to be the son of the Duke of Cumberland and his sister, Princess Sophia of England.

² Lady Maria Conyngham, Lady Conyngham's daughter.

³ She did not, in her letter to Lord Grey of November 25th, accuse him of cowardice, but said how much everyone feared but yet wanted him, that he held the destinies of England in his hands. "Will you consent to rule these destinies?"

that in refraining from annihilating the Turks we have shown great generosity. *The Times* cannot allow itself such an admission, and is therefore silent about the whole matter.

I do not know if there is any truth in Lord H.'s fears that Cumberland wants to be Regent if there is a minority. I have never heard a word on the subject from his side, but I believe that he has a right to the Regency unless a resolution is passed against it in Parliament. In any case I am entirely of your opinion that the two brothers¹ will live long enough to prevent a minority.

To Lady Cowper.

RICHMOND, December 8th, 1829.

I finished my letter yesterday in London, my dear, and mentioned "en passant" the bad news from St. Petersburg. I return to that subject to-day in order to tell you the truth of what would happen if a sad event should plunge us once more in the saddest of mournings. I see that your newspapers, as usual, are talking nonsense about the consequences of a change of ruler—so I tell you now what will happen. Nicholas's son will be proclaimed Emperor under the name of Alexander II and the Grand Duke Michael will govern the Empire during the minority which will last for six years. The Empress would have complete control over the young Emperor's education. This arrangement was decided by the additional clause in the Imperial Laws of Succession on the day of the Emperor Nicholas's coronation. So you see that those who love disorder will be denied the longed-for pleasure of a *disputed succession*. But I can tell you, my dear, that the Emperor's death would be a very great misfortune—he is beloved, he is feared, he governs wisely, and his four years of rulership, as well as bringing glory and advantages to Russia, have been of great use to the Emperor as an experience. His rulership is wise, logical, moderate; in fact he is an emperor whom we need and his loss would be justly regarded as a calamity by the whole of Russia. But foreigners make a mistake if they imagine that there is underlying unrest in Russia. *There will be none of that.*

The next courier will bring us definite news one way or the other. Either he is dead or he is cured. I can assure that I myself am more dead than alive when I think of it.

The Duchess of Kent's dinner yesterday was brilliant; there

¹ George IV and William IV,

were six princesses, Kent, Clarence, Gloucester, Cumberland, Sophie of England and Sophie of Gloucester, two princes, Leopold and Gloucester, and then the Esterhazy's, Laval,¹ ourselves, Dorset, etc.—I can promise you that we were all very stupid ; you can well imagine it.

The Duchess of Gloucester saw the King the day before yesterday. He is very well and much easier in his mind about the Marchioness. She was recovering, and they say that she is now well on the way to convalescence. But she still spends two-thirds of the day in bed. The King says that he will go and live at the Castle at the end of the month.

Here is a little secret. Lord Stuart² was ordered to remonstrate with Polignac about his personal position, to advise him to flatter public opinion a little more, etc. . . . here is Polignac's answer : "Tell the English Ministers that their greatest need is to take care of themselves, rather than meddle in our affairs." I find this very funny. Aberdeen told me the story which makes it funnier still, but with Aberdeen one can never stop laughing.

To Lady Cowper.

RICHMOND, *Thursday, December 10th (1829).*

Thank you for your letter which I received yesterday. I could not write at great length to you because I went to London, and once I am in that accursed city I never find time to do anything.

I asked Lord Aberdeen yesterday what he thought of the affair of Lady Stewart.³ He gave the impression of knowing nothing about it, at the same time assuring me that he would be delighted if it were true. This would make me doubtful about it did I not know so positively. He talks to me constantly about France, about his fears of an extreme party coming into power. I believe there will be a change, but that a coalition ministry may be formed. Laval is still very sad. Montrond⁴ who was also dining with us bombards him incessantly with appeals to get the Duke of Dino⁵ out of prison. He has been shut up near the Temple Bar for debts ; and Montrond wishes him to be released

¹ French Ambassador at St. James's.

² Lord Stuart de Rothesay, Ambassador in Paris.

³ Probably this refers to Lady Stuart de Rothesay, Ambassadress in Paris, who was annoyed with the French and showed it.

⁴ Talleyrand's life-long friend, Marquis de Montrond.

⁵ Talleyrand's nephew, formerly Count Edmond de Périgord.

on the pretext of belonging to the Embassy. I do not know if he will be able to manage it. We have no news from Russia, which appears almost a favourable sign, for bad news travels fast. Huskisson will also be staying at Claremont.¹ We have been invited to Hatfield on the 21st and we are going.

This morning I had a letter from Lord Grey; I did not like it, for its tone was definitely favourable to the Government. In this case it is just as well that he should stay at Howick.

Lady Conyngham is definitely convalescing.

To Lady Cowper.

RICHMOND, December 11th, 1829.

Dearest. We are completely reassured about the Emperor; it is a great weight off my mind. I do not think however that everybody will be as pleased as I am. Your Government and Austria were rubbing their hands with joy at our anxiety.

I do not think I have any news to tell you to-day. I will repeat to you the ambiguous sentence from my northerly correspondent. After a long preamble about the clouds, and the winds which blow from all quarters, he says: "Surely it is only the part of prudence to remain at anchor in a secure harbour, till I see more plainly the course I have to steer; and can have some assurance that by putting to sea I may not promote the objects of those whose views are very different from mine"! Who are "those"? It seems to me that he must be referring to the Whigs. I really believe I should be well-advised to give up my profession. It only tires me and leads nowhere.²

I have just received your yesterday's letter. The Duke of Devonshire has already recounted to me vaguely all the gossip of Brighton. It must be wonderfully gay there. In any case I am delighted that you are soon leaving that town. Adieu, my dearest, I will write again to-morrow if I have anything to tell you, and then no more because they tell me that you are going to Falmouth, and as I am going to Claremont I do not know how my letter would reach you. Which day will you be in London?

¹ The house of Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, husband of the late Princess Charlotte.

² Madame de Lieven was constantly urging Grey to come down and defeat the Government. Its foreign policy did not agree with her views, either in regard to Russia, or in regard to Palmella, the Portuguese Envoy of Dona Maria, whom Aberdeen and Wellington refused to support.

I am coming up on the 17th only in order to see you, and Lord Cowper and Emilie. All my love.

By the way, Lord Grey wrote : " Lord Jersey's appointment to Ireland would not surprise me " !!

To Lady Cowper.

LONDON, *January 5th*, 1830.

Thank you for your line of yesterday, my dearest friend. It is a great pity but I have really no news to give you. I dined at Lord Aberdeen's yesterday. Lady Jersey was doing the honours, her husband was not there ; Lady Aberdeen did not appear. Peel looked worried.

The Duke of W. returns to London to-morrow for the Conferences,¹ and is staying on permanently ; all the Ministers are returning for good on the 7th. Rosslyn has written Grey a letter excusing himself for not stopping at Howick on his way back from Scotland. Grey writes that he feels depressed, and that he is afraid that his relationship with me may harm me in the opinion of the King.² He advises me to give him up. All this is very difficult to write to you.

I see, my dear, that the Verulams, the Cowleys and Lady Eliz. Vernon have failed you for your ball ; I can promise you that I am following its development with great interest. I hope you will have found people to replace these others. Abercorn is greatly looking forward to the ball. Take care of him, I find him very charming. My husband and I are both ill, and we are both going simultaneously to bed, he in London and I in Richmond where I am returning directly. We shall perspire and then we shall reappear. Our troubles are the result of a dinner at Lord Sidmouth's. I hear that good news has come from Janeiro, but I have not yet seen Palmella.

A.³ no longer amuses me so much. His falseness freezes me. However, he said one or two funny things to me yesterday.

I dislike your Lady Jersey more than ever, but we behave perfectly to each other ; our manner is as cold and distant as possible, and that's how we shall always be.

¹ Ratifying the Treaty of Adrianople.

² George IV hated the Whigs.

³ Aberdeen. Now that the Russo-Turkish war had been brought to a triumphant conclusion, she could afford to be rude to the Ministers.

To Lady Cowper.

RICHMOND, January 22nd (1830).

Thank you, my dear, for your letter of the day before yesterday, which only arrived last night, so that I was unable to reply to it. I was certain that Lady E. Vernon would stay on for ever ; this appears to be her habit with everyone. You should hear Lady Stafford's complaints on the subject. I behave in that way with no one but you. It is with despair in my heart that I leave Richmond to-day ; I believe that if I were going to prison I should not be more upset than I am at going to London. Well, it appears that the energy of a certain personage¹ has departed with his doctor. The fact is that he only shows courage with poltroons like Lord A.—he abandons it in the presence of the Prime Minister. He has not actually seen the latter face to face, but they have written to each other, and although he repeated in his letter the same verbal statement which he made to A., namely, that he would never allow Leopold to go to Greece, and that his Ministers could resign if they did not approve of this decision, I have reason to believe that Leopold will go, and that the Ministers will remain. The matter is not yet finally decided, I am only judging by appearances. If I am wrong I will let you know.

The Duke of C. is back in bed once more ; he returned from Windsor yesterday as sick as a dog. I do not think they will be able to settle in London so soon, so our dinner for them has been put off. I believe I mentioned the 7th to you as a possible date ; please consider it as cancelled.

The despairs and dissipations of Lady Jersey are very typical. She is like a "comédienne" in a provincial theatre, and mad into the bargain.

LONDON, 5 o'clock.

I have left my letter open until now, my dear, but I have nothing more of importance to tell you. The Greek affair is going *very* slowly. Everyone thought that they were on the eve of reaching an agreement—now this eve will probably long await its day-break.

(rest missing)

¹ The King, in regard to the candidature for the kingship of Greece. George IV wanted Duke Charles of Mecklenburg-Strelitz (brother-in-law of the Duke of Cumberland), his Ministers wanted Prince Leopold. Princess Lieven was in favour of Leopold, just as Aberdeen was, but both she and her husband, learning that the King wanted Duke Charles, were equally ready to accept him. They only wanted to hurry on the candidature and establish the new King.

To Lady Cowper.

LONDON, *January 29th*, 1830.

The post has brought me nothing from you this morning. I am rather put out by this, as I wanted an answer from you and I wanted your news. The news I have for you is merely a repetition of what I told you the other day. The Greek affair is to be settled to-day or to-morrow. What do you think of the Ministers dining with the King? It looks as though he were trying to atone for his sin in having shown a momentary spark of courage—not only does he bow before them but he goes further still. Long live our valiant sovereigns!

I think Cumberland will die of rage¹!

I have just seen Lady Mountcharles, who has given me news of you. Wicked creature, why have you not written to me? While she was with me Mrs. Arbuthnot² arrived. At first they refused to look at each other, but after a short while Mrs. Arbuthnot took the initiative, and they exchanged a few sentences.

To Lady Cowper.

RICHMOND, *Thursday, April 8th*, 1830.

Hardly had I arrived here yesterday when all officialdom arrived—Madame Esterhazy, the Caroli,³ Lichtenstein. They are still here. Yesterday Laval and Clanwilliam came to call on me—Esterhazy and Neumann⁴ too—they all made a great song and dance about it, I suppose for a good reason.

You have no idea of the beauty of this place; the weather is like mid-summer.

The Duke of Cumberland does not want any pearls, but a great many diamonds. How I regret not having taken them! Where are they, my dear? Did you leave them in London—where, at whose house? Is there any means of my obtaining them? I am sure that the Cumberlands will take the necklace at least. How much do you think one ought to ask? I think 700 and accept not less than 650.

I have no news to tell you from anywhere.

¹ Cumberland was intriguing to put Duke Charles of Mecklenburg-Strelitz on the throne of Greece. He was the Duchess of Cumberland's brother.

² Wife of the Rt. Hon. C. Arbuthnot, and both intimate friends of the Duke of Wellington.

³ Perhaps Karolyi?

⁴ Austrian Chargé d'Affaires in London.

Wednesday, April 14th.

I am sending you the proof of my having written to you, my dear. I left this beginning of my letter lying on my table, because I had nothing at all to add to it, and such as it was it seemed unworthy to be put in the post.

This morning I received your letter and hasten to answer it. Your marriage¹ is so well known that everyone takes me for a fool when I deny the rumours. Mrs. Ashley, for example, told Lady Cowley the other day that her brother was at Panshanger—this seemed to prove the matter beyond any possible doubt. I dined with the Esterhazy's the day before yesterday. The Duchess of Gloucester was there, not the Duke. There were only Austrians and diplomats there, and Esterhazy took pains to tell me that he had been unable to find anyone who would accept his invitation, and had therefore been obliged to fall back on diplomats. This admission was naive if nothing else.

Lord Grey is arriving in London on Saturday, very angry with the Ministers.

I have just received a letter from Palmella which I am sending to you. Please return it. I am sure we will be able to sell his diamond necklace to the Duke of Cumberland,² as soon as you arrive in London. When will you be there, my dear? It is best to let the matter rest until then.

I hear that Clanwilliam³ has established himself completely in Lady Pembroke's house, and that that dear, good woman, so terribly innocent about worldly matters, is quite prepared to give her daughter to him. What folly!

The French have stopped two English ships carrying a cargo of war munitions for the Bey of Algiers⁴—and in the meantime your Government has refused the French Government permission to load her merchantmen in your harbours. So we have a neutrality very favourable to the regency of Algiers. It is the same as it was in our war with Turkey. I beg you not to mention this in front of your "*amoureux*". For you are an indiscreet

¹ Between Emily Cowper and Lord Ashley, later Lord Shaftesbury.

² This must have been a plot between Princess Lieven and Lady Cowper, to raise money for Palmella's cause by selling his diamonds to the Duke of Cumberland.

³ Clanwilliam was a *roué*.

⁴ France was blockading Algiers after a trade dispute had arisen between the two countries. In 1830 the French sent an expeditionary force, and put an end to the Turkish rule in Algiers.

person, my dear, and Lord Ashley is very ministerial ; this is the only thing which upsets me about the marriage. Apart from that I am delighted at Emily's happiness, and at yours ; and I think you would do well not to keep the matter secret any longer.

The Agar Ellis's and the Carlises are our neighbours. I also see a great deal of the Cumberlands. The weather is glorious—I have quite recovered from my cold, and spend all day in the open air ; really Richmond is amazingly beautiful at this moment.

To Lady Cowper.

BRIGHTON, Monday, 27th (September, 1830).

I arrived here very unwell. I did not move, I did not even write. They have ordered me to take douches, which give me a very vivid idea of the *knout*—that delightful punishment which they inflict in Russia. I feel much worse after them than I did before, which pleases my doctor very much ; he assures me that is the effect he requires. It seems to me a funny way of getting well.

The King¹ has been ill with gout and they have applied leeches. He is now better. This evening I am going to dine at Court if I am well enough.

The Chancellor² (I tell you this in secret) is greatly worried about the position of the Government—and is very insistent that Palmerston should be approached. He told the Duke so, but does not know if his words have had any effect.

The Cabinet is meeting again to-day in London, and the question will probably be debated and decided then.

The King does not want to give an audience to M. de Talleyrand³ here, lest he should be obliged to ask him to dinner. He is going to London next week and will give him his audience there.

Write to me, my dear, and tell me if there is anything going on. Lord Grey writes to me in great distress about Huskisson's⁴ death ; he says he will be a great loss, and praises his talents in the highest terms. What a difference between his opinion now and formerly.

¹ William IV. George IV had died in June.

² Lord Lyndhurst, Tory Lord Chancellor.

³ Newly appointed French Ambassador in London.

⁴ Huskisson, Tory Cabinet Minister under Wellington, was accidentally killed by a locomotive at the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway.

To Lady Cowper.

BRIGHTON, *October 4th* (1830).

Dearest, since you are so insistent upon it, here is the letter of recommendation for Mrs. Colteret.

I was busy moving house yesterday, so could not write to you. Besides, I have nothing to say. I am anxiously awaiting news from Petersburg—the letters will give me details of my husband's departure, and of the impression created by the news from Brussels; it was bad, I am certain.

The news from Court is that the Duke is to propose a Parliamentary Reform, and to invite the Canningites to join him—it is the King's sons¹ who are saying so. I don't know whether they are to be trusted.

I have just heard that an approach is to be made to Lord Palmerston.² Dearest, use your influence to prevent pride from spoiling the whole affair—I think it might succeed, because the Duke needs fresh support. We, Europe, need a strong government in England. The moment is urgent and critical. Tell me what you know and, I repeat, do not throw the whole thing out of the window.

All my love, in haste.

To Lady Cowper.

BRIGHTON, *Sunday, October 10th* (1830).

Thank you, dearest, for your letters. I hope that the contents of the one which P.³ showed you is and will remain a secret from everyone. For pity's sake, my dear, do not breathe my name.⁴

The Chancellor appears to think that the matter is still going well. He told me that it was Lord Clive who was pushing it on.

¹ The illegitimate Fitzclarences.

² Wellington tried to persuade Palmerston to enter his Cabinet, but he refused, on account of being implicated in the Whig policy of Parliamentary Reform. Lady Cowper, being so intimate with Lord Palmerston, would have influence.

³ Palmerston.

⁴ This letter and the last seem to indicate that Princess Lieven was intriguing to get Palmerston to join Wellington's Government. Yet in her contemporary letters to Lord Grey she does not mention this fact; indeed she always gives the impression that she wishes Lord Grey to come down and form a Whig Cabinet. Palmerston, who had been instructed in foreign affairs by Princess Lieven and her husband, was, at this time, very pro-Russian in sympathy.

When in his turn he questioned me and I replied with an assumption of indifference that I understood that Lord Palmerston was going to Paris, he looked terrified. He told me that he was completely at a loss, that he knew there had been an interview between the Duke of W. and Lord P. on a question of principles regarding Parliamentary Reform, and that the Duke could not yield on that point. It was ridiculous to suppose that he would give members to Manchester, Birmingham, etc. ; he would not even consider it ; it was utterly out of the question.

I myself do not know what to conclude from all I hear. I think that at heart the Duke does not want to take on outside assistance, but only to make changes among his colleagues.

My dear, I am heartbroken at not going to Panshanger, but it is impossible. I must take 15 more baths without fail, and after then you will be back in London. I brought the newspapers myself to Lord Ashley this morning, and he will have them regularly morning and evening. I did not see Emily ; she had gone out. But to-morrow we must meet without fail. I shall take her for a drive in the barouche, and will be at her disposal for anything she may require. I am delighted to have them as neighbours.

Good-bye, dearest, all my love. To-morrow I am dining at Court ; my cold is at last gone.

To Lady Cowper.

LONDON, *Saturday, December 25th* (1830).

If it is not inconvenient for you, and I beg you will tell me quite frankly if it is, we should like to go to Panshanger on Tuesday, 28th. When you go to the ball I shall go to bed. Bülow ¹ asks if he may also come to you that day—I shall know before finishing this letter which day he proposes to leave.

There is not a word of news, either from Poland or from Russia. I believe the crisis in Paris to be over. I have just received a letter from Mrs. Arbuthnot excusing herself for not having been to my soirée ; in her letter she says that she hopes there will be a revolution in Paris because it would be a good example for everyone else. Being no longer a Minister ² she would like as much disorder as possible.

¹ Prussian Minister in London.

² The Wellington Ministry had just fallen.

I see Lord Grey¹ every day—I try to give him courage—he must feel himself strong. One must assume a certain pomposity when one is in power—it inspires confidence in other people. My dear, this is a silly letter, but I have really nothing to tell you.

I implore you to keep a good fire going in my room because I am and shall always be frozen with cold.² What a winter ! And our poor army in enemy country !

All my love.

Lord John Russell will be coming to you on Thursday. I hope this will suit you because I am responsible for the arrangement.

To Lady Cowper.

LONDON, *January 5th*, 1831.

I shall profit fully by what you tell me, my dear, and you can rest assured that from to-day I shall speak out strongly, following the hint which you have given me.

As for our Belgian affairs,³ I am a bit more hopeful than when I left Panshanger.

It seems to me so obvious that Van De Weyer⁴ is a rogue and that his personal hatred for the Orange family is so great that he would sooner throw himself into the arms of France than admit what is nevertheless the only means of safeguarding the prosperity and independence of Belgium, and at the same time of meeting the interests of all the Powers. Talleyrand is another rogue who, in spite of all his protestations to the contrary, is at heart concerned only to regain Belgium for France, and to make peace with his compatriots by atoning for the sin which he committed in signing the Act of Separation of that country. You see what your Ministers are up against to-day. But I have hopes that Lord Palmerston will see through all this deception and that in a little time we shall arrive at a solution which suits England as well as the rest of us. For, after all, as I said yesterday to Palmerston, we⁵

¹ Princess Lieven, greatly intimate with Lord Grey, hoped to become uncrowned queen of England, now that Grey had become Prime Minister of the new Whig Government.

² In Princess Lieven's earlier letters to Metternich, she frequently complained of the cold at Panshanger.

³ The Belgian Revolution, which broke out in August, 1830, shortly after the revolution in Paris. Belgium wanted independence from Holland.

⁴ One of the members of the provisional government, which the rebels had set up in Brussels.

⁵ Russia.

are obviously honest while the others are just as obviously dishonest ; why believe them and play their game ?

I hear that the Polish revolution is a mild affair, and that our resources are strong—the Emperor is resolute. Appearances are all in our favour. I trust that in spite of the outcry in your newspapers your Government knows what its dignity, honour and personal interests dictate, and that it will no more consider protecting the Poles than we should consider protecting the Irish if they rebelled.¹ It is a question of mutual regard between one government and another, and we live in a time where it is the duty of governments to give each other mutual support.

Lord Palmerston left here yesterday ; he will return on Friday for a conference.

Bülow's activity is incredible. Cumberland is entirely ministerial, but the poor man imagines that he will be able to support the Ministry in the Reform question, whereas I confess that I doubt that this will be possible ; but I keep this opinion entirely to myself. I fear that Lord Althorpe and Lord John have not gained much ground with Lord Grey.

Adieu, my dearest—in great haste for here is the post—I spoke to Lord Grey to very good effect.

Tell your brother Frederic that I also mentioned Vienna²—that I said that it would be idiotic to send the old man.

To Lady Cowper.

LONDON, *January 8th, 1831.*

We are at a moment of the very gravest crisis—God knows what news I will have for you on Monday. The Conference³ is sitting ; this letter will have gone before it adjourns, so I shall not be able to tell you the result ; but according to the position this morning the result can only be, either that the Conference is broken off or that there is an outbreak of hostilities in Belgium—that is to say, that if the Conference continues it will be obliged

¹ It was contended in some quarters that the Polish constitution was guaranteed by the Great Powers at the Treaty of Vienna. When Russia suppressed the revolution, Grey showed sympathy with the Poles and received several Polish exiles, in spite of Madame de Lieven's protests.

² Frederick Lamb was shortly appointed Ambassador in Vienna.

³ Conference of London, instituted by the Powers at the request of the King of the Netherlands, to settle the question of Belgian independence, and to prevent France from occupying that country with her troops.

to impose its will by force—and if they do not want to do this, then the Conference cannot go on. Keep this strictly to yourself, I implore you.

The Belgians, or rather France, want as their sovereign a minor Bavarian royalty, married to a little princess of Orléans under age, with Félix Merode as Regent—a pretty combination !¹ The idea pleases nobody, nevertheless it is probable that the Congress of Brussels will have already decreed it at this very moment.² It is a French plot, which we, poor dupes, have allowed to ripen in secret ; and M. de Talleyrand has not belied his age-old reputation. I imagine that the Ministers hold very different ideas to-day on a great many subjects from those which they held at Panshanger. As for Leopold his goose is cooked. He was only the bait with which they amused England while secretly they were hatching another scheme—it is now all as clear as daylight.

You are now the only man of intelligence here. My Emperor's proclamation was assessed by you as it deserved. A delegate from the Polish insurgents has arrived in England to ask for help. I do not imagine that they will give it, for that would mean war with Russia, but it is my opinion that he should not even be received here, any more than we should receive in St. Petersburg an ambassador from O'Connell after he had led a rebellion in Ireland. If Count Nesselrode presumed to do such a thing the English Government would not fail to make loud remonstrances, and rightly so. I said this to Lord Grey, and wrote it to Lord Palmerston, but my verbal and scriptural eloquence are poor weapons.³

I implore you, my dear, not to be indiscreet with my letters—tell your brother Frederic if you must, but no one else in the world.

I will write to you Monday—I believe I shall have something to tell you.

I will write again about the subject of Vienna, because it appears to me such an amazing piece of stupidity. Why does not P. stand firm ?⁴ All my love.

¹ Princess Lieven intrigued to get the Prince of Orange, whose wife was sister to the Emperor Nicholas I of Russia, nominated Sovereign of Belgium.

² The National Congress at Brussels offered the crown to the Duc de Nemours, second son of Louis Philippe.

³ Lord Grey wrote angrily to Madame de Lieven at this time to complain of her indiscreet quoting of his name in regard to the suppression of the Polish insurrection.

⁴ Presumably about Frederick Lamb's appointment.

To Lady Cowper.

LONDON, *Monday, January 10th* (1831).

Thank God the crisis has taken a good turn, a marvellous turn ! Palmerston acted with energy and with dignity. Talleyrand has given up the struggle, and is now in the same boat with all of us ; everyone united to speak firmly and with dignity, and there will be no war, and (I tell you this in secret) they will have the Prince of Orange.¹ Is not this good news ? Palmerston is adorable, *controlling* foreign affairs in every sense of the word—I will explain this more fully to your brother, for it is difficult to tell it to you in writing.

Otto of Bavaria was rejected by the Congress—the party of the Prince of Orange is coming to the front, and Palmerston will see, sees no doubt already, that everything I said to him at Panshanger was right. I am altogether delighted and hasten to communicate my joy to you, having already forced you to share my anxiety.

To-morrow the Prince of Orange is dining with us to meet the Ministers. I see Lord Grey every day, yesterday only for a moment. He looks well, and has responded nicely to my constant repetitions that he must be and show himself proud. It was enough for him to say two words to M. de Talleyrand in this tone of voice to obtain a magical effect—you can always rely on me, my dear, I endeavour to instil as much pride as possible into you. I have lived too long in the world not to know that in politics this is the right attitude to assume.

I have just seen your brother—he is as delighted as I am. I must now leave you—at least admit that I have put you in a good temper, and you can dance on Thursday because there will be no war ; France is ensnared in the nets of England and Russia.

Adieu, my dearest, I will write to you to-morrow if there is any news. Be discreet about everything which I tell you, because they are secrets, and it is the interest of *your* Government in particular to guard these secrets well.

To Lady Cowper.

CLAREMONT,² *January 29th*, 1831.

I must remind you of a promise which you gave me this autumn, that Lord Cowper would be kind enough to be one of my trustees if ever I found myself in the position of investing money in

¹ Princess Lieven's intrigue misfired. Leopold was elected in June.

² Prince Leopold's house.

English funds. The moment has arrived. I shall be putting in about £5,500 in the next few days. Can I rely upon his being my trustee? I have asked Palmerston to be the other. Give me your answer, my dear, and I ask your husband's forgiveness for daring to inconvenience him in this way.

We are almost alone here. Prince Leopold had wanted to invite you—I wrote to him that it was hopeless, and I think I was right to do so. My counterpart is Lady Gardiner. You can imagine the joy!

I am dying to know what happened at Brussels yesterday. The election of the sovereign must have been definitely settled.¹

I congratulate you on the affairs in Ireland. Lord Grey is preening himself with triumph. He says that this affair, the Reform question and the maintenance of peace, if the one goes through and the other holds out, will furnish his short ministry with three magnificent trophies.

I hope and pray that this Reform business will go well. He is submitting the scheme to the King to-morrow.

I have seen Flahault²—he is very French. Thank God your Cabinet is very English. We (Russia) are still completely satisfied.

We have no news from Poland or Russia.

Are you really coming to London on Wednesday?

To Lady Cowper.

LONDON, *Tuesday, April 3rd* (1831).

What are you doing and when will you be back? I spent two very pleasant days at Windsor. Everyone was in good humour. The Queen³ behaved politely to Lord Grey but showed dislike at having to speak to him. When I see you I will tell you about a long tête-à-tête conversation which I had driving with the King in a carriage, and which lasted three hours.⁴

I am sighing for the holidays. I have decided to leave London

¹ The crown was offered to the Duc de Nemours.

² The Comte de Flahault was Talleyrand's illegitimate son.

³ Queen Adelaide.

⁴ This conversation is reported in a letter from Princess Lieven to her brother, Alexander Benckendorff; the King plied her with ceaseless questions about the habits of the Emperor Nicholas; whether he was flirtatious, whether the Empress was jealous; whether ices were served before or after dessert at the Russian Court; he also expressed hatred of the new revolutionary spirit which abounded in Europe, and dislike of the present Whig Government.

on the 16th or 17th, but you must tell me where to go because I want to follow in your footsteps. . . . If you are at Panshanger please let me come. If you go to Brighton I shall follow you there. So you see that it will be almost impossible to avoid me.

To Lady Cowper.

LONDON, *Friday, April 6th* (1831).

You told me in your letter that you would be here to-day and for that reason I did not write yesterday—but now I learn from M. de Talleyrand that you will not be arriving till Monday ; I am in despair, but I cannot help applauding your decision and envying you. What a joy to be out of London and to be in the country—I sigh for my freedom, and in a week I will have it.

Lord Grey seems to be undisturbed by next week's events. The Tories however believe that they will have a majority against the second reading.¹ I hear that the King is sad and worried. I am sad and worried about the cholera, about the death of that girl at Holland House,² about the atmosphere in London which is really detestable ! In Paris everyone is frightened to death, and leaving ; I was quite melancholy at my ball, with you at Panshanger, my son in bed—and the accident at Holland House, the horror of which seemed to be reflected on every face.

I told Lord Grey yesterday at dinner that his friends assured me that if Lord Durham³ left the Cabinet to-day it would gain twenty votes in the House of Lords. He answered nothing, and you can see that he is bitter against his son-in-law, though he does not allow himself to utter a word in protest.

My dear, is it true that you are going to spend the great week⁴ in London ? I would like another letter from you before you arrive.

To Lady Cowper.

RICHMOND, *Oct. 27th*, 1831.

I imagine that you arrived at Panshanger yesterday, my dearest. I could not call on you in London for I was dead with fatigue.

¹ The Reform Bill.

² A new maid at Holland House, who was suddenly struck down with cholera. Fear of an epidemic terrified everybody.

³ Privy Seal in the Grey Ministry, Lord Grey's son-in-law.

⁴ The week of the debate on the Reform Bill.

An hour after seeing the Grand Duchess¹ off on the boat I arrived back here, to sleep and rest ; I have done nothing else. I saw Lord Grey. He has a violent cold and streaming eyes. I thought him in bad humour. The Woronzows are staying at Windsor for a few days, with a party of Tories. On Saturday the King is going to Brighton. I think we shall be going there about Nov. 25th, will you come then too ? We will certainly come and visit you before that date, on whatever day suits you.

Lord Grey praised Palmerston to me yesterday ; *an excellent Secretary of State*.

I am so sad that the Grand Duchess has left. I am really fond of her. You have no idea how kind, intelligent and charming she is.

Adieu, my dearest, write to me I implore you. The news you will learn from other people, so I shall only be concerned to tell you about myself. Heytesbury² has been ordered to make further remonstrances to our Government about Poland. Why this uncalled for stupidity ? Forgive the expression, but really there is no sense in it ; you must realize that it will affect us no more now that we have subjected Poland than it did when Poland was still resisting. It will only create bad feeling, and it is a clumsy move.

To Lady Cowper.

RICHMOND, Monday, Oct. 31st (1831).

I am writing to you, dearest, although there is nothing to reply to. I have had no letters from you.

We dined yesterday "en famille" with Lord Grey ; there were no outsiders save Lord Palmerston, my husband and myself. Seated though I was between the Prime Minister and the Minister of Foreign Affairs, I had no conversation with either of them. If there is any news I do not know it.

Dearest, it is now more than ever essential to establish a Kingdom of Greece,³ for God alone knows how great is the disorder in that country ; and the most shameful thing of all would be for Greece to become Turkish once more. A King must be set at the

¹ The Grand Duchess Helen, wife of Grand Duke Michael, the Czar's brother. She had been on a visit to England.

² British Ambassador in St. Petersburg.

³ Count Capo d'Istria, President of the Greek Republic, had just been assassinated, and there was a state of anarchy in the country.

head of the three different uniforms, for only in that way can he maintain himself. We should not lose a moment in settling this affair. But it is a most difficult business in every way.

Walewsky¹ is marrying Lady Sandwich's daughter. You must suspect the barrenness of my mind when you see the kind of news I bring you !

All my love, dearest ; please write to me.

To Lady Cowper.

RICHMOND, Nov. 4th (1831).

Thank you, dearest, for your letter of Wednesday. I saw Lord Grey for a long time yesterday. He was in a charming and gentle mood, which pleased me very much. He is very angry about the Jacobin Meetings.² The Meeting on Monday next will be closely watched, and the Government is ready for any emergency. The Meeting presided over by Burdett³ he regards as a "complete failure". I do not think that Parliament will meet any sooner as a result of the Bristol disturbances, although Cumberland is ranting and demanding Parliament so that he can accuse Lord Grey of high treason.⁴ All this is mere extravagance. It is my opinion that the Government will now act with greater prudence and caution, unless I am greatly mistaken.

Lord Grey is in much better humour since Lord Durham's departure. My dear, I am in such a hurry that I have only time to send you all my love.

To Lady Cowper.

RICHMOND, Sat., Dec. 17th, 1831.

Thank you for your letter of the day before yesterday. I went to Kew immediately with the letter which was intended to be shown. The Duke⁵ was in London, but I read it to the Duchess

¹ Count Walewski (French Ambassador in London under Napoleon III) had come to England as an envoy from Prince Czartoryski and the Polish Provisional Government.

² There were great disturbances all over the country on account of the rejection by the House of Lords of Lord Grey's Reform Bill.

³ Sir Francis Burdett, who was violently pro-Reform.

⁴ Cumberland was violently anti-Reform.

⁵ Cumberland.

and left it with her to give to her husband. I shall be seeing him to-day or to-morrow, and therefore will be able to tell you what he says in reply.

I think you are right about Christmas ; it is wiser so, and I shall celebrate it here next Saturday. I am very sorry however that Fanny will not be with us. After that great event I shall go down to Brighton for two or three days ; and then I shall settle in London. When do you return ?

I have no news to tell you. I had a rather sharp exchange of letters with Lord Grey ¹ which I can show you but cannot tell you about—so when I see you again remind me about it because you will enjoy reading them. He is coming to live at Sheen the day after to-morrow.

You will have heard from your other correspondents what is happening in Europe ; the King of Holland has given an answer which is neither positive nor negative, and which has evidently no other object than to pass the time. The Conference meets occasionally but achieves nothing much. Matuscewicz takes no interest in it, but prefers the foxes. Did I tell you that the Grand Duchess has left for Russia ?

I am here with my children passing away the time very innocently and quietly.

To Lady Cowper.

RICHMOND, *Monday, Dec. 19th, 1831.*

The Duke of Cumberland is really touching in his zeal, and certainly it will not be his fault if you do not obtain your wishes. His activity is tremendous, he is writing and talking to everybody ! You must send me a little word of gratitude to him in your next letter, for he deserves it. I think he will settle your business for you. I congratulate the Ministers on having adjourned their Parliament and on giving themselves such long holidays. The majority seems to be a powerful one. I can send you no news from here, my dear, except that Matuscewicz thinks that he has broken his neck hunting and is lying in bed at Melton, covered with bruises. The Conference is in great need of him and this

¹ Grey accused her of encouraging the King of the Netherlands to refuse the Treaty of the Twenty-four Articles, proposed by the Conference of Ambassadors in October.

accident is a nuisance, and has put everybody out. Makers of protocols should not be allowed to go hunting.¹

Lord Grey is coming down to-day to Sheen,² where he will spend all the recess.

All my love, please send me news of the Court.

To Lady Cowper.

RICHMOND, Dec. 28th, 1831.

Forgive me, dearest, for not writing to you for so long ; I had matters to arrange which took up all my time. Thank you very much for your charming and interesting letter from London. I gave the Duke of C. the message which you sent him, and as he attaches great importance to your good opinion he was delighted with all you said about him. To-morrow we are going to settle in London—George is quite well again and Arthur in excellent health, so I can face the fog, but I am greatly distressed at having to plunge into it once more. It is a constant sorrow to me that I was not born in the situation of a gardener's wife ; I assure you that politics have very little interest for me in comparison with the joys of living in the country.³

You will know the news just as well as I do ; I have therefore told you nothing, but beg you to send me some news of your own, for in London I am very much in need of a little distraction. We are waiting every moment for our Courier from St. Petersburg with a reply to the Treaty. The Prince of Orange writes to me in a very determined fashion against the Conference ; I think it will be difficult to make Holland yield.

They say that your Irish conditions are bad. I hear also that you are going to create new Peers.⁴ Tell me your opinion on this point. You see, Dearest, that I have nothing to tell you. To-morrow I will send you the letters for Rome and Naples.

¹ Princess Lieven's sympathies had turned against Matuscewitz, because she had discovered that he was jealous of her influence over the English Ministers (*Lieven-Grey Correspondence*, Vol. 2, p. 4).

² Lord Grey had just bought a house at East Sheen, close to Princess Lieven's house at Richmond.

³ !!

⁴ In order to get the Reform Bill passed by the Lords.

To Lady Cowper.

LONDON, Jan. 2nd, 1832.

Forgive me, dearest, for not having written to you on Saturday. I assure you that I wanted to but was unable to find a moment to spare. To-day I only write you a short line to wish you a happy New Year. How sad I am not to be beginning it with you !

We have no news yet from our country ; in the meanwhile, let me say, dearest, *that* I am absolutely disgusted at the way in which they have received Czartorisky¹ here. Your Ministers seem to forget entirely both what they owe to themselves and what they owe to the Allied Powers. Lord Grey entertained Prince Czartorisky to dinner with other Ministers, although Czartorisky is a State criminal, convicted as such by the Emperor, guilty of *Lèse Majesté*. One can feel pity for him, one can even show pity, but the Prime Minister cannot treat a rebel with the same consideration as he would treat an Ambassador, without declaring himself to be the enemy of Russia. Indeed an action like that seems to indicate a desire to make war.

Monsieur de Talleyrand also gave a diplomatic soirée at which Czartorisky was present—he did not invite *us*, naturally enough, but all these honours and attentions to an outlaw go beyond the limits of convention. They indicate either a wish to insult us or mere stupidity ; there is no third explanation for such conduct. Lord Grey or Lord Palmerston *are* England—ask your brother if I am not right.

To Lady Cowper.

LONDON, Jan. 7th, 1832.

What a bore to be in London. I wanted to go to Brighton yesterday but I was unable to get my children vaccinated. I do not wish to take them there without this precaution, nor do I wish to go there myself without them, so I am still here. There you have the sequence of great events in this world ! Do tell me some news ; you have been imbibing from a rich source these last few days. Tell me something to distract my mind. I believe that the Belgian affair may still turn out well unless the King of

¹ She rebuked Grey in much the same manner. Prince Adam Czartoryski was head of the Polish National Government during the insurrection of 1830, and was now a refugee in England.

the Netherlands is a complete imbecile. France is becoming a little quarrelsome, which proves either that she believes herself stronger, or that her Minister feels less capable of resisting the party which clamours for action.

Are you creating Peers? The Opposition thinks so and is protesting even louder than it protested against the Bill. The Duke of W. is still weak in health. Ouvrard,¹ who saw him the other day, said on leaving him "C'est un homme démoli."

What are your plans, how long are you remaining at Panshanger?

Madame Ompteda,² who dined at the Pavilion every day while Lord Grey was there, tells me that the Queen said a few words to him, but *very coldly*.³

To Lady Cowper.

RICHMOND, Monday 14th (Jan. 1832).

The Diplomats hope to sign the Belgian Treaty on Tuesday evening, although it is still in doubt, and for that reason I have almost accepted an invitation to dine on Wednesday with Lord Grey; so it will not be until Thursday, and not even then unless the Conference goes into adjournment, that it will be possible for us to come to Panshanger; as Lord Cowper has to leave on Sunday the 20th, tell me if you think that it is really worth our while to come for only two days. This may sound rude, but take it in the way I mean it; that is to say, I enjoy the thought of staying with you, but not the thought of leaving the moment I arrive.

I shall await your reply. If my presence is *necessary* to you that is another matter; I would come if only for twenty-four hours.

Dearest, you must come to our rescue in a matter of individual diplomacy. Lord Grey has said a great deal to me about his wish to preserve Falk,⁴ he tells me he has spoken to Palmerston about it. The latter objects only on the grounds of economy. On this

¹ Ouvrard, the celebrated French financier. He was on a visit to London to attempt a solution of the Belgian question by some money scheme.

² Wife of Baron Ompteda, the Hanoverian Minister in London.

³ Madame de Lieven was temporarily on bad terms with Grey owing to his kindness to Czartoryski, Polish Rebel Refugee.

⁴ Baron Falck, Dutch Minister in London.

point however I was able to reassure Grey. The Hague being the only Royal residence, and nevertheless a mere village without one single open house, it follows that an Ambassador with £5,000 a year would cut the most important figure next to the King. This was the salary which he received in '94 at the Statholders' Court and this sum would meet the position to-day. Lord Palmerston wants to appoint a Minister with a salary of £3,600; in order to maintain an Ambassador £1,400 would have to be added. With your budget of £140,000 to £150,000, I feel that it would be easy to recover this amount from other sources, and surely it would be most shameful to sacrifice a *principal*¹ for such a minute sum. I say *principal*, for since your revolution you have always had an Ambassador at that Court; you had one there even when you did not have one at St. Petersburg or at Vienna; in fact it is a token and a monument to your history which it would be shameful to efface. Lord Grey holds the same views on the subject; and the affair is very close to his heart because of his personal friendship with Falk and because of the interest which everyone shows in the matter. He has spoken to me three times, amassing every argument which can support him in his opinion and in his hope that the thing can be arranged. Why does not Lord Palmerston lend his support to it? There is no difficulty from the side of the King of the Netherlands—he will be very pleased to have Falk at a distance, for he fears him near at hand; Bagot² will be delighted to vote even with £5,000; since Adair does not wish to remain in Brussels his post could be given to Temple³—it seems to me that everybody would be satisfied. To all these arguments I will add that the Opposition would make it an excuse to attack you if this Embassy were abolished, for Wellington and Aberdeen have already spoken to me about it as a shameful thing for England, in the sense of the *principal* which I mentioned earlier.

Think well over all this, dearest, and if you can effect anything you will be performing a useful task, both individually and as regards public affairs. Falk is dying to remain, and Lord Grey, I repeat, is profoundly interested in the matter, although he seems to be a little bit in awe of Palmerston. Be more bold than he is.

¹ The French word is *principe*, which Princess Lieven uses to describe an Ambassador. *Nos bon principes* are referred to elsewhere, meaning the Diplomatic Corps in London.

² Sir Charles Bagot, British Minister at the Hague.

³ William Temple, Lord Palmerston's brother.

I think your Cabinet is busy with the Portuguese question. I hope with all my heart that they will not decide in favour of Don Miguel.¹

To Lady Cowper.

LONDON, *Feb. 25th. Saturday* (1832).

What a horrible surprise your departure was to me. I was quite unable to write to you yesterday for I was dead with cold and with fatigue after the Court. It was brilliant; all the grandest society, very few outside people, beautiful dresses.

The Duke of Devonshire's ball was held in the clouds; so thick was the fog in the drawing-room that you could not recognize people at the other end of the room. In the streets there was chaos, torches, shouting and carriages colliding. How wise you were to be asleep at Panshanger instead of mixed up in all that turmoil. I saw no Tories, or at any rate very few, in the Duke's house. Lady Jersey had told me the morning previously that she did not want to go.

To-day Palmerston is dining with us and other Ministers, but just imagine, I am short of three women! You, wicked creature; Lady Holland, who has broken something in her back; and Lady Dover, because one of Lady Gower's children died this morning. Whom do you think I have to put up with in their place? Lord Lansdowne's ugly daughter!

No news. Orloff² was due to arrive at The Hague on the 18th; he should be here therefore next week.

Dearest, promise me that you will be at my Ball on Wednesday, and Emily as well. Although I am extremely tempted by the idea, I do not think that I shall be able to visit you on Monday. I hope nevertheless that all will go well and that you will come back yourself on that day. I am to see Lord Grey this morning.

To Lady Cowper.

LONDON, *Monday, Feb. 27th* (1832).

I am annoyed and worried at not having had a line from you this morning by the post. Are you ill? or are you already in

¹ This letter must have been extremely irritating to Lord Palmerston.

² The Czar's General Aide-de-Camp, who was sent to The Hague to prevail upon the King of Holland to accept the terms of the Conference.

London? I beg you to write. I should be so heartbroken if you prolonged your stay at Panshanger—what shall I do without you?

Yesterday I had a conversation with the Duke of Wellington. He is utterly opposed to the Bill¹; he intends to vote against it in every particular, and he foresees the end of the world after the Bill is passed. Peel, who was also dining with us yesterday, is strongly opposed to it himself but he does not foresee the future as W. foresees it. He does not believe that everything is lost, but even thinks that it will still be quite possible to have a tolerable Government in England. There you have the difference between forty and seventy.

What do you think of the publication of Lord Harrowby's letter in *The Times* this morning?² I foresee very sad consequences from it. The negotiations will be broken off and Lord Grey will create Peers. Tell me if I am wrong?

The Duke of Devonshire said to me on Saturday that he is ashamed of Lord Grey for not creating at least a hundred Peers at one stroke!

How put out I am by your absence! Apropos, I also had Lady Jersey here last night. The Duke of Wellington did not address a single word to her, nor even look at her. You can imagine how miserable she appeared.

To Lady Cowper.

RICHMOND, *Tuesday, September 18th (1832).*

Here is my report on yesterday. A rather bad dinner in a very cold room, I myself in a draught wearing the shawls of the Queen and the Duchess of Cumberland, on my shoulders, my head and my back. A soirée composed of thirty-five old ladies of the Castle³; the male element, Lord G. Seymour and Motteux.⁴ An hour and a half's hard work after dinner sitting between the King and Lord Palmerston on another floor. A long tête-à-tête

¹ The Reform Bill.

² Lord Harrowby was one of the Tory Party called the "Waverers", who wanted to compromise on the Reform Bill, not to reject it unconditionally as Wellington at that time did.

³ Residents of Hampton Court. The dinner-party was at Stud House, one of the small lodges in the Home Park at Hampton Court, which King William and Queen Adelaide used for entertaining.

⁴ M. Motteux was a rich, effeminate bachelor friend of Lord Cowper. He moved in exalted social circles. He subsequently left his enormous fortune to Spencer Cowper, Lady Cowper's youngest son.

lasting two hours between the Queen and myself, she very talkative, very interesting, and very frank with me, the King coldly polite and no more. The Queen very Tory in outlook. Your brother charming, in good humour and very much at his ease ; in my presence the Queen said not a single word to either of the two Ministers ; perhaps she had talked to them earlier during the walk ; I hope so. The Duke of Cumberland very pleasant and friendly, especially with your brother, and really very amusing. I, seated at dinner between the Duke of Gloucester and the Duke of Norfolk, which, added to the draught, was a poor form of enjoyment. There you have the account of my evening, to which I will only add that Holland has rejected Lord Palmerston's proposals (you will remember my words to you on that subject, that the proposals were intolerable) ; as a result of this you will declare war on Holland. Dearest, it is a bad business, and you will see that it will mean the downfall of the Ministry. It is not *English* to make war on Holland.

The Queen talked to me about the Dauphine at great length and with great interest. I think that this is all I have to report ; I made myself as interesting as my respect for truth allowed me to. I have no engagements ahead of me except a dinner at Motteux' house ; nothing more agreeable to look forward to than that.

Adieu, dearest. The King has invited your brother to Windsor for Saturday and Sunday ; he does not intend to return to Panshanger. It is stupid of him.

The newspapers say that John Russell has died of cholera ; I shall never get over this ; I am so fond of him that it will be a bitter blow.

To Lady Cowper.

RICHMOND, *Saturday 15th (Sept. 1832).*

I am hoping to receive a letter from you to-day, but even if you have forgotten me, I must give myself the pleasure of writing to you, since I cannot see you face to face. Here are the details of the Queen's visit to the Dauphine.¹ She went to see her, attended only by Lady Maryborough—no ladies in waiting.

¹ The Dauphine, *Duchesse d'Angoulême*, daughter-in-law of Charles X, was passing through London. Charles X had quitted Edinburgh, where he took refuge after the revolution of 1830, and went to the Austrian dominions, dying at Goritz in 1837.

This has a very Tory air. She promised the Dauphine on the King's behalf that the man-of-war would be ready for her next morning. There was not a word of truth in this—she is not to be given one, and she is obliged to leave to-day by the "public" boat, as she calls it. I saw a letter from the Queen in which she said that she was very touched by her tête-à-tête, and very favourably impressed by the Dauphine. Mademoiselle, her daughter, is charming. You would be surprised at a little girl of 12 years old with so much dignity and intelligence.

The Dauphine spoke to me of her hopes for the future; she is afraid that the Duchesse de Berry's¹ rash behaviour may do harm to their cause. She has had news of her. She believes her safe—firstly because she is so adored by the peasants of Vendée, and secondly because the Duc d'Orléans (as she calls Louis Philippe) would be reluctant to put her in captivity. She despises this Duke of Orléans, and respects his wife.

Dearest, I found the Cumberlands yesterday in the most dreadful despair. George² has suddenly gone completely blind. They put him in the sunlight, but he could see nothing at all. Can you imagine a more terrible misfortune for his parents! He has now been four days in a state of complete blindness. The doctors, whom I found assembled at the house, give some slight hope, but I do not think Halford holds out any. What a tragedy!

I saw Motteux, who is going to-day to Banstead.

It is now the time for the post to leave, and there is no letter from you. George³ still worships Fanny—he is very melancholy.

To Lady Cowper.

RICHMOND, September 21st (1832).

Your silence, dearest, is beginning to worry me. It is five days since you have written. I in the meanwhile have written twice to you, and this is my third letter since hearing from you. For heaven's sake do not go and get ill.

I dined yesterday at Motteux's house to meet your brothers. Charles Greville was also there. Apropos, he wishes to be

¹ Wife of Charles X's second son.

² Prince George of Cumberland, afterwards the blind King of Hanover.

³ George Lieven, the Lieven's son. He was 13 years old. Fanny was Lady Cowper's younger daughter, also aged 13.

invited to Panshanger on October 8th or 10th ; will you have him ? He looks very sad.

Politically we are in a great muddle, dearest. The King of the Netherlands has answered tit for tat to the unjust demands of England.¹ He has made it an excuse to resume his former sly behaviour, and there seems to be no way out of this confusion.

The worst thing of all, however, would be to start a war and I assure you that if the Government should do so I do not believe that they would even obtain the support of the Radicals. I am very sorry about this fresh contretemps. I do not think that the change of Government in Belgium will help us in any way.

There is a meeting of the Conference to-day, and we shall see what conclusions will be come to. I shall not hear the result until to-morrow, for my husband is staying in London.

The Seftons were also dining with Motteux. His digestion is beginning to trouble him ; he is on a diet, but his wife eats enough for the two of them. He looks ill, and even frightened about himself. The Dovers are settled in Roehampton. He is better in health but terribly radical in outlook.² The Dovers do not seem at all pleased at the idea of Lord Howe resuming his post. Personally I am very glad about it.

This is indeed a stupid letter dearest, but you do not write to me, so I have no material to reply to.

How is the baby ? Has he a tooth ? How are you all ? Why do you leave me in ignorance of your news from Panshanger ?

To Lady Cowper.

RICHMOND, *September 24th* (1832).

Thank you, dearest, for having reassured me by your letter of Friday. Do not leave me so long in suspense another time. What wonderful weather, dearest ; how you must be enjoying it, and how I should love to share it with you. As I am unable to do this, I am going to Stoke³ to-day, but I shall return the day after to-morrow at the latest. My husband cannot go with me, for he is bound hand and foot to the Conference. It will end in war, I am afraid, from what I hear about the last session. Just imagine what a bad effect this will have in England, and how

¹ The Dutch King still refused to agree to the Treaty of the Twenty-four Articles of the previous autumn. Lord Grey and Lord Palmerston blamed the Russian Court for inciting him to resist.

² As Lord Chamberlain to Queen Adelaide.

³ Lord and Lady Sefton's country house at Stoke Poges.

un-English it is for John Bull to proceed hand-in-hand with France to crush Holland.¹ Perhaps you think that I am too prejudiced in this matter ; I think, however, that my assessment of the situation is just. Really the whole affair has an unnatural aspect. I think the Government are playing a very dangerous game, which might quite easily land them on the rocks. The Court is not on their side. Perhaps they do not realize this sufficiently. They say that the King of Spain is dead. If it is true, then there is bound to be some trouble about the succession—and however trifling the disorder, I think that it will favour Don Pedro's cause. Later on the whole of Europe may be involved, for France is bound to have a finger in the pie.

All these new complications in regard to Royal successions in various countries are extraordinary ; it was the death of Alexander in Russia which started the rot. The world is very old, and one would have thought that every possible combination had already been conceived ; nevertheless, we see new developments every day, all of them unprecedented. Since I am not staying at Panshanger, I am delighted that there should be a general confusion in Europe ; it helps me to pass the time more pleasantly.

Yesterday we entertained to dinner the Lambs, the Errols, Alvanley and the members of the Conference. It was a remarkably gay dinner, considering that you were not there. You perceive how you govern my life, what gallant compliments I pay you, and how you are my standard by which I compare everything else. I intended to go to Walmer Castle, but this is now out of the question ; the infernal Conference continues its sessions unendingly.

Dearest, please tell the Damers, if they are still with you, that I was unable to take advantage of their kind offer to leave a pony here for Arthur,² because it was discovered that there was no room for him in the stables.

To Lady Cowper.

RICHMOND, *Wednesday, September 26th* (1832).

I was delighted to receive your letter yesterday at Stoke, and to find another letter from you here on my return this morning.

¹ Princess Lieven constantly attacks Palmerston now, having earlier in these letters praised his conduct of the Belgian affair. She and Palmerston had quarrelled, and she had been unable to prevail over him in nominating the Prince of Orange to the Belgian throne.

² Princess Lieven's youngest son.

Thank you a thousand times. I enjoyed my visit to the Seftons ; we were all very gay, and sent politics and worldly cares to the devil. Do you know, I am very fond of your brother, Lord Melbourne—I think he is very kind, very intelligent and very right in his ideas. He is going to visit you to-morrow. The Conference is working at top speed ; nothing has been yet settled. They are still busy interviewing Z.¹ However, we seem to be rapidly approaching a crisis. Dearest, they can beat me black and blue, I shall not alter in my conviction that it is Lord Palmerston who, by sending unjust proposals to the Hague (for they certainly were unjust) has brought about this catastrophe, which I am now the first to admit must inevitably lead to a war. What on earth is the sense of provoking this state of affairs ; why offer this opportunity to the King of the Netherlands ? The whole business is very sad, and I am afraid will have far-reaching consequences, both for yourselves and for the rest of Europe.

I absolutely agree with you about *The Times*, and I shall speak about it to the Duke of Cumberland. Its behaviour is infamous ; where will it all end, if this vile newspaper is never punished for its impudence ? In the meantime it continues to be your Government's official organ ; it has access to the *state papers* an hour after, and sometimes even an hour before the members of the Conference. I confess I find this scandalous. How many injustices are allowed to pass unpunished in this world ! The only praiseworthy thing at the moment is the weather. I should love to be enjoying it in a drive à deux with you through the country ! I shall do my best, dearest, to come to Panshanger about the 10th ; you realize that I am only too anxious to accept your invitation. But we must wait and see how things turn out, and hope that at least we shall not then be at war with England. I am afraid that if that happened all those who are now my friends would be my enemies.

Spain excites my interest, if it is indeed true that Ferdinand is dead.²

To Lady Cowper.

RICHMOND, *Saturday, September 29th* (1832).

Thank you, dearest, for having written me a line yesterday. I am still much more interested in your letters than you can be in

¹ Zuylen, Dutch Plenipotentiary at the Conference.

² He died in the following year.

mine. So write to me to-morrow, I beg you. Your remarks on Lord Grey's return are absolutely just. It would be difficult for my husband to leave at the moment when these important questions are to be discussed ; Durham ¹ is also returning at the same time, and as for myself, Lord Grey might be offended if I were to leave the very day of his arrival ; and so, dearest, let us be prudent and arrange a more distant date, let us say October 18th or 20th ; would you have us then ? Now that we have settled these small matters, let us deal with the important ones. I do not know if I am well-informed, but it appears to me that the spirit of war is a little less rampant. At any rate the days seem to pass without any extreme decision being taken, and this appears to me in itself a good omen. Nevertheless we cannot hope that the King of the Netherlands will yield. It is an accursed business, and Leopold's marriage has ruined everything.² They ought not to have allowed him to marry until the political questions had been settled ; the responsibility for this rests with your Ministers. Apart from the Conference, we are on holiday. The Emperor is in his Southern Provinces, Nesselrode on his own estates ; so we have not heard any news of our Court for some time. Did I mention to you yesterday that they took leave of Durham in a very friendly spirit. We were very polite to him and he seemed to be very pleased ; I shall be interested to see how he progresses here.

You will see in all this morning's papers an exact account of the affair of the Duke of Cumberland.³ I do not yet know if he will prosecute the Prince or not ; the best thing would be to give him a good kick.

The King again complained to the Duke of Cumberland of my going to Stoke without coming to Windsor. You will understand that since the occasion when I was suspected of trying to obtain an invitation to dinner to meet the Court I am not anxious to push myself forward again.

The Dovers are settled in Roehampton ; I see them occasionally.

Motteux is very unhappy. He refuses to continue living in his house, and is looking for another one. He insists on mountain

¹ He had been sent to Russia on a special mission to induce the Russian Court to ratify the Belgian Treaty.

² He married Princess Louise, eldest daughter of Louis Philippe.

³ The Duke of Cumberland rode down two young ladies at Kew, and turned and laughed at their discomfiture.

scenery, and a *kitchen with an oven in it*. He spends the whole day running about like a poisoned rat.

I have just received a very long and affectionate letter from Lord Grey, bellicose to start with and pacific at the end. He will be here on the 10th, not before.

To Lady Cowper.

RICHMOND, Monday, October 1st (1832).

Thank you, dearest, for being so kind, and writing to me so punctually. Lord Palmerston wrote to me the day before yesterday, and the whole Matuscewicz quarrel is now smoothed over ; that was all I asked. To-day the Conference has to decide on war or on new methods of conciliation. It will be a decisive session they say, but they have said that so often that I have become a little sceptical. However, the Ministers would be very wicked if, through fear of prolonging what they consider a ridiculous situation (this long-drawn-out indecision), they should throw themselves headforemost into a war, which would become general ; I quote you a saying of Lord Holland's which pleased me the other day : "In spite of all the cruel things which are being said about the Conference, I prefer a hundred protocols to a single bulletin." This is a very true saying.

Dearest, I agree with you in thinking that the 18th is a long way away. We might perhaps make it a little earlier, and in any case I beg you not to invite a party to meet us, for you understand that, much as I like everyone whom I meet in your house, I like even more to be with you alone in your family circle.

But, dearest, since Emily is leaving, why should you not come and spend a few days at Richmond ? That is the time when the cabinet meets again, and it will be an interesting moment. Here you would be right in the centre of things.

The Cumberlands beg you with all their heart to spend a day with them at Kew. From the terrace you can see the comet, and every night now there is a bright moon. Really, why shouldn't you come ? Tell me any reason against it. I dined at Kew yesterday. Read the letters a little ; the Prince on the subject of the Duke ; I am absolutely dumbfounded about this business, and I am still afraid that it may end in violence for one of the people concerned.

This evening I am dining at Motteux's house to meet the Errols and the Lambs.

Remember that, until the day after to-morrow, I shall be expecting you and Lord Cowper to come and spend a few days at Richmond. Everyone is extremely well here.

It was rumoured yesterday that M. de Talleyrand was expected to-day ; I wish it were true.

To Lady Cowper.

RICHMOND, *October 3rd, 1832.*

The conference is still in a state of indecision. The three Powers have sent for instructions from their courts. The two others are also willing to wait a few days. Your cabinet meets on Monday and will decide for war or peace. *Soult* will declare for war, and perhaps will not carry it into force ; you know that he has been nominated for the ministry. This appears to me an ill-omened nomination, but they assure me it is not so. We shall see.

I went yesterday to see Lord Holland—he seemed to me very inert, very weak, and very nervous, for tears poured down his cheeks whenever any subject was brought up which interested him.

Pozzo ¹ writes from Vienna that he is delighted with your brother ² ; he praises his intelligence, his excellent judgement and his sane and *conservative* outlook ; he is astonished that such a man should be the envoy of a government which shows such a lack of foresight and such dangerous principles. Do not repeat this, for I do not want to land your brother in any difficulties—but really, dearest, you cannot imagine how idiotically things are being run here. Why is Palmerston rushing headlong towards Liberalism ?

To Lady Cowper.

RICHMOND, *Monday, October 8th (1832).*

Your letter has just this moment arrived. Of course it is only natural that Lord Palmerston should believe himself right. Have you ever met a man, and especially a Minister, who admits that he is wrong ? I would not be making a very startling statement if I told you that our plenipotentiaries are equally convinced of their own rightness. But one fact which seems to

¹ Pozzo di Borgo, Russian diplomatist, now Ambassador in Paris, who later succeeded the Lievens at St. James's.

² Frederick Lamb, now English Ambassador in Vienna.

weigh the scales in their favour is that Lord Palmerston already had in his hands the proofs that Russia would *never* agree to measures of coercion against Holland, nor even approve of them. When you showed your intention of resorting to these measures of coercion it was only natural that our attitude should become less friendly to England. And Lord Palmerston is strangely mistaken if he attributes this rift to the presence of Matuscewitz ; my husband would have acted exactly the same by himself, because it is not possible for him to do otherwise.

To discover the original cause of the present crisis, we must return to the proposals which Lord Palmerston sent to The Hague. You knew at the time that we considered these *unjust*, and therefore unacceptable. The King of the Netherlands sent an *insolent* reply ; we all admit this, and we all blame him for it. But our original impression of your proposals, shared incidentally by Prussia and Austria, is none the weaker for that. England now wants revenge ; she knows quite well that we are not with her on this point. She wishes to make war ; it is for her to decide whether she will gain anything from it, and how she will manage to control France and prevent the general spirit of revolution finding support from the first cannon shot fired against a

(*Unfinished*)

To Lady Cowper.

RICHMOND, *Tuesday, October 9th* (1832).

I was obliged to close my letter yesterday in great haste, and I do not know even where I left off. To-day there is nothing new to report on this everlasting and gloomy subject of the Conference. I saw Lord Grey ; he is in an idealistic mood and apparently in favour of war. I told him that whatever he might do he would never persuade me that he was a fool, and that short of being a fool no one would willingly start a war which would enable France to gain a permanent foothold in Belgium.

Moreover, Prussia has just issued her ultimatum : that if one French soldier advances towards the Meuse the Prussian army will move forward. Grey maintains that he can prevent the French from entering, or at any rate oblige them to leave after it is over. I shall be interested to see how he will manage it, especially now that France is without any Government whatsoever. There are no more Ministers in that country ; England is really choosing a most unfortunate ally.

Mme Flahault is in London and will spend three days at East Sheen.¹ Talleyrand is expected this week, Durham too. I imagine that they will await his arrival before making a final decision. The Press made the most violent attacks on The Hague directly they learned of the insolent Dutch reply. I think that this may create some effect—we shall know in five or six days. I imagine that they will also wait for the Dutch reaction to these attacks before making any decision. However the whole infernal business can go to the devil ; I do not want to think any more about it ; they can do as they like. I do not imagine that the King's interview with Lord Grey to-morrow will be very pleasant.

We are dining to-day with the Errols.

To Lady Cowper.

RICHMOND, *Wednesday, October 10th* (1832).

I have just received your letter of yesterday ; I realize that since you are convinced that my Court is to blame it is useless to discuss the subject any longer by letter, because I cannot allow myself to argue with you, still less to start a quarrel.

But surely you cannot imagine that you have found a very wonderful ally in France, a country which does not even possess a Government ! England can go and blockade the ports as much as she wants ; we do not suspect her of any designs of annexation, and therefore this would not disturb us. But if she cannot do so without allowing France to enter Belgium and giving cause for suspicion as to the intentions of this country, it remains to be considered whether the Belgian and Dutch questions are worth risking the peace and prosperity of Europe. The present crisis should be regarded from this general point of view and not as an isolated question, by all far-seeing statesmen.

I imagine, however, that the affair will not be definitely decided at to-morrow's meeting of the Cabinet. Durham will be there ; he is arriving to-morrow.

The King arrives in London to-day, and is returning there for good on Friday.

To Lady Cowper.

RICHMOND, *Saturday, October 13th* (1832).

You have neglected me for the last two days. What does this

¹ With Lord Grey. Mme Flahault was an Englishwoman, Lady Keith, in her own right.

mean? Does the political situation prevent you from writing to me? I should consider this a much worse result of our difference of opinion than your intended blockade of the Dutch ports with France, worse even than all the shot and shell that you may fire upon them. I beg you to write to me. I have no news to give you, except that the Queen has been suffering from pains in the chest and that the Duchess of Cumberland has had a recurrence of her spasms.

Madame Flahault maintains that a doctrinaire Ministry¹ could not exist for four weeks in France; that they are despised, hated, suspected; in fact she detests them. I do not know if what she says is true. Yesterday she declared that it was impossible for them to take office; to-day she has to admit that she was wrong. Apropos, she intends to visit you, and threatens to come next Saturday.

John Russell also tells me that he will be with you about the 18th.

Here is the post, dearest, and with it a letter from yourself. I realize how fond I am of you from the pleasure with which I received it; I therefore thank you for it more than for any other letter. How I look forward to seeing you again. Perhaps Thursday, at any rate Saturday. What a joy! Do you know that Lady Grey is a horrible woman, passionate, bitter, Jacobin, everything that is most detestable. She has a horror of the Queen, and says every nasty thing possible about her; she was almost angry with me because I refused to believe that Lord Howe was her lover. She maintains that Lady Howe is in the depths of despair. In the first place the whole story is nonsensical, and secondly it is vile. Fancy the wife of one of the King's Ministers trying to persuade a foreign Ambassadors that the Queen is a harlot! Have you ever heard anything so dreadful! When she saw that I did not believe her she told me to ask my servants. I replied that I was not in the habit of talking to them. Even Mme de Flahault was *shocked*, to use one of your English expressions.

Wessemsberg² is ill at Deal, staying with Lady Stanhope. He declares that there is nothing more for diplomats to do, once the first cannon shot is fired.

They want to persuade the King to attend two theatres

¹ The "Doctrinaires" were the French political party who believed in a monarchy with limited powers.

² Austrian Minister in London.

next week. Poor man, I do not know why they should bother him to such an extent. They are going to Brighton on November 12th.

I am delighted that the baby has a tooth.

Adieu, dearest, all my love.

To Lady Cowper.

LONDON, Sat., Jan. 5th (1833).

Thank you, dearest, for your letter and for your kind hopes ; I wish I could share them, and do my best to convince myself that they are right. Here is what Pozzo says : " Unless the master gives you immediate orders to leave as a result of Lord Palmerston's message ¹ and unless the latter should wish to make war on an idiotic pretext, everything will be satisfactorily settled. *We must forget Canning and say no more about him.* It is not a question of knowing who is right and who is wrong ; but of deciding whether one wishes to *set Europe on fire* or to preserve peace. Little considerations must be sacrificed to a question such as this."

I am waiting for Jan. 24th and 25th, for then we shall have a reply from St. Petersburg. Meanwhile we agree quite comfortably together ; the political news is good, *and it is not we who will disturb the present situation* ; it is probable that the difficulties in regard to that little matter will be smoothed over.

The Ministers flatter themselves that because the Queen has appointed a Whig ² as her Lord Chamberlain she has therefore become sympathetic to the Government. I doubt this ; but it is nevertheless a good thing that they should imagine that they are on terms of good understanding with her.

Durham's daughter is dead. The Duke of Cumberland has just interrupted me.

¹ Lord Palmerston insisted on sending Stratford Canning as Ambassador to St. Petersburg, and the Czar declined to accept him. There was a deadlock, and to fill the interim Palmerston left Bligh, Chargé d'Affaires, as head of the Embassy. This was an insult to the Czar.

² Lord Denbigh, in succession to Lord Howe.

To Lady Cowper.

PETERHOFF,¹ *Monday, July 7th, 1833.*

It would take volumes to describe to you how overwhelmed I am with kindness, worn out with fatigue, drunk with this turmoil, more than happy to have come here and very happy too to think that the day will come, and very soon, when I shall be relating to you in comfort everything that I have done and seen here. It will sound to you like a fairy story, and it will need my twenty years' reputation for truthfulness to make you believe me. Twenty times a day I stop and wish that you and Lord Cowper were here, not for my own satisfaction but for yours. To see your curiosity ; to please your husband's classical tastes, and the interest which you take in everything new—I would like to see you seated with your pencil at the foot of the great fountain, sketching that immense column of water thrown up into the sky by a gilded Hercules surrounded by a thousand other fountains and golden waterfalls criss-crossing each other ; those high flights of marble steps flanked by golden statues and shaded by magnificent pine trees, forming an amphitheatre up to the Palace walls, and surmounted by a beautiful marble balustrade from which one looks out over the sea, a sea covered with warships dressed in flags. The Palace overlooks it all. There is magic in the sight and in this whole place, with a brilliant court of gay young people constantly passing up and down in the foreground of the picture ; there are continual reviews, parades, fanfares of trumpets, banquets, balls, and music all the time ; the most brilliant sunshine, and a climate like Naples. This has been my life for the last week. I am stifled and dizzy with it all.

What are you doing in the meantime, and when shall I have your news ? It seems to me more like a year than three weeks since I left you, so great and incredible is the gulf between my existence here and my existence with you. I do not know how my body can endure all this tiredness and heat ; but I am supported by the kindness which I receive from everyone—really the Emperor and Empress are angelic to me. How I would like you to see this wonderful palace and to form an estimate of my master's great qualities ; you would certainly be overcome with admiration.

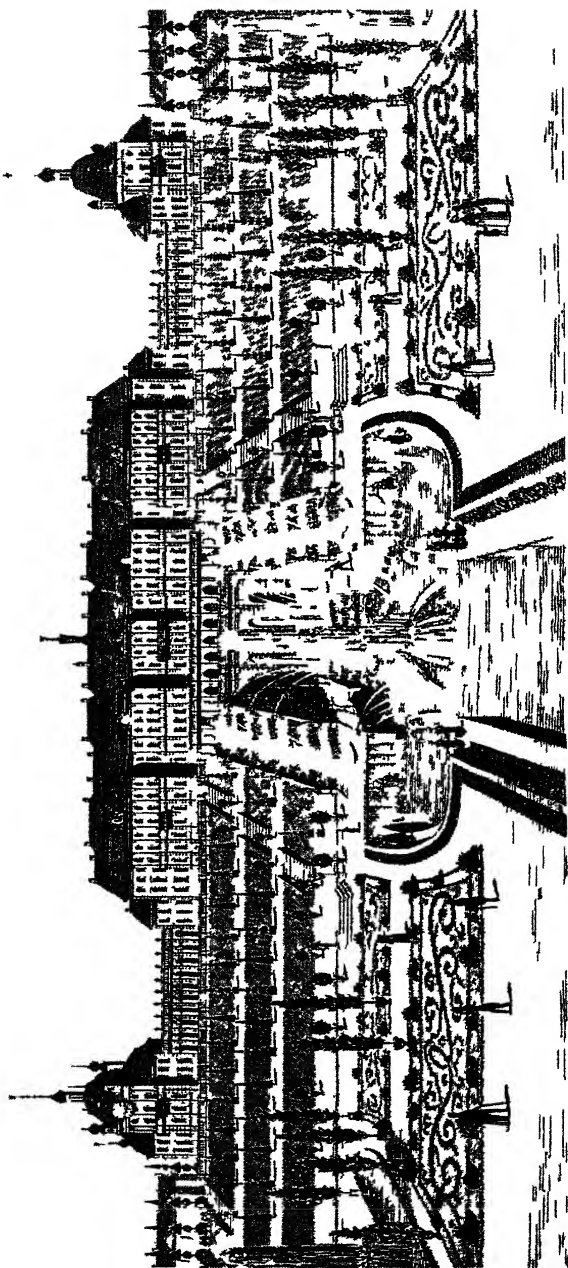
My children are in transports of joy ; their life is one long

¹ Princess Lieven paid a short visit to Russia to try and smooth over difficulties connected with the appointment of Stratford Canning to the Embassy at St. Petersburg. Peterhof was the Czar's Summer Palace.



VIEW FROM RICHMOND HILL

From the engraving by W. Westall, A.R.A.



PETERHOF

From the engraving by Huguonet

holiday and excitement, but they are stifled with the heat. Even Naples is not worse than this, but we have the sea as well, as in Naples.

Adieu, dearest. I hope that you will give me good news of Fanny—my love to all your children and to your husband as well. Remember me to Lord John¹ and to C. Greville when you see them.

To Lady Cowper.

LONDON, Nov. 18th, 1833.

At last your letter of the 5th from Milan has arrived to cheer me up. I thank you for it with all my heart. How oddly your tales of fine weather, of orange and lemon trees compare with the fog, rain and mud in which we are living. Oh, what a town London is in this season, and alas I am wedded to it for six months! I could weep at the thought. If you were here I should be at Panshanger!

I shall begin my letter, dearest, by explaining what was not explained in one of my old letters. It is better said at a distance, and I see that I was wrong to rely upon your other correspondents to tell you. Here is the story: Lady William Russell² took it into her head that Don Pedro's³ cause was not the right one, and, imagining perhaps that her husband's instructions gave her special privileges at the expense of your Government's proclaimed neutrality, she took the Miguelites under her protection in order to re-establish the balance, showing especial favour to Mr. Cordova, the Spanish Minister at the Court of Miguel. This Cordova is very handsome and intelligent. Her papers fell into the hands of the Pedroites at the taking of Lisbon, and among them were discovered little green and pink billet-doux which contained a mixture of politics, literature and other matters, addressed by Lady William to the Spanish Minister. She subsequently demanded permission to go into M. Bourmont's⁴ camp at Cintra, but the permission was refused, and she never went to pay her respects to Dona Maria. This is the whole story. It is the Hollands who are most excited about the affair, and since

¹ Lord John Russell.

² Lord William Russell was British Ambassador in Portugal.

³ The Portuguese War ended in June, 1834 with a victory for Don Pedro.

⁴ Marshal de Bourmont was a French emigrant who had espoused the cause of Don Pedro in Portugal.

Lady Holland is the only one who has talked about the matter, omitting the amorous side of it which she condones, no harm has come of it all, apart from her saying of Lady William that she thinks her imperious nature and love of domination very difficult to forgive. She finds these qualities unbecoming in a woman.¹

Dearest, now we have settled Lady William's affair. You know, of course, that as a result of all this, they are being sent to Stuttgart. Lord Grey has returned in good health and fairly good humour. He is nice to me. Little John² is also very pleasant. We gave a large dinner party to welcome all the Ministry. They are adjourning on the 25th and will not meet again until Jan. 15th. To-day they are all in Brighton.

Lady Jersey is leaving to-morrow and will be joining you. Her good understanding with Lord Palmerston is causing quite a stir, especially in the Cabinet.

Dearest, the London air makes me so "nervous" that I cannot write any more. I wish I were leaving instead of my letter. It is frightful living here when you are away.

To Lady Cowper.

LONDON, *Friday, 27th (June, 1834).*

We missed each other yesterday. I called twice at your house. To-day when I arrived at 12 o'clock from Richmond I called first to see you—you had gone. I am distressed at this—at seeing you so little; moreover, when I consider the matter, I realize that we are so out of tune with each other, so uncomfortable in our opinions that talking is hardly a solace or a pleasure to us any more.³ Where is that happy time when all our thoughts were shared, when everything was joy and pleasure, when our only concern was to be together and to enjoy ourselves? How nice everything was then! How horrid everything is to-day!

I have my little note for your brother which I wanted to give you, but which I will now send by the post. There is nothing seditious in it—it tells of nothing but my unhappiness. He knows well enough who is the cause of it.

To-morrow I am dining with the Salisburys—Sunday with

¹ These qualities were Lady Holland's in a most marked degree.

² Lord John Russell.

³ The Czar had already recalled the Lievens on account of Palmerston's rude behaviour over the appointment of Sir Stratford Canning to the Embassy in Russia, and Lady Cowper sided with Palmerston.

Lord Grey, on Monday I shall rest at Richmond—on Wednesday my husband will have his farewell audience with the King ; he will then cease to be an Ambassador, and will have nothing to do except to pack his luggage. I have told your brother that I may postpone my departure until the 20th or even the 25th July, in the hope that he may have arrived before then.

Adieu, dearest. Perhaps you will write me a line. All my heartfelt love.

To Lady Cowper.

LUBEK, *Wednesday evening. August 6th, 1834.*¹

I am sleeping here and shall embark to-morrow. I want to send you my love once more while I am still in Europe. That is a frightful thing to say, I implore you not to repeat my remark.² I feel a little better to-day, but to-morrow I shall feel more miserable than ever because I am about to travel over that enormous expanse which will separate me from everything I love. Oh, God ! how I love everything that I have left behind ! Have you arranged about my pictures, dearest ? Let me know, I beg you. I think of nothing but London. I would like to know what is happening there at this moment, because every day there is something new and interesting, so please tell me everything. How is the Ministry progressing ? Dearest, if any of my friends asks you for an engraving of me please give it to them, and please let me know the amount which it costs. The original plate I should like you to keep and to be so good as to send me six engravings by Paul's hand. Good-bye, dearest, I send you all my love. Dear, dear friend, love me and write to me.

¹ Princess Lieven was on her way back to Russia. Lubeck was the German port where she embarked to sail up the Baltic to Kronstadt.

² She implied that Russia was not Europe.

PART II

PRINCESS LIEVEN IN RUSSIA AND GERMANY

When Prince Lieven returned to Russia, the Czar Nicholas I made him personal tutor and governor to his eldest son, the Czarewitch. Princess Lieven's life was now that of a courtier, and she complains in her letters to Lady Cowper that her existence, though magnificent and brilliant in appearance, was devoid of intellectual stimulus and interesting conversation—in other words, that she could find no one in Russia of her own mental calibre. Yet the Emperor and Empress singled her out for special favour, and she gave select parties for the Imperial Family, and entertained the Emperor's children. But life in the cold Russian wastes did not agree with her. Mentally starved and physically frozen, her health at last gave way, and she was advised by the doctors to leave Russia for good, and seek a warmer climate. Then two of her sons died. Her spirits sank into an abyss of uttermost despair, and she never forgave Lord Palmerston, the author of her misfortunes and destroyer of her life. Her dilemma was indeed great, for, ill as she was, she could not remain in Russia, nor was her husband willing to sacrifice his career for her sake, and take her abroad. In the spring of 1835, she crossed the Russian frontier alone, made Berlin her first stopping-place, then travelled on to Baden-Baden. Here it was hoped that the warm climate might restore her health, and the companionship of English visitors revive her interest in worldly affairs.

If the spirit of Princess Lieven's letters at this time reflects the vast desolation of the Russian landscape, Lady Cowper's replies from England sparkle with the excitement of this small and lively island. It was a time of great political upheaval—for a few months the Whigs under Lord Melbourne are in power, then come the Tories under Peel and Wellington, then again the Whigs. Lady Cowper, with the rest of her party, is hustled in and out of office. She speaks out artlessly in the excitement of the moment, and gossips on paper as she might have done in the drawing-room at Panshanger. Meanwhile Princess Lieven is approaching nearer and nearer to England. Knowing her hostility to Palmerston and the Whigs, does Lady Cowper want her back? She reaches Baden-Baden on June 8th, 1835. There is a hurried consultation among her English friends, Lady Cowper writes again, and Princess Lieven's course is at the last moment deflected. She decides to go to Paris.

To Lady Cowper.

ST. PETERSBURG, *September 5th, August 24th, 1834.*

YESTERDAY I received your news, dearest, your letter of the 15th. I shall start by answering the details. Be so kind as to sell the engraving plate of my portrait. A thousand pardons for any inconvenience you may have in keeping the pictures until next season; and be so kind as to remember them when the time comes. You do not tell me enough about politics, indeed you tell me nothing at all. Only Lord Grey keeps me "au courant"—but please be so kind as to give me your own version in this matter, because everything which happens in England interests me without exception. I think that the Government's position in relation to the House of Lords will be a trifle complicated, and that Lord Melbourne will have certain difficulties to overcome.

I am very happy to think (it is the general opinion here)—that our political relations have improved since my husband's departure. If this is really the result of his leaving, I shall be content to stifle my personal regrets. But as far as I am concerned, not a day passes but I bemoan my separation from England, all the more when I realize that it is for ever. Dearest, this is a sad, sad thought.

It is very difficult for me to give you an idea of my existence, for it is not yet sufficiently stabilized. I spent five or six days at Charko-Sélo with the Court—now I am here until after the great celebration on the 11th. The Court is also arriving here to-day. Life at Court is one long exhaustion. Only occasionally are there small dinners of five or six people including the Emperor—usually it is a question of a hundred or two hundred, and regularly every evening there are games and dancing, followed by supper. It is terribly tiring. Up till now there has not been a single day that we have not dined in the open air in full evening dress. It is so terribly hot that one does not even need a chiffon wrap—but they say that the weather will turn cold all of a sudden—it will be a cruel test.

We are moving into our new house to-day—it is really very magnificent and lovely. I will send you the design of the floor which I am occupying—you will like to know where to find me.

September 7th.

The Russian Courier of August 29th arrived yesterday—I received letters from my friends, but none from any women.

Dearest, since leaving I have existed only on your letter of August 15th. You are really too unkind to me. I did not act like that when you were in Nice, and you had not left England in desolation as I had !

Having no letters to answer I have nothing more to say to you, for nothing has happened to me since the day before yesterday, except that I have had a violent cough—and there are a hundred thousand troops in the streets of Petersburg. The celebrations will be colossal.

Adieu, dearest, try and remember that you were once very fond of me.

To Lady Cowper.

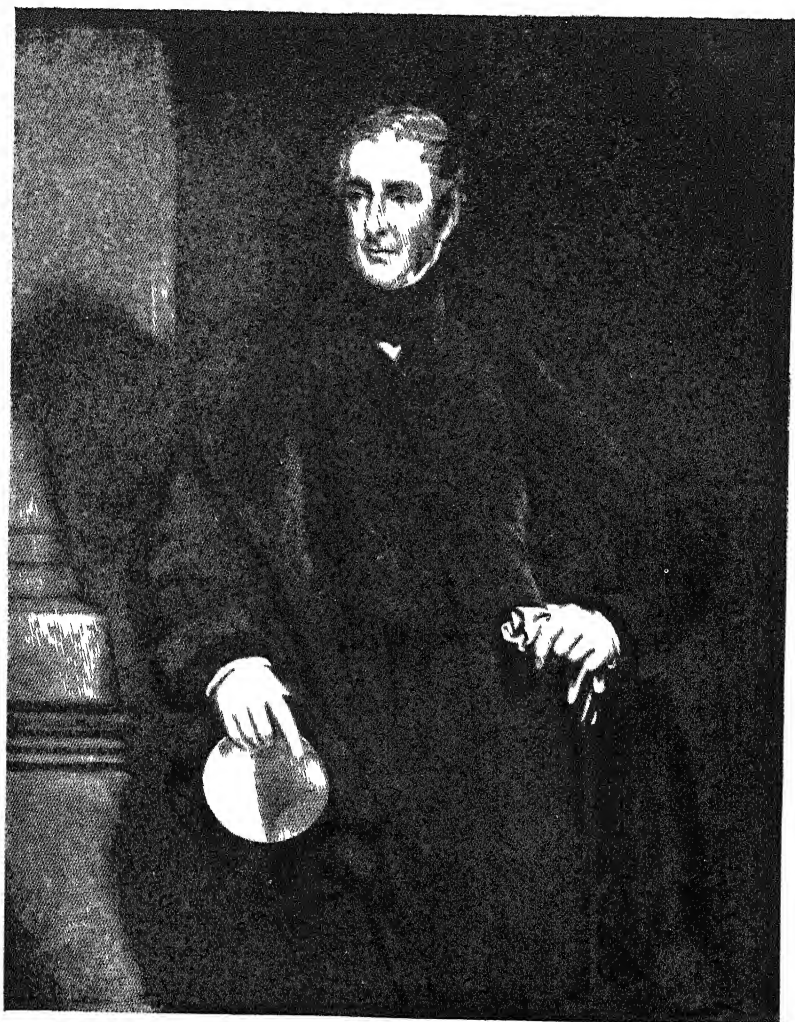
CHARKO-SÉLO, October 7th, 1834.

At the very moment of the present courier's departure your letter of September 25th has arrived. I have only two minutes to answer it. I have not written in advance because the routine life which I lead gives me no ideas. I must have letters to give me ideas, and when I have no ideas I cannot find words. All my letters from England talk of the big dinner in Edinburgh. I am told that Lord Grey made a very conservative speech, that Lord Durham was very mischievous, and that the Ministers expressed the most unsuitable sentiments. I am about to read *The Scotsman*, which Lord Grey sent me, in order to judge for myself. Meanwhile, *he* appears to be very satisfied as far as his own interests are concerned, and delighted that all these public eulogies should be addressed to a Prime Minister who fell through his unwillingness to support measures of coercion.¹ He thinks this is a clear proof of the public's good-will, and that it is a hopeful sign for the success of the administration if it pursues a conservative line.

I have had eight letters from England, all of which tell me that Lord Palmerston is going to India, but I do not believe this since you yourself say nothing about it.

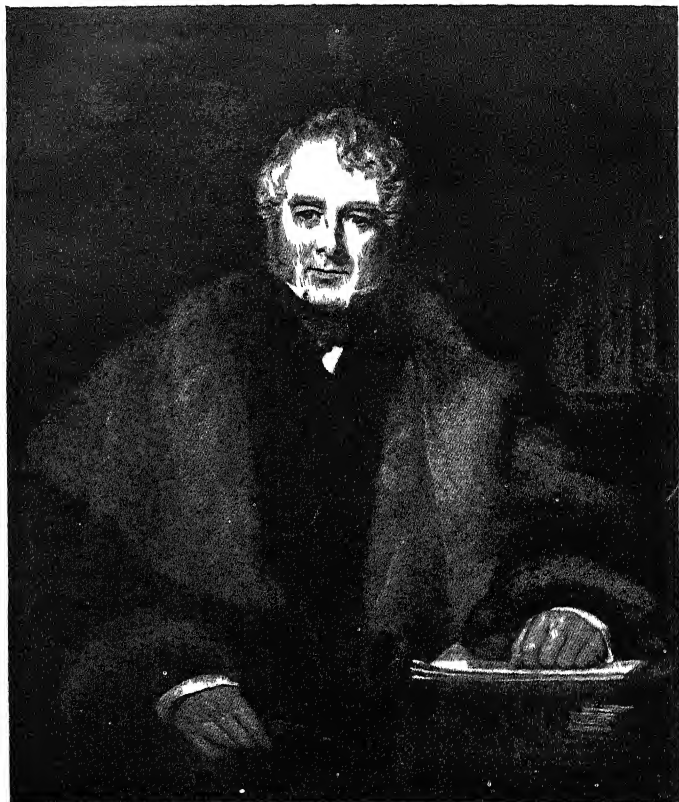
I am very happy to adopt your own good opinion of Lord Melbourne. To-day, your opinion of his character has risen, although you used to think less of him, and I can only say that this quality is very opportunely developed, and indeed I think it quite possible to reverse a common dictum : "*Tel brille au*

¹ Grey had resigned rather than attack the Irish Church.



LORD BEAUVALE

From the portrait at Panshanger



VISCOUNT MELBOURNE

From the portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.

second rang qui s'éclipse au premier."—We will alter this to :
"Tel brille au premier rang qui s'éclipse au second."¹

Continue to let me know the news, and quieten your conscience by the thought that when your indiscretions reach me all the subjects in question will be out of date. In the same way I should tell you all my own secrets, if I had any.

Dearest, this climate is frightful, it makes me weep. Perhaps I shall die from it later. Do you therefore wonder that I should have no friendly feelings towards the man who brought such misery upon me?² I say this to you because I sometimes find a note of reproach in your letters. I am astonished that you should reproach me, for you knew everything, saw everything, and wept yourself to think that we should be eternally separated ! I think the relationship of our two countries is now on a good basis. Lord P. found my husband a stumbling-block. I can assure you—and I am telling everyone the same thing—that at least I am happy that public affairs should have benefited by our recall.

The moment your brother Frederick arrives in England I shall write to him. If there are ever any more ambassadors between our two Courts why should he not try to come here for six months at least. What a joy this would be to me ! He might try being a Summer Ambassador ! Dearest, time is passing me by. I think I have given you a description of my life. It is very social, but there is no intellectual support, no interesting conversation ; on Sundays I give balls. I like to see the children enjoy themselves. This really gives me pleasure.

I believe that the Emperor is to return earlier than he originally intended. The bad weather has come early this year, and the roads are bad in the provinces through which he is touring. I understand that he will remain here until December. It is a long time, and I cannot imagine how he will pass his time in such comparative solitude. Thank goodness he is bringing a host of people with him, otherwise we should be very poor company.

Adieu, dearest Friend. Continue to love me and write often and often. Tell me everything. I think of you constantly—at Panshanger ! !

¹ In a contemporary letter to Lord Grey, Princess Lieven expressed doubt of Melbourne's talents.

² Palmerston.

To Lady Cowper.

CHARKOSELO, October 23rd, 1834.

I have nothing to tell you, absolutely nothing. The life which I have described continues without the smallest change; we carry on our innocent life of simple barbarian pleasures. Outwardly these pleasures have a magnificent appearance. All the luminaries of Court and Government appear at my balls—they come and spend the day here and sleep the night. The rest of the week we have to rely on ourselves for amusement. The Emperor's return has been delayed (forgive me for beginning my letter upside down), and I do not imagine he will return for a fortnight. There will be no change in our life until he arrives. The Emperor's children are delighted, and I provide much more fun for them than they would have in town.

What a joy it was to see English people again! Lord Douro and Mr. Canning¹ came to visit me here. It was ecstasy for me. For a moment I thought I was back in England. God, how I love England! They are to stay here several months. At present they must be terribly bored in Petersburg, and I am furious that I can do nothing for them, but it will be better later on.

Dearest, I have not had any news from London for a month. The arrival of the steamer was postponed, and the last steamer brought me not a single line from anybody. I cried with misery. You must and shall not forget me. What terrifies me most of all is that everybody should forget me simultaneously, and above all I dread lest you yourself should cease to write to me. I should then feel I were dead.

My European news stops at Don Pedro's death. Do you know, I really believe that in spite of what everyone has said against him he may possibly be regretted. He was energetic and strong-minded. Palmella has neither of these qualities. I wish him all good fortune, although I remember he had very little.

Tell me what your Radicals are doing. Is O'Connell² satisfied with the Government or is he still hostile? Is Ireland going better or worse? Is Jacky still mad? Do the gossips agree?

¹ Douro was Wellington's eldest son, and Canning son of the late Foreign Minister.

² Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish Catholic leader and agitator. He was elected member for Clare in 1828, and on entering the English Parliament joined the Whig party.

You see that I am carefully preserving a certain scrap of paper. Please remember this.

24th—Dearest, I have just received your letter of the 9th and thank you for it with all my heart, for it tells me what I like to know, that you love me and that you think often of me. I have become very greedy for affection. As far as public affairs are concerned I see that there is nothing happening—but of course the autumn has always been a dead season for excitements. I am distressed that your brother Frederick delays his arrival. This is pure egoism on my part for if he were with you you would write more often to me. To-day your affections are divided. Dearest, letters, and again letters, these are what I need. Lord Grey and Madame Dino are very faithful to me in this respect.

Matuscewicz has arrived. I am hoping to see him here to-day. What a joy it is to see some one who has come from England. The Grand Duchess Helen is longing for a boy, and has been expecting it for the last fortnight. If it is a girl I think she will die of grief.

Adieu, dearest Friend. How often do I long for your presence here ! There are a thousand things which would delight you. You would admire the grandeur of the place, and the vistas from the garden are really enchanting. In the buildings themselves it is the style of Louis XVth that predominates—but there are also façades in the Italian style which are magnificent, and there is the handsomest colonnade imaginable at the end of a hanging garden which leads up to the Empress Catherine's suite, under which I live. Her suite is entirely of glass with pillars of glass of different colours. The bed-room is in the colour of amethyst, the ante-room beside it in sapphire. There is a large reception-room with walls entirely of amber with Florentine mosaics inlaid in the amber. There is a complete suite of rooms, a drawing-room and four ante-rooms, with walls and pillars of agate. It is really magnificent. I wish I could whet your appetite to come and see it all for yourself. Lord Cowper would delight in it, for everything is in the best of taste. Why is my native land so cold and distant !

Adieu, dearest, give all my love to Emily and Fanny. I send my affectionate regards to Lord Cowper, Lord Ashley, to all your little circle and even to fat Elizabeth ! I think constantly of your life, and I am very jealous of the people round you.

To Lady Cowper.

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 9th, 1834.

I am sad, dearest, I have had no letters. It is snowing. I have headaches and pains in my chest. I feel myself at the other end of the world.

The Emperor, the Grand Duke, my husband, my brother, all returned from Moscow four days ago. The Grand Duke had only spent four days there which were a sequence of parties from morning till night, and which resulted in the most brilliant success for the Czarewitch. No sooner had the Emperor returned to Charkoselo where we all were, than he immediately took himself off again to town with the whole Court. The next day was the christening celebration of the new Grand Duchess, and one hour after it was over the Emperor mounted his sleigh with his son and dashed straight off for Berlin. He had only announced his intention to leave half an hour before, with the result that his Ministers were completely dumbfounded. They met that evening at my brother's house, for it was he who had received the Emperor's last instructions and had to rouse himself to follow the Emperor in all haste. My husband is not going, for the journey was too precipitate and tiring—it was a question of travelling night and day and he is too old for that. The reason for the journey was to surprise the Empress and the King of Prussia. The surprise will certainly succeed, because they obviously had no inkling of his arrival. Nesselrode came to call on me and ridiculed all the silly gossip which this will cause. I think that the gossip will be perfectly understandable, because there are very few men capable of being in love with their wives after eighteen years of marriage to the extent of travelling three thousand English miles in winter merely in order to spend a few days with them. That is all there is to it. He is returning in a fortnight, and the Empress and Grand Duke a fortnight later.

I am going to pull myself together, prepare my house and make the acquaintance of St. Petersburg, so that in a month I may be ready to receive the Court. Dearest, my house is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen and the most up-to-date. I think of you forty times a day, and how delighted you would be with it all! It is in such good taste and so comfortable! I have been told it is the most beautiful house in Petersburg, although I cannot judge because I have seen no others.

What are you doing until Parliament meets? When is that

to be? How are affairs going in Portugal? Does Spain still exist or has it been utterly scourged off the face of the earth? Is M. de Talleyrand returning to you? Do you still think of me? I am ashamed to admit that it is this last consideration which affects me most. My selfishness is beyond all bounds. For if you miss me as much as I miss you, then I pity you indeed.

[*From this point Lady Cowper's Letters begin.*]

To Princess Lieven.

PANSHANGER, November 10th and 13th (1834).

The weather is now intensely cold, and I feel it all the more keenly through having escaped the winter last year (thanks to your house and to your stoves). I hope that you are better provided than we are. Every season of the year recalls you to my mind, the cold because I know how much you dislike it, and the fine weather because you enjoy it and respond to it more than anyone. This is true friendship, when every emotion, every thought is a reminder of the other person. I would like to be transported into the future, to have my horoscope read in order to discover *when* we shall see each other again, for I *refuse* to believe that it is not to be.

My husband is decidedly better in health; our quiet existence agrees with him very well; he went shooting yesterday and killed four pheasants, which pleased him very much by proving to him that he was stronger than he imagined. I am not ashamed to tell you these little details, because I am sure that you are still interested in things which concern my happiness. My brother¹ is about to leave Vienna; he will spend a day at Valençay² on his way to Paris, where he will stay some time before coming here.

At the moment it seems most unlikely that M. de Talleyrand will return to England—the changes in the French Government make his reappointment appear extremely improbable—moreover, he is still very weak in the legs, and they say he has been very much affected by Madame Tiskewitch's³ death; I think it a great misfortune at his age to be so young in heart and intelligence.

¹ Frederick Lamb.

² Talleyrand's house in Touraine.

³ A Polish princess, Talleyrand's mistress, who was buried at Valençay

Lord Grey is still kind and agreeable to us, not more so than he should be, but more than I should have expected, considering his entourage. He talks of making a journey to Paris in the spring; his wife and daughter are both urging him to do so.

The Glasgow dinner¹ outshone even the glory of the dinner in Edinburgh, and must have displeased Lord Grey for that reason. Personally I detest all these big dinners, the stupid conversation, the actors, the applause of the mob. Little John² has had a surfeit of these things, at any rate on this occasion, for he found himself sitting like a tiny bird of Paradise between Lord Durham and Lord Brougham, who fought like two vultures for the honours of the Reform, leaving John and his glory and his reform entirely neglected—you can imagine how angry he is!

Thursday, November 13th.

I had begun my letter, when a new event occurred, Lord Spencer's death. I do not know what the result will be, but it means an increase in my brother's³ labours, for he will be Leader of the House of Commons! This is what everyone is demanding, and no doubt it will be difficult, but I think all the same that matters will right themselves. I cannot believe that an idiot like Althorp would fill the bill. If the party could be reconciled to Stanley, *there* would be the solution, but I do not think this will be possible at the moment. They talk of Spring Rice, of John and of Lord⁴ P. The first is not yet capable of undertaking it, the second is too delicate, the third has already too much work on his hands. So I do not know where to look for a Leader. I hope those concerned will find one—but my brother has really been most unfortunate—from the moment of his premiership there has been a succession of deaths and accidents, fire not excluded—an evil spirit has pursued him. Nevertheless affairs of state are proceeding well, and he enjoys the people's confidence. I believe that there has never been a minister of whom so little ill has been spoken—all the newspapers prove this more or less. Adieu, dear friend, I must leave you now—write to me—think of me, and believe me, always your affectionate

EM. COWPER.

¹ The Ex-Ministers (Whigs) made a tour of Scotland after their resignation.

² Lord John Russell.

³ Melbourne, now Prime Minister.

⁴ Palmerston.

All society here is writing novels—it has become a real craze—Lady Francis Egerton, Mrs. Lyster, even Albert Conyngham. Does your son send you the reviews and the caricatures?

To Princess Lieven.

LONDON, November 18th (1834).

How sad it is that you are not here, you who are so fond of excitement. Something utterly unexpected and very important has just occurred, a complete change of Ministry.¹ At the present moment the Government is the Duke of Wellington; he holds the portfolios of Foreign Affairs, of the Home Office and of the Treasury. He is a very bold character, and boldness succeeds sometimes. Peel is in Italy and they are trying to find him, but the Duke will not wait for his return—he is going ahead—and since he is fortunate enough to be without Houses of Parliament at the moment, he has nothing to stop him, and an additional advantage in having bought *The Times*. So his difficulties are at present not great—it remains to be seen whether he will succeed at the reopening of Parliament—if he is successful then he will have done wonders, if not, a great deal of harm—so we must await that time before passing judgment on his wisdom—the hurry of the whole affair is in his favour—it shows such determination, and astonishes weak minds. If he has managed the House of Commons it will be a proof that all that has been said of the ruin and danger of the Reform Bill was idle nonsense. If the Radical feeling is non-paramount as the Tory Party told us, he will be turned out as soon as the Houses of Parliament meet, and we shall all be forced into much more violent measures. In short, the Duke's play is very stiff gambling, all or nothing. The history of the transaction is this—the Tories were all prepared to make a government when my brother came in, and were much disappointed not to have been sent for—since that time the Queen and the whole Court has been dinning into his ears what he might and ought to have done. His influence has been increased by many things which have vexed the King—Lord Brougham's absurd conduct at the dinners of Edinburgh and of Glasgow—these were all represented to him in a most unfavourable light, and on the contrary

¹ Lord Melbourne's Government was dismissed by King William IV after a few months of office.

the meetings and dinners which have been got up by the Tories in Ireland and in different parts of England represented to him as evidence of popular feeling and the strong cry there was for Church and King. Of course he became at last influenced by these representations and determined to take the first excuse that presented itself to change the government—Lord Spencer's death is seized upon as a convenient reason—the Tories were all on the watch ; the Court is coming with him and the thing was done. This Court conspiracy has not a very great effect in the country—but at this time of year public opinion has not much effect—and it certainly was a very great object for the Duke of Wellington to get this done when the Houses were not sitting and when he would have some time before him to concert his measures.

The suddenness too of the King has astonished the public so much that they are *tout ébahi* and cannot understand it. My brother and all his party behaved with great dignity. They don't say anything against the King or his Court—there is nothing on this occasion to explain and they are all silent. They have parted with the King on the best terms possible and received from him every assurance of esteem and regard, both by word of mouth and by letter—and so there the case stands. All this event only broke out on Saturday and here on Tuesday we are all out of office—the principal Ministers giving up their seals yesterday. My son Fordwich had been three days in office before this occurred and is now asked just to stop in his place till the Duke can settle who is to be put there—"it is a real harlequinade"—and the position of the Duke is really laughable—all the government put out and nobody in but himself—it is like those little plays in which one actor takes on several disguises and plays all the rôles. Incidentally, I have no doubt that it will be the subject of one of our earliest caricatures.¹

It all happened so quickly that the Ministers were obliged to sit up the entire night burning their official papers—is it not incredible, a real "tour de Gobelet"—the King giving no reason save the death of Lord Spencer and the loss of Althorp²—whom, incidentally, he hated, and whose loss was actually a gain from the "moderate" point of view, since he is the biggest radical of the bunch !

¹ Broad-sheets by I-B (John Doyle) which were shown in the windows of bookshops. *Punch* did not originate till 1841.

² Who went to the House of Lords in place of his father.

It seems that we must imitate France in everything, for three days ago there was a strike—and when the French government is defeated, ours must fall too. Louis Philippe takes the government on his shoulders, and our King does the same.

I am writing in haste, for Comte Medem ¹ tells me he is sending a courier—all the diplomats here are amazed—they cannot grasp the situation at all.

I hear that the Duke is taking over Foreign Affairs, and intends giving the First Lord of the Treasury to Sir Robert Peel.

Adieu, dearest, all my love.

They say that Lord Cowley is going to Paris, and that Lord Lyndhurst will be Lord Chancellor.

To Princess Lieven.

LONDON, November 20th, 1834.

I wrote to you at great length on Tuesday, but in a crisis such as this you must need letters more than ever. Little John is writing to you at this very moment—I do not know what idea he is giving you of his own state of mind, so I will tell you that he is very hurt and angry, although outwardly as gentle and quiet as ever in his manner. On the whole our friends have taken the thing well; it is not easy to endure being dismissed with so little ceremony and so suddenly, and not to feel some inward resentment, but they are taking it in good part, trying to be sensible about it, trying not to blame the King, not to blame anyone—just to keep calm and await events—you know that I am not violent in my feelings, and that the aspect of the present affair which annoys me most is that it seems to favour the radicals—we all feel it so unlikely that the Duke will be able to come to terms with this Parliament, or to get a better one.

I assure you that I would be very happy to see the Duke in his present position, if I believed he could hold it for a year, and could manage the Church affair and others which have been the despair of all governments. The best thing about his present position, even should he remain in power, is that he seems inclined to pursue more or less the same course as ours, both in home and Foreign affairs, but since he has been obliged

¹ Russian Chargé d'Affaires in London.

to recant on every point, his party will be very much upset if he follows this line, and he will even appear somewhat ridiculous. In this respect his position is like that of the Whigs—when one is in opposition one makes difficulties—one proposes plans which are almost impossible to carry out when one is in power (with the result that the followers of the party become discontented and refuse to be held in check by their leader).

At present the situation is a curious one—we are without a government and we are waiting anxiously, like the audience in a theatre, for the curtain to rise. The Duke confides in no one, or only so discreetly that nothing leaks out. Here are the rumours—that he is so frightened of Peel that he dare arrange nothing before his arrival, but that he wants an understanding with Stanley; others believe that he intends to try a coalition with some members of the late government, but I think this impossible, and unlikely that Stanley will be willing to enter his government. If the Duke has any such hopes, he was wrong to be so discourteous towards the late Ministers, because his behaviour has alienated them; they don't like his ruthlessness. His view was that it was essential, like a general, to take the place of (*illegible*), to sweep away all the late officials with a single stroke, and thus avoid all street demonstrations, all meetings, all Political Unions and such like. He forgot that the English public has more sense than is generally imagined—they do nothing aimlessly, they don't like breaking the law—there is no House of Commons, there is no means of expressing public opinion. But I believe there is general dissatisfaction, which will show itself when Parliament meets—I believe, too, that the elections will bring a dissolution. In the meantime he is the lord of the land—he has control of every department, and *The Times* as well. And I am sure that abroad his position will be thought secure, that everyone will be astonished at the alarm which was shown here about a *coup d'état* which has been so successfully managed. Some friends were saying to me the other day, "In spite of appearances I prefer your brother's present position to that of the Duke." That was *their* opinion, but it is not at all mine, for I would like him to remain in power a *little while*, and my only fear is that he may not form a government, or that such a government will not last—and that then the King will be obliged to send again for my brother, who will be seriously handicapped in forming a Ministry with all the new Radical claims advanced. However, this is all mere

speculation ; it is impossible to predict events in times like these, with the spirit of unrest abroad everywhere.

I pity the King in this business, badgered and bullied as he is on all sides ; his intentions are good, but he is not the man to deal with the situation—there is civil war in his own circle, and party spirit is more rife at Court than anywhere else—Lord P. (*illegible*) in his ideas, and takes a very sensible view of everything. The King wrote to him in the most friendly and flattering vein imaginable, and they are on the best of terms. They, the Ministers, learnt of their dismissal on Friday evening ; Sunday they were ordered to resign their portfolios on Monday at 2 o'clock ; Lord Palmerston stayed up the whole night to burn his papers (luckily his affairs were already in good order), and on Monday, two hours after he had resigned his portfolio, the Duke sent to his office for all the latest despatches !—This can truly be described as “ quick march ”—and yet, in spite of this incredible haste, I believe that he intends to pursue more or less the same policy as his predecessor. He saw Adair ¹ two days ago, and begged him to return—I don't think he could decently do this. What I wish the Duke would do with all speed would be to send you an Ambassador—and if I had any favour to ask of him it would be this, and to waste no time for fear of some accident occurring.

Lady Jersey ² has gone to Brighton ; they say she is annoyed because the Duke does not want her, and will not ask her advice. She is at Brighton, where I myself am going to-morrow to spend a week or two—that was my previous intention, and I do not see why politics should alter it.

M. de Talleyrand has sent (in his resignation ?) for reasons of health but I think he is at present very much annoyed at having taken sides, for he is a great old Tory ; I think it is you who have spoilt him.

But dearest, how sad it is that you are not here, you who longed so much for all this to happen !

It is possible that Sir Robert may not arrive home for a long time ; in his last letters from Venice he said that he was going to Rome. M. de Bacona is in a curious situation, with no government either at home or here. My brother Frederick is *en route* for Paris.

¹ British Minister in Brussels.

² George IV's former mistress.

To Princess Lieven.

BRIGHTON, December 4th (1834).

We are still in utter confusion here, while the Queen's courier treads highways and byways in pursuit of a Prime Minister who may prove intractable even when he is found, like the "*Médecin malgré lui*"—you must admit that England is a strange country ! We have been a whole three weeks without a government ; the Duke is doing everything himself, and we are all standing around gaping, not knowing what will happen next. In the meantime each one takes his own peculiar point of view ; some prophesy black ruin, others laugh maliciously. Only Lady Jersey and other blind admirers of the Duke are delighted, and think him infallible ; they believe that what he wants is bound to happen, and that the elections will *automatically* follow his decrees. Sir Robert is a poor correspondent, and no one really knew whether he was in Florence, Rome or Naples, until Lady Jersey was fortunate enough to receive a letter from Lady Stanhope in Rome, in which she mentioned quite casually that Peel had just arrived. You can imagine what a joy it was for Lady Jersey to find herself quite suddenly the oracle of the moment—in a position to give information to all those in authority about our lost Prime Minister, our prodigal son whose return is to be universally fêted. Meanwhile Brougham is acting the fool in Paris instead of in London, and all our friends are in the country, busy flattering their constituents.

The Queen imagines that everything is going as well as possible, and the Court is in great fettle ; the King happy to be giving pleasure to his consort, and delighted at the change of events and the new entourage, and to have a little occupation, not pausing to reflect on the consequences of this upheaval. The Duke of Gloucester's death caused more commotion than we had expected ; he was a good man, and had no enemies except the people whom he bored. You must consult Madame de Dino¹ about his good qualities. They say for certain now that Talleyrand will not return, that his leg is very weak, and that his "grape cure" was a failure. Can you imagine such an extraordinary remedy ! They told him to crush grapes in a barrel with his weak leg in order to strengthen it—truly a delightful harvest ! Brighton is very gay and brilliant, although the Court has gone to London for its mourning. The weather

¹ Talleyrand's niece, who acted as hostess at the French Embassy in London.

is lovely, with bright sunshine—just the sort of weather which makes me think of you and increases my sorrow, knowing how you would enjoy it—alas, how sad that you should be so far away ! I am still very sad at your absence, and grieve for you. My husband is much better in health, and I am in great hopes of seeing him soon completely well again, which would be a great joy to me. Emily is again pregnant. Ashley would be quite happy about the political changes if he could believe they would last. In the meantime the Duke is a proud conqueror, having as sole colleague Lyndhurst, and giving orders to everyone. They say, however, that he is chiefly concerned with the Foreign Office, and reads incessantly ; he states openly that he desires no change in our Foreign Policy—and even asked Adair to return to his old post and continue on the same lines, but I do not think he will want to do this. The Granvilles will be here next week. My brother Frederick is in Paris, but we are expecting him daily. My other brother is at Melbourne. He refused both Garter and Earldom. He is behaving perfectly in every way, and has gained everyone's approval. All moderates think that the Duke has been very rash—if he succeeds, he will have done well, if not, he will be very much blamed. His actions will be judged by the results ; this is not always fair, but will be so in this case. Does your son send you the contemporary reviews, and the caricatures ? There is a great quantity of them. Adieu, dearest, I send you my love, although I know what a pleasure you would take in all our horrid political upheavals. So you see that my friendship for you takes no account of politics.

To Princess Lieven.

PANSHANGER. (Dec. 1834.)

I wish I had some news for you, dearest, but there will be none of any importance until after the opening of Parliament. Till then everything is uncertain ; we cannot make exact calculations ; the elections are now in progress—they are very disagreeable for the individuals concerned, but more or less balanced throughout the country. There is no doubt that they are more favourable to the Government than we had expected ; it will have 270 members, or perhaps a dozen more—this is not a majority, but they hope for the support of the moderate Whigs on many points, and I think they will get it—but this undecided

issue always leaves politics in an uncertain state, and will, I think, lead to a very feeble government. You will have seen from the newspapers that the tone of the Tories has greatly changed from what it was before—they promise reforms of every kind, quite extensive ones in Church affairs. Some people even maintain that their Church reform will be more sweeping and radical than ours, but I cannot believe this after all their protestations of the previous year. But whatever they do their attitude is so much altered that you would not recognize it—and I think they will hear a few home truths at the opening of Parliament, for they are playing rather a low game; to take office and then embrace the principles of those whom they previously denounced. I would very much like to know how the Duke of Cumberland explains these new ideas of theirs, for it is not enough to say that public opinion and necessity justify them. Public opinion and necessity existed equally last year, when they declared themselves ready to sacrifice everything, King, Church, and all the old traditions. The Duke of Wellington is like a lamb; I hear that he refuses to meddle in anything, that he takes Peel's orders in all things, that he even came and asked him whom he should take as his Private Secretary. Peel begged him to choose for himself, but the Duke in his false modesty would appoint no one, so Peel proposed Mahon. Do you think this attitude will last, and that one can become a little boy after the age of sixty—this mock humility is indeed a farce. The Chancellor is himself behaving in a ridiculous manner—there is an odious Lady Sykes living with him in his house, whom he brought back from Paris, a demi-mondaine rather after the style of his late wife, and with whom he is so infatuated that he has no brain left. They say that the husband, a bad hat who is usually “complaisant” in these matters, is at last out of patience, and intends to make a public scandal of the affair. If this should happen, it would be a bad business for Lord Lyndhurst, and it would be interesting to see both parties put into the same awkward situation by their Chancellors.¹ Dearest, I am writing in such haste that I have no time to reread my letter—but you will forgive the mistakes and remember that my dinner is waiting for me, with Lady de Grey and many others. All my love as usual.

E. COWPER.

¹ Brougham, Whig Lord Chancellor, had indiscreetly made public the news of the summary dismissal of the Melbourne Government.

Douro has arrived too late to enter this Parliament—I hear the Duke of Leuchtenberg is handsome and pleasant. He went direct to Broadlands.

To Princess Lieven.

PANSHANGER, *January 2nd*, (1835).

Pahlen brought me your last letter, that of December 9th—we talked of you a great deal at my fireside, and God knows with what regret.

Your political judgment is extraordinarily acute, even at such a distance, but you still retain your Tory bias—it could not be otherwise seeing that *The Times* also takes that view, and obviously you get your detailed knowledge of English affairs from the papers. However, you must have seen, after you wrote, my brother's and Lord John Russell's speeches, and you will realize now that many of the rumours were false—that there were no misunderstandings in my brother's Cabinet, that he never told the King that he was in any difficulty; that Lord Lansdowne and Spring-Rice never had any intention of resigning, that the Cabinet had never debated the Church question, that it had never been mentioned to the King, and that the only difficulty was in choosing between Lord John Russell and Spring-Rice for Leader of the Commons. Lord Althorp would never have been my choice—I regard him as more radical than either of the other two, so I do not think his loss irreparable—and in the event of one or other of those two being appointed, it would only have been provisionally until the Irish question had been settled, after which the Leadership would have been given to Stanley. But all that is over now; the King has chosen a risky course, and it remains to be seen what will happen.

I did not wish to express any definite opinion on that point—events are (*illegible*) . . . even the best calculations. Peel is behaving with great good sense, and his absence has turned to his advantage. He is not responsible for anything, and when he returned there was nothing for him to do but to accept the position which was waiting for him. Besides, the five weeks delay served to quieten people down, and the time passed much more smoothly than was hoped. The King is greatly delighted; he thinks he has done marvels, and foresees no other difficulties. Many wise and moderate people, on the other hand, think it

impossible that the Government should stay in a month after the opening of Parliament—we shall see ! The Tories have certainly a greater following in the House, but people still say that a majority is *unthinkable*—I repeat, we shall see ! !

We are now in the middle of the elections, so the thing will be soon decided. Meanwhile I calm myself by watching the balance of the country, which nothing seems able to upset. If the active spirits go too far in one direction, the sober spirits take the other course. People may *talk* of revolution, but it never *happens*, and I am convinced that whatever change comes about it will all happen quietly, and there is no fear of violence. But dearest, how I would love to discuss all this with you ; letters are so unsatisfactory. I have not seen the Duke since this crisis, but they tell me he is radiant and that he rides every day in the park with Mrs. Maberley. The Londonderrys will amuse you, so I was delighted to hear of their nomination.¹ I think the Cowleys will go to Paris, and the Burghersh to Berlin—Lady Cowley has been very ill, but she is getting better.

There are many changes of appointments, but you will read all that in our newspapers. I think the King loves all these goodbyes and how-do-you-dos ; he likes excitements and changes, and his Court is in high spirits. My own special joy is to see Ashley's radiant face, but will that last ? My brother has arrived at last ; he will write to you soon.

I am greatly distressed to hear that you have chest troubles—take care of yourself.

They talk of sending Sebastiani² here. What joy !

To Lady Cowper.

ST. PETERSBURG, *January 6th*, 1835.

I have been very ill since writing to you last, and my sufferings were so great that it had been decided to send me post haste to Italy. The cold is attacking my lungs. The day was actually fixed for my departure, but my courage failed me at the idea of separating from George, whom I dared not take with me. I asked a few days grace to nerve myself for the ordeal, and then the bad weather set in. I was terrified of the roads, of the ups and downs of travelling, and of bad accommodation. In fact it is now obvious that I shall not leave before May, if I am alive at all by then. You would not recognize me, I am

¹ To the Embassy in Petersburg.

² As French Ambassador.

so changed ! Alas, I realized only too well that to leave England would be my death. Forgive me for talking like this, I know what it implies—forgive me, please, I shall never again say anything which sounds like a reproach.

I have received your letter of December 18th. Peel wrote to me, and sent me his Tamworth manifesto. I think it is extremely well done, and am sure it must have made a good impression. I do not yet know if Parliament has been dissolved, but if it has, I am sure the elections will favour the new government.

My Court accepts Lord Londonderry. We are asking yours if it will take Pozzo.¹ This is the reason for the dispatch of the present courier. We foresee no objection to Pozzo, so I think I may congratulate you on such a good successor to us. He will find great favour with your Government and with London Society. I think it an excellent choice, and am glad that such a good man is to follow us.

For the last fortnight my life has been very depressing ; my door has been shut to all visitors. I see only the Imperial family, and they are all wonderfully kind to me, especially the Emperor and Empress themselves. But these are only momentary gleams, and for the rest of the day I am alone and sad, without occupation for my mind—for my eyes fail me at night, and night begins at three in the afternoon. I am not allowed to leave my room. Twice a day I take a tentative walk round my drawing-rooms, and then am quickly hustled back into a corner, where they preserve me in an artificial atmosphere as near as possible to the English climate, by means of casks of hot water, constantly replenished, which they press against my body on either side. In this way they hope to preserve me until the spring.

If I last out, they have decided that I must spend two successive winters at least outside Russia. Where ? I have no notion. Wandering from place to place, without hearth and home, without my husband, without George. So, dear one, if your serious political troubles leave you time to think of me, pity me, for I deserve all your sympathy.

I am sure you will have remembered me at Panshanger. Fanny will have remembered my lighted trees. You may imagine how I wept to think that I had none for her this year—oh, the sadness of it all !

Dearest, I have your bracelet always with me, and when I

¹ Count Pozzo di Borgo succeeded Lieven as Russian Ambassador in London.

used to dress I always wore the lovely English bracelet.¹ There are so many little tokens around me. And whenever a package comes for me I am careful to preserve the paper in which it is wrapped—it has the lovely smell of England.

Adieu, dearest. I have written you a long letter this time, and I am tired. I enclose a letter for your brother. Make him write to me, it would delight me so ! Tell me everything. My only joy is to read letters from England. And you know what a joy your letters are in particular.

Why has Ashley no plans ? What is Emily doing ? Talk to them about me, and don't allow the people I love to forget me.

Tell Lady Holland that I ate mince pies at Christmas, that I gave an English dinner party in which her gift played its part to perfection : it was all lit up with flames. Please mention this to her, and thank her a thousand times and give her all my love. I keep her little souvenir always on my table with my other English things.

To Lady Cowper.

January 12/24 (1835).

As my letter was leaving I received yours of the second, for which I thank you with all my heart. It is more optimistic than the others I received from England. But are you not mistaken in thinking that nothing sensational will happen in your country ? I persist in believing, as many others do, that the only way to avoid a crisis is to support the present government in the radical measures which it is certain to introduce in Parliament. If you condemn it without a hearing I shall really believe that people in England have gone mad. I shall not expect such conduct from my friends. So tell me a little more of what you are doing and what you intend to do, you Whigs—remember that although these things may be secrets when you write them, they will no longer be so when your letters reach me ; and that by the time you receive my answers the events themselves will be over and done with. Be merciful and grant me these small crumbs of comfort in my absence ; I have so little comfort—I think so often of you all and love you so much.

You do not say what your brother intends to do. I hear

¹ This was a combined gift from all Princess Lieven's women friends, presented to her on her departure from England.

from London that he is keeping his position in Vienna. I like to believe this, because it is my only chance of seeing him again. Germany is a large country, and when my wanderings begin I might easily arrange to meet him somewhere.

I shall not mention my health again—it will continue as it is, unless I die, until I breathe a gentler air. Until then I shall remain enclosed within these four walls. You can imagine what kind of a life that is !

My husband is enjoying himself and goes to all the balls and parties. Everyone around me is enjoying life. I alone lie ill, sad, deserted even by those who should be taking care of me. Dearest, it would be no surprise if I became melancholic.

To Princess Lieven.

PANSHANGER, *Saturday 29th (January 1835).*

I cannot say how sad your last letter made me, the one written on Jan. 6th, which I have just received. What you tell me of your health makes me extremely anxious on your behalf. I am miserable to feel that you are so ill and so far away. You were very wrong to postpone your departure, and I hope that the doctors will force you to set off at the very approach of Spring. They must send off a pigeon, like Noah, to discover the olive leaf. But why go to Italy if England's climate suits you ?

In spite of the bad state of your health and the many duties which you have to perform I have a presentiment that I shall see you here again, for that would be more sensible than to send you off to an unknown destination. For this reason I am glad at Pozzo's appointment, because I feel it is only a temporary thing, and that you will take his place at any moment. You know that I like Pozzo, and am therefore very much pleased to see him here, but you must not imagine that his nomination has given universal pleasure ; on the contrary, I think most people will be just as sorry to see him here as he is at coming, and that is saying a great deal ! His life and habits are entirely Parisian, and our mode of living does not suit him at all ; everyone here thinks him ultra and irascible in character (*illegible*) to have to endure such a change of (*illegible*), of society and manners, and I think he will be miserable. Esterhazy is arriving here before February 15th, but only to say goodbye, for I think that he has definitely given up the embassy, which is a great loss for us. Talleyrand does not appear to be returning either,

in spite of his love for the Duke and his *traditions*. One of our newspapers rather pertinently enquires whether by his ancient traditions he means the National Assembly, the Napoleon Directoire or his Archbishopric—for a man who has played so many rôles the word *traditions* seems to me a little risky (you see that I do not forgive him).

He wants to send us Sebastiani, so that he could take his place if he felt so inclined (one might really think he were immortal). I think we shall have St. Aulaire. My brother does not yet know his fate—it appears that the Duke wishes first to find out if he is secure in the saddle before making any changes. There are many diplomats here who covet Vienna—Stuart, Strangford, Bagot, Clanwilliam, etc. I hear that Burghersh is mentioned for Berlin, but I believe he covets Naples. Our elections are nearly over, but it is still difficult to tell the result. The government appears to have a certain voting strength of 260 or 270, but they are counting on the support of the moderate Whigs, Stanley, etc. I *believe* that the government will be able to hold out for a little time, but everything is very uncertain, and like the previous government they are liable to fall at any time. The Tamworth manifesto made a very good impression, as did two speeches which he has made since then, but there are very serious difficulties for any government in the Church question, the Irish question and others. The elections turned out more or less as was expected—the Palmerston election being the only failure of importance for us. But it could hardly have been otherwise, since the government had so much influence in the seaport towns. He will find another seat, but it cannot be until after the opening of Parliament. You will be delighted at this set-back in his career, because you bear him so much ill-will, *justly* and *unjustly*, for his real faults and for others which *you* attribute to him. Ashley has a post at the Admiralty, and lives there with his wife, who does not like the shut-in atmosphere. He asks me to send you his best wishes. Our Queen has just announced her pregnancy¹; this is a tremendous excitement, and a death-blow to the Duchess of Kent. It is sad for the little princess who is so nice, and you know what a country this is for malice and slander. “Oh Lord *Howe* wonderful are thy works”²—this is one of the vulgar jokes going around, a paraphrase of the Psalms.

¹ A false report.

² Lord Howe was by some reputed to be Queen Adelaide's lover.

But dearest, since your health does not permit you to stay in Petersburg, surely your husband will have to sacrifice his position for your sake, and in that case he will surely be sent to take Pozzo's place in Paris—this would be a very good solution of the problem of your health, and although it would be less grand for him, what does honour and glory count in comparison with happiness ; and I am sure he would be unhappy to think of you travelling about the world ill and alone.

Let me know if there is any hope of such an arrangement—how enchanted I would be to visit you in Paris. We are having a very fine winter, only two days of snow—I think it will be like the winter of last year. Frederick is writing to you himself. He is well but a little thinner.

To Princess Lieven.

GEORGE STREET (January 1835).

I have this moment received your letter, written on January 20th. I am greatly distressed to hear that you are so ill and unhappy, yet I hope that you are a *tiny bit* less ill than you were when you wrote your letter. I am leaving this very moment for the country, so I write only these few lines with this letter enclosed, which I received from Brighton, where he has gone to spend a few days. I do not know what will happen at the opening of Parliament, but we are all quite calm on that issue. Either the government will remain in, or if it falls we shall have another more or less similar to the last. The Radicals are much weaker than we thought—in the new Parliament they will be the weakest of the three parties. No one in this country desires a revolution—the elections prove it. Tories and Whigs are fighting, but no longer for principles as they used to, merely for power ; and if a selection of names would be put forward there would be no opposition. But this is a most difficult thing to do where two strong and hostile parties are concerned, and I see nothing for it but war to the death ; whichever way it turns we shall have a weak government and a strong opposition. This will be a disagreeable state of affairs, but not I think dangerous. We are naturally outraged that the Tories should assume (our) places, our opinions, our principles, our (*illegible*), our Church reforms, and that all the "Ultras" like Cumberland and the Bishops should be so enthusiastic in their approval, having only last year cried "sacrilege" ; "revolu-

tion"! But in these new circumstances it is very difficult to know how to act. It will be a most interesting session, and the result difficult to foresee. Meanwhile there are very few people in London, and everyone is anticipating the 19th. Pozzo has arrived, resigned to his fate, but making no attempt to hide his sorrow. His step-niece will be here next month, Sebastiani in three days.

To Lady Cowper.

ST. PETERSBURG, *February 6th, 1835.*

At last, dearest, I have received a little letter from you dated January 19. You do not know what a pleasure it is to me to receive your letters, or you would write more often. Your letter proves to me that the Ministry will have a very imposing majority in the House of Commons—for 280 certain votes is more than most Governments have had. So I really think they will be successful, especially if their policy is as liberal as they promise, and I do not see how they can act otherwise. As for your views about their being inconsistent, inconsistency is always excused on the grounds of expediency. This always was and always will be so. Apart from this there is no doubt that the individuals who form the Government are men of talent, industry and experience. Peel has all these qualities in a marked degree, and even his most ardent opponents cannot fail to respect him. I think that matters will go well with you under this new Government. And you yourselves will become resigned to being in opposition. After all, do you not consider that the rôle of opposition is a more cheerful one? I recollect that we had our best times when you were in opposition. Later on there came worries, misunderstandings, quarrels, and finally, alas, separation!!

Do you know if any of my English friends are going abroad this summer? I personally intend to travel where I please, without fixed plan, and for choice I shall visit places where there may be a chance of meeting friends.

What does Lady Tankerville say about Sebastiani's failure to be nominated? I am sorry because it will cause her pain, but otherwise I think that if you can do without him, you are doing very well. I hope the St. Aulaires will go to you—I believe they are very respectable people.

I hear from London that the Queen is pregnant. Do you

believe this? What is the opinion in London about the quarrel between the United States and France? How will the vanity of the French get them out of this trouble?

My health is not worth speaking of. I suffer constantly from a feeling of suffocation and pains in the chest at every change in the weather, especially an hour before a fall of snow. It is so absurd that I would not believe such a thing if I were told it—however, I have witnesses to prove it and I can always tell in advance what the sky will bring.

I have begun to receive people—I give very shabby little parties two or three times a week for the young Grand Duke. The Emperor and Empress come without being announced—this is a favour which has never been accorded to anyone else, and which has therefore caused a sensation. It is very fortunate for the foreign Diplomats, who very rarely get access to the Court and to the grand Soirées, for I invite them to my house. I am delighted that strangers should see at first hand what it is good for them to know. I can assure you that the Emperor and his family are unbelievably distinguished.

To Lady Cowper.

ST. PETERSBURG, 8th–20th February, 1835.

It is only to-day that I can answer your dear kind letter of January 19th. I have had days and long periods of suffering which cripple me utterly, so that I can do nothing. I am so grateful to you for thinking and speculating on my behalf. I am sure you are right that it would be better for me to have a fixed plan rather than lead a wandering and miserable existence; but how can I upset everybody else's arrangements merely because I am ill? It is your own affection for me which makes you exaggerate my importance. No one will sacrifice their way of life to suit me. I shall go, to live or die as best I may, I know not where. This is the only guiding star on my horizon, and you cannot call it a very bright one. My husband will see me across the frontier, and that is all—he will do no more about me. You are so kind to worry about my life. Sometimes, indeed nearly always, I am in a state of despair; the skies are always grey and overcast, and the earth a wilderness of snow and ice. It is a beautiful prison but a prison nevertheless. Friends I have none, for how can people love me in so short a time? You know that I am not quickly responsive—one

must know me well in order to love me a little ; and in this country sick people do not prosper.

You mentioned the Queen's pregnancy—this is an extremely important event—I am anxious to know if the rumour is well-founded.

You are now in the full tide of activity. People in London may have thought of me a little on the 18th, for it was a Wednesday and my house would have been open to all parties. Do you remember how fascinating it was to entertain before the opening of Parliament—everyone was on tenterhooks, eyeing each other doubtfully and warily. My imagination pictured the scene vividly again this year. Do you know that nothing recalls scenes and faces to one's mind more vividly than a complete change in both ? Complete contrast is the same to me as complete similarity. This is a great truth, although it sounds like a piece of nonsense. But now I understand the meaning of contrast, and realize how poignantly it wakens recollection.

12th-24th. Dearest, my letter has dragged because I have had a few domestic upheavals. I arranged an extempore little ball for the Empress's children—it was supposed to begin at seven and end at ten, because my strength will not allow me any longer effort. This little party became a proper ball and supper on a grand scale, which the whole Imperial family attended. I was honoured but dreadfully fussed—and laid up afterwards for three days, to allow my kidneys and chest to return to normal. I saw my house lit up and decorated for the occasion, and it is really beautiful. This is the season of balls and parties. In the morning people go to the theatre, and in the evening to big balls at Court or in the houses of the nobility. Little Woronzow, whom you met twenty years ago in England, gave a ball yesterday which they tell me was magnificent. He is one of our richest boyards. The hectic gaiety continues until next Monday. It gives me time to rest, and I remain alone in my room writing, for I have strange tales to tell. I have seen much in my life. I have all my papers with me—it is a way of passing the time.

Adieu—try and write your own reminiscences, but write to me first. Admit that of all your absent friends I am the one that you love the most. You have everything round you. You would never put pen to paper if it were not to write to me. After yourself I send my love to all your dear ones, your husband, your children, Emily from my heart, her husband

and your brother Frederick, who maintains complete silence although I am so fond of him ! Adieu dearest ; do not forget me.

What has already happened in London ? What did the Speaker do, what was the King's speech like ? I dare not prophesy from such a distance but I would wager that Peel has gained the day. He is a big enough man for the times and for the part he has to play.

To Lady Cowper.

ST. PETERSBURG, 19th-31st March, 1835.

I asked Matuscewitz to write and tell you all that I was unable to express to you myself—to describe my poor Arthur's dangerous illness, and my anxiety—oh God, what anxiety ! To-day after eighteen days of illness I am still in a state of anxiety about him, and he is still in bed. Dearest, what grief and suffering, what affliction have been my lot since leaving England ! You will remember my dreadful despair at parting from you. And now I spend every day in tears because I have an indefinable presentiment of unhappiness. Dearest, how you would pity me if you could see me.

Thank you many many times for your letters—they gave me a few moments of pleasure and distraction. But alas, how short ! A letter is so quickly read ! And they are all I have to comfort me in my dreadful grief. I never leave my poor child's bedside and I never see a soul. Dearest, how I miss you and how I long for those happy days when our children used to play together. It is such pain to think about these things. Can you imagine it !

I do not know what to tell you ! England is always in my thoughts, and everything which is happening there. England never fails to interest me. I read everything I can lay hands on, newspapers, reports of speeches. I do not believe that the Whigs and Radicals will continue long united, nor that their temporary union constitutes any real danger to the Government. Peel is holding his position marvellously—he is without doubt the strongest man of the period. Our friend John¹ appears from a distance to be gracing his rôle as Leader of the Opposition—I say from a distance, but what does he look like close at hand ? Does he still wheeze ? I would be sorry if he

¹ Russell.

married Lady Ribblesdale—I do not like strangers—besides, I prefer my bachelor friends to remain bachelors ; outside women spoil friendships.

I am sorry that the Londonderrys are not coming here, and I also regret that the House of Commons should have treated him so badly. He seems to have behaved very well in resigning of his own accord.

There was great sorrow here at the Austrian Emperor's ¹ death. It is a loss for all Europe. But there is no doubt that his successor will have enough sense to continue in his father's footsteps and make no alteration, either in policy or in advisers.

Pahlen's eldest brother has been appointed Ambassador in Paris ; he is a great man, and our leading general. Very upright, very honest, very simple in his manner, most distinguished-looking. We shall be sorry to lose Maison if he accepts the dreary position of Minister in the French Government. This business in Paris is a dreadful mess !

I perceive that the French Ambassadors and the Russian niece ² in London are pursuing a successful course ; perhaps more successful than that of the Russian Ambassador and the French niece ³ under the last Ministry—I should say Minister—for *their* course took each of them straight back to her own home, and me to unutterable suffering ! Dearest, the word *suffering* is indeed my property to-day—how I suffer ! Dearest friend, I can hardly endure it. The winter is as piercing and the snow as deep as in December. The sky is clouded and overcast. Four weeks have passed without my seeing anyone or hearing anything. There is a great ceiling of snow above me, my child's sickbed and death in my heart. Adieu, dearest, kindest friend. Continue to be my friend and repeat to me often that you love me. Your last letter was so kind and gentle. Tell your brother too to love me and be sorry for me. I can tell you nothing of my plans for they have all come to grief. I am making no more, merely waiting for Heaven to restore Arthur to me. Poor darling George ! He, alas, is gone for ever. Never will I see that dear child's face again.

¹ Francis I.

² Madame Sebastiani and Pozzo's niece.

³ Duchesse de Dino, Talleyrand's niece.

To Lady Cowper.

KONIGSBERG, *April 17th*, 1835.

I am beginning the saddest letter I have ever written. Dearest, kindest friend, can you believe that I am actually alive after all my cruel misfortunes? You who know me so well, picture me still on this earth without George and without Arthur—with nothing to interest me—separated from my husband—he is leaving me to-morrow. Far from all my friends, without comfort or intellectual resources, cast upon the world with no prospect but the grave. Why am I not already dead and buried with my two dear angels? They are at rest, while I suffer—all the anguish of which the human heart is capable. How can my spirit endure it? Write and tell me that you still remember your unhappy friend.

BERLIN. *April 22nd*.

I arrived here yesterday. The Duchess of Cumberland received me with every mark of affection. The separation with my husband was cruel, for we are never to see each other again. I am now in the middle of Europe, not knowing where to take my stricken soul. Tell me, dearest, what is to become of me? Advise me, consult with my friends and tell me your decision. I am independent, I can do what I wish, but I wish for nothing. The world is dead for me. Numb my senses. Take me out of myself. Horror has seized hold of me. Why am I alive? Why does Heaven allow me to exist? Oh God, has there ever been greater misery than mine?

Tell me where I shall find friends who are visiting the continent this year! Only let me know their destination and I will pursue them. I must have friends. I am lost, lost! Was I not right to shed tears of blood when I left England? Did I not realize that to leave England was death? This premonition of sorrow has followed me everywhere. I have wept without ceasing for a whole year, and am weeping still to-day.

Dearest kindest friend, write to me at least twice a week. Address your letters here to Königsberg. You are now back in power, so let me at least have the comfort of your letters. Give me news of England, which in spite of my unhappiness, and perhaps even because of it, is the one thing that interests me. I was so happy, so happy there! What is happening in England? Who are the Ministers? Are you in alliance with the Radicals?

How long will the old monarchy continue to survive? Will it die away, as my children have died? Oh God, dearest, to see one's children die! To hear dear Arthur say "I am dying". No, it is too terrible to be borne.

Adieu, dearest. You will cry when you receive this letter—forgive me for causing you distress. I am expecting Paul, and after that I do not know what will happen to me, but address your letters here until I give you further notice. My love to your brother Frederick—poor friend, he will pity me. Adieu.

To Lady Cowper.

BERLIN, May 11th, 1835.

I received your letter of the 5th. No, I cannot go to England, and for the following reason, I would bore and weary my friends with my grief, and if I lost them what would be left to me on this earth? This is the real cause of my unwillingness to go. My heart takes me there, but, as I say, grief tires people and everyone would weary of me. Then I should have lost everything. I shall visit England when I am calmer, when people can love me for myself, for my companionship, and not for reasons of pity. Do not think that I am making trivial excuses. Consider a moment, and you will see that I am right and sensible. It will be a tremendous happiness to meet English people on the continent, and I ask Heaven to grant me this. I beg you for information on this subject. Tell me exactly who is travelling, where they are going and I shall go to meet them. At present these are my plans. From the 10th June I shall be in Baden, where I shall remain at least two months. After that we shall see. I know nothing. Continue to address your letters to Berlin until I tell you to the contrary.

Dearest, tell me about your politics. It seems an odd situation. Who will support the Whigs if the Radicals refuse to do so? And what would happen in the event of a fresh change? Everything is curious as far as England is concerned. I do not foresee any real danger to the country, but these perpetual changes of Government are unhealthy. Do you not agree with me, dearest, that it is a great pity that a man like Peel should not be at the head of affairs? Perhaps this is an absurd question to ask you, but you are too honest at heart not to share my opinion. Tell me about Brougham. Why does nobody mention him? Surely he cannot have been forgotten.

What is Lord Grey's attitude to the new Government? As for the Court, I can judge that for myself.

I am interested to hear about Parliament re-opening to-morrow. We have a constant flow of news here, for Berlin is a good focal point. All the news from London, Paris, Vienna, and Petersburg reaches us in five days.

13th.

Everyone here is most anxious that William Russell should be appointed to Berlin. He is known and respected there, and they do not think it possible that Shee could come as envoy to Prussia. You mention no diplomatic appointments—you do not even tell me if your brother is returning to Vienna. If so, I hope he will go by Baden. Dearest, tell me all the details. I ask my friends to divert my thoughts, and the best way to do this is to give me detailed news of England in all its aspects.

I am still closeted in my room, but people visit me. The Prince Royal¹ has more intelligence than all his brothers—his conversation is extremely varied and pleasant. Mr. Ancillon too is very agreeable, and there is also a Prince Wittgenstein, a great favourite with the King, who manages his affairs—I have known him for 25 years.

The Grand Duchess Helen and her husband are arriving in a few days.

Adieu, dearest, my heart is very lost and very sad. My unhappiness increases daily. The blow was so terrible that at first it stunned me—I am only now beginning to feel again and to understand my loss.

Mine is a cruel, cruel fate! Give all my thanks to your brother for his letter. Beg him to write to me again, for I love to read his letters. All my affection to Lord Cowper and to your children. Madame Dino tells me that she will be in Baden, but later on in July.

I have just heard of John Russell's defeat in the Devonshire constituency.

To Lady Cowper.

BERLIN, May 28th, 1835.

I am writing you one more little note before leaving Berlin. I leave for Frankfurt the day after to-morrow and then for

¹ Eldest son of Frederic William III.

Baden-Baden. Your letter addressed to Mr. Russell will reach me punctually because I think he too is going to Baden—in any case he is very close at hand—try this route, and try Ashburnham House and I will let you know which is best. Thank you many times for your letter of the 22nd, full of comments about the position of the various parties but containing no facts as yet. I am curious to know how the first debate will go when John Russell has taken his seat. I am sure the Tories will be moderate—it is in the interest of the State and in their own to be so—but will you embrace the Radicals under *your banner* as you seem to think? Or will you not rather be forced to march under theirs? This is the whole point.

I am delighted to hear from you that Lord Palmerston is a changed man. Others have told me the same thing.

On the Continent every one is talking of the events in Spain. Tell me your country's feelings. The Paris trial is a bad business,¹ but I think the Government will emerge unharmed. Madame Dino tells me she will be in Baden at the end of June, which pleases me very much. I long for company and for news, in fact for anything to take me out of myself, for even a moment's solitude is agony.

Monsieur de Talleyrand suggests that we should meet in August in Geneva. I may consider going there.

The Grand-Duchess Helen is ill—she needs rest and attention. Her husband has followed her which upsets everything; and people are trying hard to send them off in different directions. She may possibly come herself to Baden later. The Princess of Orange is to be there, which is a less pleasing prospect.

My poor husband is very unhappy, still among the snows, and in the same surroundings as when his children were alive—it is horrible! Heavens, what misery has overtaken us in the last year!

Dearest, I have a great favour to ask of you. Read the begging letter enclosed—I think the request should not be difficult to satisfy, and I would be so glad to serve the Rudolstadt family. The Duchess of Cumberland's daughter married one of them, and she is very anxious that the suppliant should obtain his request. I do not know the Colonial Minister² but I am sure *you* could manage it—it would give me so much pleasure.

¹ The "Monster Trial" of Republicans, whom Louis Philippe, against the advice of his Ministers, was bent on punishing.

² Lord Glenelg.

I think the post in Jamaica is a very small one, so you would not be seriously compromised.

(Letter not enclosed)

To Princess Lieven.

GEORGE STREET, Tuesday, June 2nd and June 5th (1835).

On Sunday I dined with Pozzo and met Lord Grey. We were all sad, he and I especially. It is a real sorrow to return to that house¹ with all its memories of happy times past. I was truly sorry for poor Grey; I think he will probably visit you in Baden. His family look forward to travelling, and there is nothing to keep him here. Everyone begged him to take some part in public affairs; his true friends did all they could to induce him. My brother wanted him very much to take the lead, Palmerston would willingly have yielded Foreign Affairs to him—no, absolutely nothing could persuade him.² And now I am sure he is unhappy and upset at having refused, and although he gives the government his loyal support and approves of all that is being done, I am sure that in his heart of hearts he is almost sorry to see things going well and to think that he is not indispensable. It is silly and childish of him, but you know him so well with all his good and bad qualities. I am sure you won't be surprised at what I say; everyone would agree with me.

Friday, June 5th (1835).

I have missed the last (*illegible*). Poor Grey has fresh troubles—that poor madman Barrington (*illegible*) and Lady Mary Wood³ lost her only child the day before yesterday, a little girl two years old (all of a sudden)—she had gone out to dinner, and he was in the House of Commons! It is very sad. But as regards politics—I am told that the enemy camp is more divided even than ours, that the Ultra Tories are disgusted with the Duke of Wellington, and regard Peel as a radical and a reformer. Meanwhile my brother is having a great success in the House of Lords. His honest, independent attitude is appreciated—his speeches are a great success; he says no more

¹ Ashburnham House, the Russian Embassy in London, No. 30 Dover Street.

² The Whigs had once more come into power, in April, 1835.

³ Grey's daughter.

than is necessary, and everyone trusts him implicitly. The Duke of Richmond, an unbiased witness, said to one of my friends the other day that no one had succeeded as he had done in winning the sympathy of the House, "and his manner prevents opposition instead of exciting it". Which reminds me, dearest, that the speed of communication between Berlin and London gives occasion to malicious tongues to say that "Lord Grey had told you that my brother's government would not last, and I don't know what besides; that he had told you the story of Miss Grant's abduction, and how it was a ruse on my brother's part to win the Poole election. I know how discreet you are—this stupid creature's abduction created a great stir here because people insisted on making a political thing of it—and Lady Jersey made a great song and dance, forgetting that she owed her own existence to a similar escapade—even Lord Westmorland killed the horse of one of the servants who was trying to stop them. But one thing is definite—that my brother knew nothing about the abduction until it was all over. Such ridiculous excitement as the whole thing has caused—absurd duels—even the placid Lord Seymour is to fight a duel because his wife would not reveal which road her brother had taken! Frederick has not yet shown me your letter, but he tells me that you persist in believing that the country and the monarchy are in a state of (*illegible*). Let me assure you, dearest, that (*illegible*) one thing is certain, that if our government falls and the Tories come back, this will be the only change, and it is a very small change because their policy must be the same as ours—it is only a question of individuals. I even believe that we are considered more conservative than they, because they suspect us less, having never changed our principles. Frederick entirely agrees with me about the safety of the whole thing; he no longer fears the radicals, and declares that no one can know this country unless they live in it. The Duke of W. seems very (*illegible*); I understand he is entirely devoted to Lady Salisbury and makes expeditions with her and the Clarendons. I had quite a long conversation with him the other evening at Lord Lansdowne's. He asked me to tell you how deeply he sympathized with you in your troubles, and how distressed he had been to hear of them. I *refused* to deliver this message, because I wished him to give me a personal letter for you—but the letter has not yet arrived although he promised to send it. He said, "I do not like writing; *Dictators* should not write."

I think he is frightened, like myself, of the (indiscretions?) of Berlin. Lady Jersey looks discontented, and I don't think she has forgiven him yet.

We are worried by affairs in Spain,¹ but there will be no intervention (*illegible*) and we have no desire (*illegible*). Those Spaniards must take courage and defend themselves, and the majority must not yield to the minority—that would be really shameful.

This is also a grief to Alava,² that he cannot be proud of his own party. I understand that Lord Grey differs from our government in this respect—he would like to send all possible aid to the Queen.³ Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell have repaired their electoral disasters, which proves that in spite of the Reform, Ministers can always find a safe seat. The Tories were very much annoyed at these arrangements, but were unable to prevent them. The Carlton Club asked seven different people to stand against Lord Palmerston at the election, offering to pay the costs. But no one would agree to it—the result was too certain. What upsets me most about the affair is that almost all the newspapers are against us—the *Standard* and *The Times*, especially the latter. I hear that during their short period of office the Tories tried hard to win over the Editor.

Are you pleased about the appointment of your old friend Adair? I imagine you will be delighted to see him again. Adieu, dearest, all my love; I think often of you and of the happy days we spent together. Will they ever return? Not as they used to be—that would be impossible—but as a consolation.

To Lady Cowper.

BADEN-BADEN, June 11th, 1835.

I have been here for three days and am only just beginning to realize the full extent of my misery. In Berlin I was amused and my attention distracted. I had intelligent and worldly people round me who took up my time—I was only alone

¹ First Carlist War, between the followers of the Regent Maria Christina, and the Conservatives, who supported Don Carlos, the late King's brother.

² Veteran Spanish General, who had won Wellington's friendship in the Peninsular War.

³ Isabella II.

when asleep or undressing. Then there was the journey to occupy my mind, but now it is entirely a prey to my sorrow. The place itself is lovely, tidier and more picturesque than anything you can imagine; I keep imagining how much those dear children would have enjoyed it and how their health would have improved, and then there springs up in my heart such an agony of grief that not only do I enjoy nothing, but the whole place becomes odious to me. Oh, if only I had something to distract my mind! The William Russells¹ are here, but they are no use to me. They are as kind as possible, but that is not enough—they have no ideas or intelligence. M. Nesselrode has just arrived, which is some consolation, but what I long for are English people, some particular friend. Why are there no idle people in England who could come and visit this lovely place? Dearest, you would find it so beautiful, and the Baden air would do your husband so much good, for it is the air which is particularly famous. I hear of no one taking the waters.

I see that you squashed all idea of intervention² and you were right. I can only judge by hearsay—perhaps you have entirely different schemes in mind. I long to know what is actually happening. It is sad for me to know nothing who once knew so much—especially at a moment when news is the only thing which engages my thoughts.

What can I possibly tell you from Baden? I beg charity from you, but alas, I have nothing to give you in return. I am longing for Mme Dino's arrival, but must bide my time. The Princess of Orange is coming, but it is obvious I shall be on bad terms with her,³ the more so because I am on good terms with the Russells. Besides, I understand she hates Russians even more than English people, for at least she is not sister to the King of England.

M. Nesselrode has just left, so good-bye to that source of comfort. I am terribly deserted. My heart is barren and the world a desert.

¹ English Minister in Stuttgart.

² In Spain.

³ Presumably because of the failure of the plot to put her and her husband on the Belgian throne.

To Princess Lieven.

Saturday (June, 1835).

A rather (*illegible*) party at Lady (*illegible*)'s; among others poor (*illegible*) who looks very (*illegible*) and rather stupefied. (It is sad) that such an intelligent man should have behaved like an idiot, but it happens every time. In that first interview he was afraid that Lord Palmerston would reproach him, but he took pity on him, and did nothing. Mdme Palmella is also blamed for having acted stupidly, and for having quarrelled with the Queen. The Court is humming with intrigue and petty jealousy.

(Next three lines illegible.)

They tell me that Lord Grey is in robust health, but I don't think his temper will benefit by it—whenever he is in good health he reproaches himself for having entered the “Hôtel des Invalides”. I wish he would go and pay you a visit. It would be good for him, and an amusement for you, but I don't think he will have the courage to (*illegible*). Esterhazy is just going to Strathfieldsay, and then he will visit you. He (will be audience of) the Duke's depression and fury. (*Illegible.*) The fact is that he (the Duke) feels his reign to be at an end and cannot hope for a return of the reign of George IV, when he was everything and stood for everything. I hear that Peel's position is odious to him, and that there is a great coolness between them. He recently refused Peel's invitation to Drayton.

What annoys the Tories most is to be told that they are under Lord Lyndhurst's supervision. They are as furious as we were when the subject of O'Connell¹ was mentioned.

(Next two lines illegible.)

Our Court is dull. The King is gouty and the Queen nags him. She does not like Brighton nor Society, is always complaining of her health, and misses her homeopathic doctor, to whom she made love. I must say she looks very ill. Esterhazy, who had not been informed about the lie of the land, began by complimenting her on her appearance of good health.

Palmella has just paid me a visit. He has left Portugal for good, and intends to settle in Paris next year.

¹ Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish patriot and supporter of Catholic Emancipation, with whom the Whigs formed a Parliamentary alliance in order to ensure themselves a majority. This was held against them, as O'Connell was considered a rebel.

To Lady Cowper.

BADEN-BADEN, July 8th, 1835.

Thank you for your two letters of June 22nd and 29th, and for all the interesting details they contain. I have no news for you in return. My health is worse, my heart heavier than ever and my poor brain so feeble I am afraid it will vanish altogether. I am beginning to distrust the whole world, to believe like poor Castlereagh that people are avoiding me, that no one loves me—everything agitates me—in fact I must be a trial to everyone because I am such a trial to myself. This dispirited state of mind makes me realize that Italy would do me no good. Baden with its lovely skies and lack of interesting people only made me worse—in Italy the skies would be even lovelier and would make me still more miserable. I should have still fewer friends, so how would I pass the time? England has again been in my thoughts as my mainstay and as a last resort. If England should fail me, there will be nothing but the madhouse.

I would like to spend the autumn and beginning of winter in England. It is the season of country-house life. I should not go near London—I should go North, to Howick; perhaps to Scotland if Lord Aberdeen is there, then I should return South, somewhere near you. Panshanger would be difficult, almost as difficult as Richmond. I should then go to Paris for the winter. What I need is to kill time until the sharpness of my grief has abated. But then I stop and consider the unfortunate people who would have to endure my sad presence. Can I inflict myself upon them? And then my courage fails me at the idea of England. I am in a horrible dilemma.

Dearest, you are happy, you have no time to give to my troubles, or I would ask you to arrange a series of visits for me, to find out who could take turns at entertaining me. Arrange an itinerary for me from the North of England to the Midlands, houses where I shall always find kindness, patience, and a number of people, for I need mental distraction, gossip. I think my brain will still stand the strain of conversation, though I seem to have very little left.

Madame Dino is here, Bacourt¹ also. She visits me a great deal. So do the William Russells. They are my most faithful companions. There are very few Russians. The Princess of Orange comes too, and is very kind to me.

¹ Till 1834 French Chargé d'Affaires in London.

Paul has left me—I am completely alone. Alexander does not arrive for a fortnight. When there is thunder and lightning and great dark clouds my spirits rise a little, but fine weather and sunshine make me weep. Grief has the most astonishing effect upon one—and there has never been a greater grief than mine.

Adieu, I have nothing more to say to you, dearest, so I will say good-bye. Your politics still interest me more than any others, so please tell me all the news. When is Lord Durham going to St. Petersburg? I do not think the Emperor will be there between August and November.

To Princess Lieven.

GEORGE STREET, *Sunday (finished July 28th, 1835).*

Your son and I discussed your future plans at great length, arguing every point for and against them, and we both agreed that there are only two places where you would be happy—Naples for your health or else Paris. Naples would provide a new scene; it is so fresh and beautiful, and so interesting that it is impossible to see it and not be enchanted, even though one's heart is torn by affliction. In Paris, however, you would have more friends and a great deal more entertainment and society, a variety to pick and choose from, and a constant "va et vient" of friends and acquaintances from every country in Europe. I really believe that I should choose Paris if I were in your place; you need to live where there is constant news and political activity—and in Paris there are more travellers than anywhere else—and more owners of country houses; I do not think that England would suit you at all, and I think you would be dreadfully bored here.

"Il faut porter de la ressource à la campagne et non l'y chercher." This is one of R's maxims, and it has always seemed to me to be very true.

London in the season might be agreeable to you and a villa in Regent's Park, but I believe that your memories are still too fresh and that it would break your heart to return there. It is much better to keep England in your mind's eye as a place to return to when the bitterness of your grief has abated and when you will have sufficient courage to come down to Panshanger. I am practically a stranger there myself at the moment

and I think it is extremely likely that any day I shall be obliged to (*illegible*) (but I do not like to see my brother leave and I wish I could go with him). My husband still suffers from bad headaches and for all these reasons I would not be sorry if the doctors were to advise him to travel. This state of uncertainty inclines me more and more to advise you not to come here. And then again politics and everything else are in such a state of chaos and Society is so scattered about. Your son is charming and spoke so kindly and affectionately of you and of your troubles that I was very much touched and I am as fond of him as though he were my own son.

The Duke of Wellington, my brother, all your friends advise you to go to Paris—Pahlen especially. He is going to Paris himself to stay with his brother as soon as he has finished his cure at Carlsbad. I returned with the Duke of Wellington in his Britschka from lunching with Lord Mansfield; we were good friends as in the old days. He is a kind man and we talked a great deal of you and of your future plans, and he shares my view that Paris would suit you best, and that you should keep London for a later date. He is greatly surprised that your master should have considered sending Pozzo to London, where he could not possibly have any influence, whereas he had so much influence in Paris. The Duke is very gentle and very moderate in his views; he discusses politics as he would discuss history—he blamed the King for having chosen such a bad moment to dismiss the Ministry, and told me that the King had always praised my brother to him, although there were certain Members of his Cabinet whom he detested, John Russell, Hobhouse, Powlett Thompson, etc.

I do not know what will happen to our Church Bill—but the general opinion is that the present Government will remain in power at least until next year. A great many people are returning to Town, and everyone would like to do so. Lord William Russell does not relish the prospect of Brussels, and I think he will end by going to Berlin. Mr. Ellice¹ is to accompany Lord Durham to Petersburg. He is a curious man, no one seems to know what his opinions are. There has been a new influx of foreigners; a pretty Russian lady, Madame Lagareff, and a certain Mme Siniavin who saw you recently in

¹ Edward Ellice had been Secretary for War in the First Melbourne ministry. He had large vested interests in the Canadian fur trade, and was Lord Grey's son-in-law.

Petersburg. But I myself still go out very little—my husband's health causes me so much anxiety. I sometimes feel as you do, that I did not sufficiently enjoy my happiness when I had it—for although I have not suffered such terrible sorrows as yours, yet for the last two years I have led a rather sad and worried life. My brother Frederick is by no means cured of his gout; he has been now a month in bed. I would like him to go and take a cure before returning to Vienna. Alava is also going to Carlsbad soon, and Lord and Lady William Bentinck. There are dread rumours here that cholera has broken out (*illegible*) and in Genoa; if this is true, then it will probably spread over the whole of Italy. These rumours will put a stop to all travelling, but we have no definite information as yet.

To Princess Lieven.

GEORGE STREET, *August 14th, 1835.*

I am concerned at your long silence—can it be possible that you are offended with me for advising you to postpone your journey here? Can you doubt that my first impulse was to beg you to start at once, my first longing to welcome you here—and that it was only by force of reasoning that I was able to put myself in your place—I was afraid for your sake of the horror of the recollections which would greet you everywhere in England, especially where your affections and your intimacies are concerned. Is it possible that you refuse to realize that to return here would be heartrending for you—remember you have been away for less than a year! Think what that means! No, I cannot believe that this is the reason for your silence—you could not be so unjust towards me—you could not thus misinterpret my friendship and devotion. Yet why then do you not write—I am bewildered. If you were ill I am sure your son would have given me news of you.

I finished my last letter in haste. Poor Mrs. Stewart's¹ visit upset me so much—she too is sad and alone in the world. I did my best to console her—with offers of help and service.

I did not give you any news in my letter—actually there was none. The ultra-Tories are becoming more amenable and are following the Duke of Wellington. They intend to make alterations in the Bill and not to reject it. This at least is better behaviour—they will probably do the same with the Church Bill. In the meantime the Duke of Cumberland has a dis-

¹ Nurse to the Lieven children when they were in England.

agreeable affair on his hands, the Orange Lodges,¹ and he is not dealing with it very successfully. I understand that it will end by his having to withdraw his name from the Orange Lodges or else to leave the Army. Actually, as a Prince of the Blood, he should never have taken up with such a mob. My brother is very much annoyed by all these debates, but he is determined to take everything patiently and hopes to see Parliament adjourn at the beginning of September. Peel has left London—many others as well—and I think that the fight will end for lack of combatants. It is obvious that the Government's position is assured until next year.

We have had an amazing spell of hot weather here for some time—yesterday the thermometer stood at $87\frac{1}{2}$; everything is burnt up for lack of rain. In the counties of Kent and Sussex they are selling water in bottles. Some attribute this heat to a comet which has been expected for a long time and which refuses to arrive—I think there are disturbances in Heaven as well as here on earth. How incredible to start torturing the Jews again in Paris, Berlin, Spain and Hamburg—I thought such things belonged to the Middle Ages.

Lord Auckland is to go to India,² and his sisters with him. They are making a great sacrifice for ambition's sake. Miss Eden³ is especially unhappy—they discussed the matter for ages before making up their minds.

Adieu, dearest, I send you all my love, although you are very unjust towards me.

To Lady Cowper.

BADEN-BADEN, *August 19th, 1835.*

It is indeed a long time since I wrote to you, and I applaud my decision. Had I written on the spur of the moment after receiving your letter of your 21st⁴ I would have regretted it later. To-day I am calmer—I can crush all recollection of the

¹ This was a powerful Tory organization, presided over by the Duke of Cumberland, intended to combat Daniel O'Connell and the menace of Popery.

² As Governor-General.

³ Authoress and sister of Lord Auckland, for whom she acted as hostess in India.

⁴ In a letter to Lord Grey, dated July 30th, Princess Lieven says, "Would you believe it, My Lord, Lady Cowper has written me a letter filled with what she deems good reasons for preventing my coming to England! And she cites, as the most cogent of these, Lord Palmerston."

things that hurt me at the time, and will now answer your letter of August 10th received yesterday. Have the goodness not to mention the matter again—I am weak, dearest, you must humour me. Give me affection and tell me news. I am still greatly interested in your doings. My heart is very tender towards you—I have lost so much, do not rob me of my trust in your affection, and once again, for pity's sake, no mention of that unfortunate letter.

I have had several hæmorrhages, and for a fortnight was too ill even to write to my husband. I used to dictate my letters to my son. For the last ten days I have been better.

Thank you for your kindness to that poor nurse Stewart. To think of that time! What happiness I once enjoyed, and now what pain! I contemplate eternal life, prepare for it and long for its approach.

My husband writes me sad letters. The Crown Prince is not leaving with his parents, and my husband is remaining with him in the country, in the same country house in which I spent last autumn. But what a change for him! His health is beginning to suffer. I am greatly pleased with my son Alexander—he is so kind and considerate for me, full of interesting news, adoring life and popular with everyone.

The Duke of Argyll is here, but useless because he has his “daughter” with him. I cannot help thinking she must really be his daughter—she is so *very ugly*.

Count Nesselrode has been here for the last fortnight—he is going to Toplitz for the meeting of the Sovereigns. The Princess of Orange is going to meet her brother the Emperor. Nesselrode is surrounded here by a little court of minor diplomats.

Zea¹ is also here. Old Fagel² spent a week with me. These are all minor amusements but there are no English people. Shall I be seeing your brother?

I read all the English news most carefully. You tell me nothing of politics, they are growing complicated. The House of Lords' attitude is serious—what result will it have? And the Duke of Cumberland and his Orange Lodges? Will that lead to anything? Dearest, tell me everything, for everything interests me. Forgive my bad handwriting, I am *very nervous* and writing tires me.

¹ Count Zea Bermudez, a Spanish diplomat.

² Formerly Dutch Ambassador in London.

I hope Emily has recovered from her lying-in. Give her my love as well as Fanny and Lord Cowper.

France is a strange spectacle. Louis Philippe has behaved admirably, we wish him all success in his new undertaking. There are French people of every shade of opinion here, Carlist and others. We have seen the great Berryer¹; I got him to talk. He wants the new measures to pass, and has travelled many miles to avoid having to vote against them. It is virtually the destruction of the Press. Will France allow it? I think she will because she desires peace—to obtain peace you must have a strong government, and this is not consistent with all-powerful newspapers.

Dearest, I have written you a long letter considering my health! By the way, we have also had the King of Würtemberg, who amused me very much. He did not stay long here, but spent the whole time with me. The Grand Duke of Weimar was here also, but, oh dear, what a bore!

To Lady Cowper.

BADEN-BADEN, *August 22nd, 1835.*

I received your letter of the 14th. Make no mistake about what it was that upset me. It was not your advice to remain away from England lest the sight of that country should make me miserable; it was a letter in which you mentioned personal reasons for my not coming. You must forgive me if I fail to recognize Lord Palmerston's right to influence my position in England—I speak plainly so that there shall be no misunderstandings between us—and now, I repeat, let no more mention be made of this affair. Dearest, I am very unhappy, the most miserable creature on earth—and I ask of my friends pity and gentleness. I am sure you love me—and you will not have to endure my presence on this earth for long. I do not know if I shall see you again—my health is so bad, you would hardly recognize me; my face is yellow and my hair is white; I am doubled up with pain, I cannot eat or sleep, I have no strength to move about, and I weep all day long.

I am waiting until September before making any plans. So long as there are people in Baden, I shall remain there. After that we shall see. I have no fixed ideas, but a dozen alternatives.

¹ Leader of the French Legitimist Party, who wished to see the Bourbons restored to the throne.

A life as broken as mine can eke itself out anywhere, but I must have friends around me, and very often one's friends desert one when unhappiness comes. Unhappy people are usually unwanted in this world.

25th. I have had one of my attacks which prevented me from finishing my letter. The season of storm and rain is upon us, and there is a line of carriages packed with luggage leaving Baden. Count Nesselrode is leaving next week, so I have no alternative but to go myself. Your brother never came, is he coming? How I should rejoice to see him.

I am interested to hear what the Commons have done with the useless Corporation Bill. I realize it will not affect the Government, but will it affect the Peerage? I know too little of what is happening in England to judge, but I am just as interested as when I was there.

The events in Spain are terrible.¹ It will end because Don Carlos wants it to, of that I am sure, but until then what dreadful suffering!

France appears to be in a healthy state—Louis Philippe is making clever use of his opportunities.

Dearest, adieu, I am very weak and greatly to be pitied. Sometimes I ask Heaven what I have done to deserve all these calamities. All my love, continue to love me for a little while yet. I shall not live long. Adieu.

To Princess Lieven.

GEORGE STREET, *August 27th* (1835).

I am very much upset at your silence. You told me that grief had made you nervous and distressed, but I never imagined that it could lead you to the point of misinterpreting my friendship and devotion for you. You begged me to advise you—you said you were too unhappy to decide for yourself what would suit you best. In these circumstances could I do anything but give you my honest opinion, and is it not very unjust on your part to bear me a grudge for doing so? It is possible that I am wrong; it is possible that at the moment you would be happier here than anywhere else, and everyone is the best judge of their own affairs. If you really feel this then in God's name come. You know that I will do everything in the world

¹ Civil War between the Carlists and the followers of Queen Christina, the Regent.

for you—that I have no other design and no other thought in mind than your welfare, and that it would give me great happiness to be of the smallest comfort to you.

I am in despair to think I should have given you pain, and you must attribute it to clumsiness and not to bad intention ; remember that you are as dear to me as you ever were, more so since your unhappiness. The best proof that I can give you of my friendship is the fact that I bear your injustice towards me without offence.

I beseech you, dearest, write to me and tell me what has offended you—I am certain that when you reflect you will be more fair towards me. I am now writing my fourth letter to you without having received any answer. Tell me what it is that has annoyed you—if I have offended I am only too willing to make amends.

My brother is still laid up with gout, but, thank God, he is better. I can assure you he has been very unwell. His movements depend upon the state of his health, so there is nothing fixed about Vienna, and he is at this moment in Brighton.

You will have been able to follow our Parliamentary debate in the newspapers. The Houses will probably adjourn about the end of next week ; the Corporation Bill will be settled by then, and the Church Bill will be postponed until next year. I myself am leaving to-day for Panshanger, although there is a dinner this evening at the Foreign Office for the Duc de Nemours¹ ; he is a charming young man. I met him yesterday at the Sebastiani's. Lord Auckland and his sisters are going next month to India and they are in despair about it. My husband is still unwell.

Dearest, I send you all my love in spite of your injustice which is nevertheless very great.

To Lady Cowper.

BADEN-BADEN, *September 2nd, 1835.*

I have just received your letter of August 27th. Thank you for all your expressions of friendship. They touch my heart because I love you and have loved you for so long.

My last letter explained the reason for my silence. I shall not refer to it again because I hope this horrid episode is over between us. Do not accuse me of injustice, I shall never deserve

¹ Son of Louis Philippe.

such a reproach from you. Dearest, if ever you should re-read your letter of July 21st you will realize that the most tactful thing I could do was to ignore it. For Heaven's sake let us say no more about it. Love me as you have always done, more than ever, for I deserve it, and write often to me—tell me plenty of news, distract my poor sick mind !

I leave next week for Paris. Probably I shall go to Valençay unless Mme de Sagan¹ is there ; if she is there I shall stay away, as her presence is disagreeable to me. I hope very much to see your brother, and am greedy for his society. You do not say a word about politics—only three lines at the end of your letter—though they interest me more than anything.

In spite of the Government's threats, I do not think they will push matters to extremes. I believe they will pander to the two Houses. I do not think these things ever turn out badly in England—the country has too much common sense.

Count Nesselrode has left and the Princess of Orange leaves to-morrow also for Toplitz. There are very few people here now, and I have no reason for staying on, because my health is bad and will be bad wherever I go.

I am taking with me a niece on my mother's side whom I discovered in Baden—but I believe I have already told you this, and how good and lovely she is.

To Princess Lieven.

PANSHANGER, *September 8th (1835).*

I have absolutely nothing to tell you but I am sending you this letter because I believe that you like to see my handwriting. I have been here for the last fortnight and have seen no one except my family. Frederick is still at Hastings but is leaving to-day, and intends leaving for Vienna at the end of the month ; his plans are not more fixed than that. But I am certain that he will visit you the moment he reaches the Continent, wherever you may be, and I hope that one of these days it will be here.

Parliament has adjourned for the time being, and public opinion has decided that the Government behaved wisely and moderately in agreeing to the changes made by the Peers. The Radicals were very anxious to reject the Bill so as to put the blame on the House of Lords—but they were obliged to yield—and so the fight ended for lack of combatants. What the next

¹ Elder sister of the Duchess de Dino, Talleyrand's niece.

Session will bring forth is still uncertain. The Duke of Cumberland and the rest of the King's entourage are constantly harassing him, and I understand that Peel's speech at Tamworth is directed against the Ministry. But at least we have the House of Commons with us—and another dissolution of Parliament would mean running a great risk. In the meanwhile my brother stands very high in the public favour; he showed character and strength of purpose—and even John (who does not flatter him) behaved in his important position with a wisdom and discretion of which no one thought him capable. I am telling you now what I believe to be the truth—trying to avoid excessive praise and blame alike. It is this party spirit which ruins the country, but we seem to be unable to root it out, and to make sound and wise decisions. It is nothing but a struggle for power between the two Parties, which is no less bitter now that there are no longer any principles at stake and it is merely a question of individuals. I am sorry to have to confess this fact, because it lowers our prestige and debases our noble ideals.

My husband is a little better now that the hot weather is over. If I could only hear better news of your health! Such dreadful accounts of the cholera in the middle of France, in Nice and Genoa! It is terrible to think of that lovely district being so ravaged!

PART III

PRINCESS LIEVEN IN PARIS

In September, 1835, Princess Lieven entered Paris where, apart from short intervals, she was destined to spend the rest of her life. The stimulus of brilliant Parisian society had a miraculous effect upon her spirits, and from the very first her letters show a renewed interest in worldly affairs. Only occasionally, almost as though in duty bound, does she suddenly recall her past sorrows, and repeat, parrotwise, that this world has no more happiness in store for her. Then in the next paragraph we find mention of Talleyrand, Thiers, Broglie, Lady Granville, Madame Appony, the Flahaults, ministerial crises, foreign relations, English politics, the fall of the Whigs, and so on. It is obvious that she is again keenly interested, and that her passion for controlling affairs of State has sprung once more to life. Yet her grief now and then rings very true, as when, meeting Frederick Lamb in Paris, she declares "Thank God there is still something in this world that can enliven me." She still maintains her undying hatred of Palmerston, and in the first year or two of her life in Paris already succeeds in setting the French Government at loggerheads with the Whigs. Lady Cowper writes to rebuke her, accusing her of poisoning Talleyrand's mind against the leaders of the Whig government.

The letters in Part III of this volume are also largely concerned with gossip and details of family life. It was in May 1837, at the age of 52, that Princess Lieven became intimate with Guizot, the great French "doctrinaire" statesman and historian, who led the French Government from 1840 to 1848. Lady Cowper wrote to chide her for this, which was remarkable, considering that she herself was the intimate friend and adviser of Palmerston. However, Princess Lieven's position in French political circles was now established, if not legalized, and she was a figure to be reckoned with in all dealings between France and England. Meanwhile another of her sons died, Constantine, and she quarrelled desperately with her husband who, learning of her association with Guizot, threatened her with penury unless she returned immediately to Russia. But shortly afterwards death removed Prince Lieven from the scene, and his widow was free to continue her life in Paris with as much money as she could amass after her husband's will was proved.

While Lady Cowper gossips of Queen Victoria, the Duke of Wellington, O'Connell, Aberdeen, Lady Jersey, Windsor and Chatsworth, Princess Lieven chatters of Talleyrand, Madame de Dino, Louis Philippe, Thiers, the Chateau d'Eu, Valençay and the Faubourg St. Germain.

To Princess Lieven.

PANSHANGER, *September 18th (1835).*

THANK you for your letter of the 2nd September. I was really rejoiced to hear that you had found a niece¹ as a companion. I had never heard you mention her before and I hope that she will be a great source of pleasure to you since you say that she is beautiful and kind; I am so happy to think that at least you are not alone—solitude is such an unhappy state!

Frederick has not yet arrived, but he writes that his health is better, that he will be here at the end of the week and that he intends to leave England at the end of the month—so I count on his finding you in Paris, where I am sure he will spend several days.

Our Government and the Opposition are scattered—Lord John has gone to Devonshire for two months, Lord Lansdowne and Spring Rice and Lord Duncannon have gone to Ireland. My brother and Lord Palmerston are the only two who are remaining near London—Lord Palmerston starts his travels with an expedition to Broadlands and to Tiverton.

The news from Spain is very unpleasant, and it is so difficult to see how it will all turn out—it looks very much like a horrible civil war. I am especially sorry for Alava, who was so sad at leaving England and who will find himself in a very painful situation in Spain.

I would like to tell you some news but I can think of none—Lord John has announced the fact that his little wife is pregnant—they will be a breed of dwarfs—but he is as proud as though they were to be a race of giants. He excelled in debate during the last Session, and has risen in public opinion. Nobody thought that he would be so successful in his important rôle of Leader. But it is a fact that opportunity makes the man. Peel himself had no very great reputation until he took the reins into his hands. He has made rather a bad speech at Tamworth since the adjournment and O'Connell has made a dreadful one in Manchester. I do not like these oratorical displays in the Provinces, they always turn out badly. The speakers make false promises in the heat of the moment to appease the mob. The King is in spirits, I am told. Lady Jersey is causing him

¹ Madame Marie Mentzingen, whom Princess Lieven took with her to Paris as her companion.

some annoyance—she borrowed a house in the neighbourhood so that she might be asked constantly to dinner, pretending that she had workmen in her London house and that she could not stay there—she is an incredible woman! My husband is a little better, but it is a sad state both for him and for myself. Emily is well. Ashley is in a gentle mood, although his Party's policy is still very bitter. Lord Auckland and his sisters are very unhappy at going to India—they are forcing themselves to go for reasons of prudence. Lord Minto has his post in the Admiralty—I think that the Duke of Richmond would have taken it had he been able to arrange the Irish Church affair, which is still tormenting us and will continue to do so for many a day. How I would like to visit you in Paris and make a trip with you to Valençay—it is only my husband's health which prevents me, for nothing would give him or me greater pleasure.

To Princess Lieven.

PANSHANGER, 25th September (1835).

I am so happy to feel you so close at hand, to think that communications are so rapid and that it would need only one step to bring us to each other: how I wish I were able to take this step! My brother came here in the end—he is better in health, still forced to take great care of himself but essentially better, and I feel easier on his account—as easy as it is possible to feel after so many relapses.

He will arrive in Paris about the 15th of next month. I think he is bound to spend some time there before continuing his journey. How I would like to share at least the beginning of the journey with him! My husband is better but he does not feel well enough to travel at the moment—he is thinking of it next spring. They recommend douches for him, so we are thinking of Brighton.

The Ministers are in the country, all except those who are obliged to stay in London, and those who have to amuse the King—he insists on coming to Town every week. Boredom and lack of social life is what he dreads the most—so different from our late King!!

What changes we have seen, dearest! But do not worry about the Peerage; all that business is stable and deeply rooted. Newspapers gossip and malicious tongues wag, and these things

create a certain effect upon people who live at a distance ; at home, however, we do not worry at all. The House of Lords has done very well ; a few individuals behaved stupidly and caused an outcry, but as far as the *Order* is concerned (as Lord Grey used to call it) it is in no danger—it is universally respected.

The King is still on bad terms with the Duchess of Kent ; he does not approve of her travels round the country. In England Kings are always on bad terms with their heirs and hate to see them grow up. The Court is still divided into two factions—Lord Erroll is quarrelling with Lord Howe—the daughters are on bad terms with the Queen. But Lady Mary Fox has just obtained a position at Windsor, so there has been a reconciliation. I am giving you all the little trifles of every day—none of them lead to anything. The affair of the Duke of Cumberland was distressing for the moment but I do not think it will have any result. My brother did his utmost to have the matter dropped.

Lord Auckland is very sad at leaving and his sisters also ; I think they now regret having accepted the post and would willingly exchange all the honours awaiting them in India for a cottage in England. Just imagine being imprisoned for four months on the sea, and sea-sickness into the bargain. Lord Minto has his post at the Admiralty and Lord Anglesey is very much annoyed at not having got it himself. The Duke of Richmond would have taken it, I think, if he had been able to arrange the Church business, that miserable affair which will continue to torment us for many a day. The Duc de Nemours is going to Windsor on Sunday. The King has been very polite to him. The news from Spain is very disturbing and civil war always terrible—however, Evans writes in good spirits. I personally think that Alava¹ could have chosen a better general—that name has never been a good omen to him, and everyone was so anxious to be appointed that he would have had no difficulty in finding a better person.

Are you going to Valençay ? Tell me what you are doing and write to me often, and at great length. All your interests interest me, and I love everyone who is kind to you.

¹ General Alava returned to Spain on the outbreak of Civil War, to assist the Cause of Maria Christina and her daughter against the party, who supported the late King's brother, Don Carlos, Isabella's uncle.

To Princess Lieven.

Friday, October 23rd (1835.)

I was delighted to hear all your news from your last letter. I see that you are leading a quiet life, which will suit you best, and I am especially pleased to hear that you have found that charming niece who appears to be a gift from heaven, at the very moment when you had need of a kind and devoted companion—she must be a great support to you, and at the same time it must be a great joy to her to be with you. My brother is still on the point of leaving but has not yet fixed the day; for my part I am miserable to see him go and am doing my best to keep him. His health is better. He is looking forward to seeing you again and is imagining all the conversations that you will have together. In the meanwhile I would like to explain to you everything that is happening, but it is very difficult by letter and there are so many nuances in our affairs which cannot be put on paper.

You say that the Government ought to renounce O'Connell if they do not approve of him—but how! How is this possible when there are no Houses of Parliament to ask questions? I am glad that they have been wise enough to avoid all speech-making in the country, for this only leads to false reports, fills the columns of the newspapers with discussion, and spreads false rumours for ages afterwards. The only man who raised his voice was John Russell—and you understand that he by no means shared O'Connell's views, since he said that the Peers had the *right* to act as they have done, and that one must hope at present for improvements through wise action and enlightened opinions—not through changes which might be dangerous. Lest you should have missed the speech of our good (*illegible*) (Conservative although the originator of the Reform!), I cut it out of the newspaper and enclose it in my letter. And having done so I will admit that I am very much annoyed that Lord Mulgrave¹ should have invited O'Connell to dinner and I think this will have a bad effect—although he says, in order to excuse himself, that he invites everyone who passes through Dublin, violent (*illegible*) or whoever they may be, and that having thus already entertained the open enemies of the Government he did not think it necessary to make an exception of O'Connell who is a Government partisan, and that he is in no

¹ Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

way concerned with his speeches—and that since he invites people of every party he thought he should not insult O'Connell by omitting him. Sebastiani must have drawn his opinions from certain Radical Weeklies. O'Connell is no doubt a good speaker but by no means the best in the Lower House, not even one of the best, and the proof of this is that he creates very little effect. They say that in the next election his following will be greatly diminished. (*Illegible.*) Dearest, it is an illusion, there will be no revolution; our constitution is so admirably formed that it can resist everything—moreover, everyone is conservative—they only dispute over different forms of Conservatism.

The Queen who has a real passion for pilgrimages insisted on making one to Oxford; this greatly inconvenienced the Duke of Wellington, who was obliged to leave all his guests at Walmer Castle in order to go and receive the Queen at Oxford.¹ Rest seems to be an unknown pleasure to Royal Families nowadays.

To Lady Cowper.

PARIS, *December 20th*, 1835.

You had not written to me for a long time. To-day I thank you for your letter of the 10th. You tell me nothing sensational which makes me less credulous of the rumours which are circulating here that there is to be a change of government in England. Even your friends believe it, but I for my part cannot conceive why nor how, and in any case it does not seem to me likely that such a change will take place before the opening of the session. But at least tell me why there are rumours to this effect.

Lord Durham² is very happy, with the result that we are greatly pleased with him. Send O'Connell to us one day, and you will see how we will love each other.

The Chambers are about to open here. It will be rather an interesting occasion. The debate on the address will be very exciting to listen to. I hear that we³ are to play a part in it. I watch everything with great interest, and I listen; there is a great deal to learn and a great deal to laugh at.

¹ He was Chancellor of the University of Oxford.

² Appointed Ambassador at St. Petersburg, July, 1835.

³ Russia.

M. de Talleyrand has been very ill. He had pains in his heart which caused him much suffering. But since his wife's death he is better,¹ and he goes for drives in his carriage, though his mourning prevents him from paying calls. I dine often at his house in his family circle. We are never more than four or five, and these little dinners are extremely pleasant. M. Thiers,² whom I see both there and at my own house, is a man of great fertility of mind, and I find great pleasure in his society. Prince T. has suffered much annoyance in the matter of his wife's will. The Duchess of Esclignac³ wanted to have everything and threatened an action. She has now given up all her claims and is not bringing an action, but M. de T. is giving her an allowance. There have been a few articles in the newspapers which brought up a great many old scandals, but now it is all over.

The Queen is very anxious about the Duke of Orléans⁴; there has been no news for three weeks, but I am sure that he will come back and bring the news himself.

Matuscewitz has broken his knee once more and can now never bend it again. I have never known such bad luck as his.

I see Mr. Ellice a great deal here; he comes and visits me every day. Everyone appreciates his intelligence. I have no news whatsoever from Stuttgart, and I do not know at all what has happened to that poor Lady William.⁵ Her husband has gone alone to Berlin. If you hear anything on that score let me know.

To Lady Cowper.

PARIS, January 4th, 1836.

Yesterday I received your letter of December 28th, dearest. I do not know why your letters take so long to reach me, though this does not mean that it is any less pleasure to receive them. I thank you for this one, as for all the rest.

¹ Talleyrand had not seen his wife for twenty years. When Madame Dino told him of her death, he said, "That simplifies my position."

² Member of the French Cabinet. Princess Lieven was already gathering up the reins of her new life.

³ She was Prince Talleyrand's niece, the daughter of his brother Boson.

⁴ He was leading a campaign in Algeria.

⁵ Lord William Russell had just eloped with a Jewess. He was still British Minister in Stuttgart.

You must be right about Ellice,¹ because you know him so much better than I do, but as far as intelligence goes, he has it; and also a very useful gift of making himself agreeable to everyone of every party. He is very popular with everyone here, and he has always a look of triumph and happiness which is a joy to see.

Paris is very gay and excited at the moment. I personally see nothing, for the reason which you know, and I imagine that there will be a decline in the numbers of my evening guests, because everyone has a thousand duties to perform, and better things to do than to come and look at my sad face; it is sad indeed and always will be.

I dine out a great deal; in diplomatic circles, with the Flahaults and in ministerial circles, where everyone is very kind and attentive to me. I must not forget Talleyrand, who is the very foundation of my life and my principal resource. We talk a great deal of the past, and a great deal about the present. As for the future, it holds nothing either for him or for me; my unhappiness makes me his equivalent in age.

The Court is very happy at the Duke of Orléans' return—he has come back ill, however, and very weak with a horrible dysentery.

Everything looks very prosperous and stable here. New Year's day was brilliant at the Court; the well-wishers flocked in great numbers, and their tribute was sincere, both within and without. The Chamber is absolutely under the Ministers' control, and now that the Jackson² Government has done the utmost that can be expected of it in regard to an "amende honorable", there appears to be no cloud on the horizon. For that very reason the session will be extremely *boring*. They say, however, that the season will be brilliant in festivities.

The Duchess of Sutherland has formed an intimacy with a certain Mme Schönbourg of Vienna,³ who wriggles like an eel and who has a certain vivacity of mind, a strident voice and a not very elegant personality. However, they seem to like each other very much. As for her husband, he does not fit in so well. He is an extremely gloomy old bore with whom the poor Duke of Sutherland is obliged to consort, for the

¹ Lady Cowper warned Princess Lieven that Ellice was mischievous.

² President Andrew Jackson of U.S.A.

³ Princess Schönbourg, wife of Esterhazy's successor at the Austrian Embassy in London.

husbands are wedded to each other as the wives are. It distresses me to see it. But he is so good and so full of respect for his wife's smallest whims, so kind-hearted, so sensible and so humorous with it all, that he can never really appear ridiculous. The Duchess is enjoying Paris to the full.

Lady Granville¹ still remains seated in her big armchair. She takes very little trouble and has singularly simplified the duties of an ambassadress. In revenge Mme Appony² makes them more complicated.

If you want to know the new fashions, dearest, I can tell you that people are wearing absolutely plain sleeves, plainer than the sleeves of your chemise, with flounces at the end. The effect is very hideous, but you will be obliged to wear them in this style.

I am very pleased that you have engaged my little Edward. He is a charming little valet, intelligent, gifted even, and well read. Ask him questions and you will see. Dearest, my letter seems to be full of clothes and household affairs, so you see that I have not much to say to you; when subjects of conversation fail it is always a sign that times are easy; personally those times bore me a little. You see that I answer your letters promptly. If you would do likewise, our correspondence would go swimmingly, which would be such a great pleasure for me.

Tell me about Fanny, has she become very lovely?

To Lady Cowper.

PARIS, January 15th, 1836.

I have just received your letter of the 11th. I am answering it although I am dead with writing letters to St. Petersburg, where Pahlen had sent a courier this morning. Everything you tell me about the *Portfolio*³ interests me. Here it has not made the smallest impression, nobody even reads it. In London it is a good subject for conversation at a time of year when

¹ Wife of the English Ambassador in Paris. One of Princess Lieven's most intimate friends.

² Wife of the Austrian Ambassador in Paris.

³ A collection of diplomatic papers and correspondence between the Russian Government and its agents, published at this time, which was supposed to throw light on the secret policy of the Russian Government. It contained copies of letters sent to the Russian Government by Lieven among others.

there is no Parliament or Society or Opera. I am reading the whole thing through, and as I read, I deny it all, and I cannot help laughing.

Dearest, poor Lionel Ashley died yesterday, I do not know what of; it was so sudden that he had been seen only four days before at a soirée. I had seen him from time to time, and he had asked for my influence to get him invited to one or two balls, which I did for him. The poor boy was certainly a little mad, but I am greatly distressed because he died without anyone to take care of him.

Ellice is returning to London for the opening of Parliament. He has been very well received at the Tuileries and he is very intimate there. He is very intimate with M. Thiers, whom he met at my house. He is intimate with M. de Talleyrand, intimate with one or two republicans, on very good terms with one or two Carlists and altogether enjoying himself in Paris enormously. I see him every evening.

M. de Broglie's¹ speech about Poland is amazing. The King has repudiated it, and his colleagues also. It is a strange ministerial complication. I am interested to hear about the opening of your Parliament. I realize from what you tell me that the situation has never been more unsettled. Nothing is clearly defined, principles, attitudes, alliances. This state of affairs surely cannot continue long. You will keep me "au courant" with all this as the time passes.

Here there are nightly balls and parties, which leave me rather isolated. But I must put up with them.

Matuscewicz no more considers Naples than the moon; I do not know in what direction his thoughts lie, but it is certainly not in my direction, because I see him very little. My ambassador every day, but he is so bored in Paris that my society is a blessing for him. The Flahaults are recovering and will soon be quite well again. I understand these things now, and their grief will not be very lasting.²

Adieu, dearest, write to me constantly and tell me everything which comes into your head. Adieu. All my regards to your brother Frederic.

¹ Head of the French Cabinet.

² Clementine, daughter of Baroness Keith and Count Flahault, died on January 5th.



PRINCESS LIEVEN

From the miniature by J. Newton, 1816, in the T. Coxe Collection



EMILY, COUNTESS COWPER, AFTERWARDS VISCOUNTESS PALMERSTON
From the portrait after Lucas

To Princess Lieven.

PANSHANGER, *January 18th* (1836).

Your last letter arrived the day after mine had left—although we are such a short way from Town it means two days delay in receiving letters, and I believe you forget this when you complain that my letters take so long to arrive.

William Russell has just left me. He spent two days here, but I can tell you nothing about the Jewess, although we talked on every subject. I was too discreet to broach the subject myself, and when he told me that he was going to Berlin in a fortnight, I hoped it was in order to rejoin his wife.

He looks very well but a little sad, and also a little shame-faced, as though he feared indiscreet questions.

You know how affectionate his feelings are towards you, and how all the details of your life interest me—so you can well imagine the subject of our conversation, and that it did not flag. He was full of praises of your niece and spoke of your friends' devotion to you, and of the charming little society whom you meet at M. Talleyrand's. I would love to see it all and would gladly exchange it for next month's dreary prospect of interminable political discussion, bad humour, fogs and colds.

My brother, Melbourne, has a mild attack of gout at the moment, but it is a mere trifle. I think he is exhausted by public affairs. However, he made a great success of the Chancellor affair—Pepys is a very upright man, held in high esteem and with a big reputation in legal circles—a man of very orderly life, which will be a pleasant change after the last two Chancellors—the obstinacy of the one and the bad conduct of the other. Bickersteth is also considered one of our most brilliant men, and is expected to make a great impression in the House of Lords. All things considered, these new appointments are a great triumph for us. If the King did not believe that my brother's Government were stable, would he have agreed to appoint a new Chancellor? Would he have assumed the burden of a fourth endowment and would he have agreed to create three new peers to help the thing on? This is a consideration which strikes everybody—so it will have its effect on public opinion and perhaps sway a few vacillating minds.

Have you no one here who sends you the English newspapers and other interesting publications, caricatures, etc.? If I had

known that you had not received the *Portfolio* I would have sent it to you at once—but I thought that Paul would have seen to that. So please tell me if you have no arrangement of this kind, for in that case I will keep you “au courant”—there is to be a new number published next Tuesday (how well the Pozzo reports are written !). The first two numbers already published do such credit to his talent that one can overlook the disagreeable side of the affair—and the abusive way in which he speaks of us will not offend, because we are not very touchy here. But it is quite possible that his remarks will have a different effect in Paris, and that even his preferential treatment of France contributed somewhat to the disagreeable scene the other day during the debate. What will come of it, and what will the Ministry do ? It seems to me a great problem.

Poor Grey is bored in the country and they say he is in bad humour. His relationship with Ellice is a most curious one—they argue and quarrel like two dogs, and yet remain good friends, calling each other by every possible obscene and abusive name. They quarrelled so fiercely one evening last year in Holland House that Lord Holland was quite worried as to the result—then, if you please, they drove off in the same carriage as though nothing at all had happened. Brougham¹ will be annoyed by our legal appointments, but they say that in spite of it he will remain on our side. This is good of him, you must admit, for the enemy newspapers are doing all they can to exasperate him.

To Princess Lieven.

PANSHANGER, 8th February (1836).

I am still here, but the news which I have from London is very satisfactory, and I think that our affairs are going extremely well. Peel made a blunder on Thursday (to divide) but they say that he did it out of consideration for the Duke—the dispute was a mere trifle ; but it sufficed to show how strong we are. My brother thought the dispute so petty that he yielded, but I think he would have done better to resist—in the House of Commons they knew nothing of it until the middle of John Russell's speech, so that it was impossible for them to retreat. The Tories are greatly ashamed of the result, for they had counted

¹ Brougham never again held office after his indiscretions in the crisis of 1834.

on a more equal division. Some of them were even expecting that they would beat us (Lord Verulam in the middle of the session betted that numbers were on their side) ; they thought that the cry would have been attempted to be raised in the country about O'Connell, and all the newspapers' attacks would have told on this occasion when the fear of the Corporation Bill in Ireland is that it should add to O'Connell's influence. But even this cry has failed to alarm people and our numbers are larger than we had calculated ourselves and much larger than the other side expected—and this too with Stanley against us ; but the fact is that his conduct has been so foolish that he has lost much of his consideration ; and on this occasion half his tail, with the Duke of Richmond's brother, voted with us.

I think that this beginning will make our position secure for the whole season—*Appropriation* is still a great problem, but I hope that it will be arranged in one way or another. The debate was also in our favour, and Peel spoke like a man who did not enjoy the part he was playing ; but having so recently patched up his quarrel with the Duke he did not wish to go against him—this is how it looks, at any rate. Lord Lyndhurst is the hero of the Ultra-Tories, and Lord Lowther in disgust left the town on the very morning of the debate.

Lady Jersey talks of nothing but her wretched house-maid. I hear that there are a great many people in London and a great many colds. Young Lady Conyngham is in a very weak state of health—they do not think she will get well before her lying-in, which is to be in a month. Lady Tankerville and others have given a few small parties, but so far there has not been much gaiety. John Ponsonby is still very unhappy at the loss of his young wife—he is to stay with Lord Durham as soon as the weather improves. William De Ros is loud in praise of Petersburg, and of all the kindness with which he met there—no one in particular, but the Russians in general. How ridiculous the Fieschi trial appears !¹ All those beautiful sentiments and French bombast over such a foul crime—and from such a dreadful criminal ! Worst of all, the discussions between the prisoners, and the judge's remarks !—the whole affair is so thoroughly undignified and farcical that one is at pains to treat it seriously.

¹ Fieschi was a Corsican adventurer who attempted to assassinate Louis Philippe in July, 1835.

To Lady Cowper.

PARIS, February 12th, 1836.

A thousand thanks for your two letters, for Nos. 7 and 8 of the *Portfolio*. Your last letter of the 8th reached me yesterday. Your successes in the House of Commons caused as much surprise here as they did in England, though less of a sensation, because people here are concerned with their own affairs and the ministerial crisis has made them all gape. For the last week since the fall of the Ministry ¹ practically nothing has been done or attempted. The third party has been summoned by the King, and *consulted*, as the party itself maintains, or *charged* with the formation of a new ministry, as the King maintains, and which I believe to be the truth. Yesterday the party announced that they had encountered too many obstacles to admit of their forming any sort of government, and declared themselves prepared only to take a share in the new administration. Thereupon the King declared himself finished with them and sent for M. Molé ²; but M. Molé has told me repeatedly in the last few days that he would undertake nothing which would necessitate his applying to the Left for support. It remains to be seen and hoped that a few of the old ministers will return to office. It would be quick work if only M. de Broglie would free them from their old allegiance, but this is the very thing he refuses to do. His colleagues do not wish to leave him—equally they do not wish to take him back. The Chamber is even less inclined to have him, and the King least of all. This is how they stand at present.

Meanwhile it is a fruitful occasion for gossip, and how much do I hear! Everyone sniffs intrigue, suspecting in particular the Flahaults, because his name has been circulated on a list of future ministers, as Minister of Foreign Affairs! People are amusing themselves in the interval by nominating women—

President of the Council	Madame Adelaide
The Interior	Comtesse de Boigne
Justice and Education	Duchesse de Broglie
Foreign Affairs	Duchesse de Dino
War	Comtesse de Flahault
Trade (a curious sort of trade!)	Marquise de Caraman

for the French can laugh through any crisis.

¹ Duc de Broglie was defeated on the Budget and resigned. (He was leader of the "doctrinaire" party.)

² He was in the former Ministry, under Broglie.

President Jackson and his "non-intercourse"¹ do not impress people. Names, proper names, we hear nothing else.

Dearest, how good you are to write to me so regularly. I beg you will continue to do so. The Granvilles are in despair at Broglie's fall. An ambassador should not attach his policy entirely to one man, as your ambassador has done.

I have dear Lord W. Russell here, which is an occasion of joy for me. I only wish that the crisis would continue so that I could keep him longer.

To Lady Cowper.

PARIS, February 25th, 1836.

It is very kind of you to write so often to me and I am extremely grateful to you. You now have a French Ministry once more; I do not know if it will suit your book. Lord Granville does not look greatly pleased. The rest of the diplomatic corps has welcomed M. Thiers' assumption of power. At last there is a real Minister of Foreign Affairs. M. de Broglie was only good in his relations with England, for none of the other diplomats did business with him; they all appealed to a higher authority. To-day master and minister are in complete accord. You are unjust, dearest, to M. de Talleyrand when you accuse him of hostility towards our old friends.² He has not much affection for Lord Palmerston, nor has he a very high opinion of the ability and tact of Lord Holland. But he is friendly in his attitude to Lord Holland, and has much of that affection for him which everyone feels—and as for your brother Frederic, I promise you that there is no one of whom he talks with greater respect and true friendship; both he and I are very impatient for his arrival. Unfortunately the loved one tarries.

The "doctrinaires" are very bitter here, and I am pretty sure that they will start at once to make difficulties. The public is delighted at their fall. They may have a great deal of merit, but they have no charm. You know what Napoleon said about them: "Un doctrinaire est un être abstrait et insolent." If either Bonaparte or I have already made this remark to you I ask your pardon for repeating it.

The Duke of Devonshire is soon returning to London. The Sutherlands are remaining on here a little longer. She is ill,

¹ This refers to the President's attempts to redeem Napoleon's spoils of the New World.

² The Whigs.

having caught a cold during the carnival. Lady Carlisle is leaving in a week. My dear, I think she is really a bit mad ; at any rate she appears completely so.

Lady Granville is popular but very lazy. Madame Appony is very popular and very active. What fun it is to watch the behaviour of the diplomatic corps here ! My position enables me to see and understand a little of everything. I am really interested watching it all, and the only thing I miss is a colleague to confide in and laugh with.

26th.

I still have time to thank you, my dear, for your letter of the 23rd, received yesterday ; how quickly the letters come ! I had read the debate on our affairs in the House of Commons. I imagine that your Government is peacefully inclined by reason of its having overlooked political questions ; that it does not want war. Indeed, it would be very difficult to discover a motive or a pretext for wanting it. Lord Palmerston has at last expressed what we always knew, but what he did not admit at the time, that our Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi¹ was nothing, unless we had an opportunity to bring it into force. It is for England to say if she wants it to be a living thing or a mere dead letter, and it appears that she has voted for death. Don't you agree, my dear, that if they had discovered this fact a little earlier we should all have been spared a great many misunderstandings and useless negotiations ? I am now appealing to your good faith. However, do not let us talk about these subjects. I am no longer in politics. Tell me about Pozzo² ; I am truly sorry for him, because they tell me he is very unhappy. I doubt whether he will continue long in a position which he dislikes so much. I did not dislike that position !

I see that the Tories are resigned to their ill-luck, and that fortune favours you ; but you are right to mistrust it, and to be prepared for a reverse in the middle of your prosperity. Alas, the things that one least expects always happen.

¹ Concluded between the Czar and the Sultan in 1833, closing the Dardanelles to all but Russian vessels, whenever Russia demanded it.

² Russian Ambassador in England.

To Princess Lieven.

GEORGE STREET, March 11th (1836).

I have received your letter of the 4th and I often hear news of you from English people returning home (only yesterday from Lady Hatherton¹ and Lady Carlisle).

I had a long conversation about you with the Duke of Cumberland. Oh, how he misses you! He looks ill; I think he is worried about the Orange Lodges affair. But he put a good face on it and does not let himself be depressed, which is a thing I admire—but the Party is furious, as much with Peel and the Duke of Wellington as with us. The latter refuses to be mixed up in their intrigues and prefers hunting the fox to hunting the Ministry. So he remains in the country and I am sure it is much better for his health.

I imagine he has also given up the ladies, for Lady Jersey is greatly neglected, and I do not think there is at present any reigning beauty. Lady Burghersh enjoys his confidence more than anyone else, although Lady Salisbury likes to think that she is the favourite.

Our politics are still proceeding brilliantly, and our majority of sixty-four (on the Irish Corporation question, a very ticklish business in my opinion) made everyone open their eyes in astonishment. We thought we should have forty—the Tories only gave us ten or fifteen, so they are very humiliated now. But it is a fact that our Government has taken on an amazing new lease of life, so all the *shabby* people are coming over to us, and I believe we are at present stronger than any Government has been since the Reform.

Yet there is Peel seated between Stanley and Graham, while those two in turn are flanked by Goulburn and Harding. The fact is that Stanley, by his change of attitude, has lost all his influence, and the majority of those who formed his tail have come over to us. Nevertheless, I am sorry to lose him, and sorry that he has done himself such harm, for there is no disputing his talent as a speaker.

The Duchess of Kent is to give a number of parties in honour of the King of Portugal's arrival, and since the invitations are marked to *meet the King of Portugal*,² those diplomats who did

¹ Formerly Mrs. Littleton, illegitimate daughter of the first Lord Wellesby by a French woman.

² Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg, who was married to Maria II and received the title of King-Consort.

not recognize the Queen are in an embarrassing situation. However, I imagine they will decide to go. They will certainly dine with him at the Foreign Office, because no uniforms are worn there, which is supposed to make a *great difference*.

Pozzo is still ill, and he now consults Dr. Halford as well as Dr. Hole—I think he is suffering from a bad attack of gout. Previously he had an idea of going to take the waters. The Diplomatic Corps is still disorganized; Mme Bülow is about to have a baby, Mme Bloom has just had one, Mme Bjornstierna gives one or two limping little balls and tries very hard. You used to be undisputed Queen of Wednesdays, but now they have become a republic, and Mme Bjornstierna has to compete against other forces which spoil her evenings. Lady Jersey is slightly indisposed, or so she says, though she looks in excellent health, and last week we celebrated her birthday at her house. I can assure you she was incredible, with her treasure-hunt for presents, and a table spread out (like one of the counters at the Bazaar) with all sorts of hideous little objects which had been presented to her. I seriously considered taking her some toys from Izzard's, because she becomes more childish every year.

We all hope in England that M. Thiers will remain in the Government (these constant changes are so bad for France). I am sure that he will behave wisely, because he has such great abilities. The Duc de Broglie certainly had a dry manner, but he was the only man I met in Paris who looked distinguished in any way—so I am surprised that *Society* is so amenable to the change, and they have the additional discomfort of comparing Mme Thiers with Mme de Broglie.

What stories have been flying about lately and what good subjects they would be for melodrama! The Duke of Brunswick with his theatrical lady, Princess Schwarzenberg ¹ dead or alive, Prince Charles with his wonderful Mlle Penelope who tears across the Heavens and falls like a bomb on Madrid ² we are expecting him here now, on his way to Ireland to visit his loved one's family—add to all these great names our friends Adare and Lord William Russell, etc., and I really think that this year is an example of "love triumphant", scandal and ridicule on all sides.

The Queen of Portugal has just presented her Order to the

¹ Wife of the Austrian Statesman who was Metternich's disciple.

² The Prince of Capua, brother of the King of Naples. He marriedmorganatically Miss Penelope Smith.

Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria, which has displeased the King very much. There is still a great deal of jealousy in this quarter—the Princess has improved this year in height and in looks, and is popular with everyone.

I have begged my son to enclose a few caricatures in this letter, and hope that he will do this as quickly as he can. Adieu, dearest; (I wish I could amuse you)—you can always count on my affection for you, although you certainly are a *trifle* unkind towards my friends. However, I shall forget it, and would love to visit you, or have you visit me here.

I share your feelings to such an extent that I feel *with you* and *for you*—even when I believe you wrong, I respect your error. But I must confess that I feel very *bitter* towards Mme de Dino and Prince Talleyrand, because they are so unkind about my friends, moreover without reason or excuse. For my part I would like to avoid all subjects which are not agreeable to you, but this is impossible when two people are so intimate—phrases spring to one's lips and words to one's pen.

To Lady Cowper.

PARIS, March 14th, 1836.

Thank you for your letter of the 11th and for the caricatures which your son sent me. They are charming. I shall forward them to St. Petersburg to amuse my poor husband, who appears to be extremely bored. What a cruel fate which has thrown us to the opposite ends of Europe—which has taken everything from us, all pleasures of any kind! Dearest, my sufferings are cruel. Forgive me for talking to you about them, for when one is happy it is boring to listen to the sufferings of others; I regret extremely that so many English people are returning home. I cannot follow them. London and its immediate surroundings are forbidden territory for me. I still think that I shall go to England in the autumn, but dearest, I do not know if I shall see you. I shall go straight to the north. However, it is silly to make plans these days. I would much prefer to think that I need make none, and that, having shown my resignation to God's will during this last year, I should earn the right to be re-united with my two angels. This world cannot give me another moment's happiness. You do not know, dearest, what a horrible thought this is.

My dear, I do not understand the end of your letter. I am

not responsible for M. de Talleyrand's likes or dislikes, and here again it seems to me that you are listening to unedifying gossip.¹ For my part, I deny absolutely your accusation that I am resentful towards your friends. I say friends in the plural, for with one exception I like them all. The exception,² my dear, I must be allowed, for it is part of my nature, and you would be severe indeed if you did not forgive me for it! I know that you will always think me wrong on this point, but others do not agree with you. The best thing is for us never to mention the matter again, for the whole subject is too closely associated with my grief. I ask you to respect my grief.

You say nothing to me about your brother. Shall I ever see him? I begin to fear that I never shall. What a joy it would be to talk to him, nevertheless.

Your successes are brilliant, and give the impression that your Government will endure for ever. I agree with you entirely when you say that it is desirable for every country to have a stable and lasting ministry. I think that M. Thiers will remain firm. He has the whole Chamber under his control. They say that the resentment of the "doctrinaires" is very marked yet they are forced to give him their support. All the ambassadors are delighted with him, including, they say, Lord Granville.

So you are to see the Prince of Portugal.³ They say that he is a worm, and that his falsetto voice is something incredible. Tell me something about him. Everyone here thought that he was about 15 years old. How on earth will he be able to manage that enormous queen?

Paris continues "en fête", and I continue to see no one. But I take a great many walks; my strength seems to be returning, and with it I get a little sleep. What good sleep does to one, it makes one forget one's sorrows!

Pauline⁴ has been very ill and is much thinner, and not in the least grown. She is kind and charming, but pretty, no. M. de Talleyrand adores her. He seems well, but sometimes moody. I am with them a great deal, and have begun to make a study of his character, which is really as interesting as his mind. To observe him is as good as a comedy. He is very kind and gentle with me, and I am altogether attached

¹ Lady Cowper evidently imagined that Princess Lieven was poisoning Talleyrand's mind against the Whigs.

² The exception was Palmerston.

³ Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg.

⁴ Mme de Dino's daughter.

to him for his tactfulness and delicacy of feeling. Mme Dino is a great help to me, Mme Appony also. She never fails to pay me a visit every day. She is more than merely a kind woman, she has a great deal of subtlety and intelligence, but one must know her well to appreciate these qualities, for with other people she assumes a polite manner which is almost suffocating. Lady Granville is the same as ever, very original, very self-centred and very outspoken. You realize that I am not complaining of her rudeness to myself; she and I have always known each other well enough to dispense with ordinary politeness. But the French ladies don't like it, and she is always in some difficulty or other.¹ Her political quarrels are now settled, and everything is going smoothly.

To Lady Cowper.

PARIS, April 3rd, 1836.

I have a favour to ask of you, which I am very eager that you should grant me. When we left England we took with us a new French tutor who had been living for the past thirty years or more in England, and who ran a school there. We were very satisfied with him during the 8 months he was in our house. After our misfortunes he was offered brilliant openings in Russia; he refused them all because he had taken a dislike to the climate, and he is now returning to London; unfortunately he will no longer find his old clientèle, is without work, and has no prospects for the future. He has written me a very pathetic letter asking me to obtain some employment for him in a public office. However small the position might be, it would save him from need. He talks English like an Englishman, French because it is his own language, and furthermore is a very knowledgeable and well-behaved man. Dearest, could you find a situation for him; try and remember that you would be doing me a great favour. If you were kind enough to grant him an interview, he could explain his needs better than I can. He lives at number 64 Newman Street, Oxford Street. How kind you would be to do this!

I got no satisfaction from you regarding my request from Berlin about a man called Ketelholt, a land-owner in Jamaica, who had begged for the position of special stipendiary magistrate. You promised me that you would see to it, my dear, but you

¹ Lady Granville wrote about this time, "Lieven is uncommonly well."

forgot to do so. Forgive me for daring to remind you about this. Perhaps your previous neglect will make you all the more anxious to grant me my request to-day. I would be so grateful to you.

Ellice has arrived. He is a very intimate and interesting companion for me. Everyone here received him with open arms. And though he has only been in Paris 48 hours he has already had a long interview with the King and two with M. Thiers. His arrival is an event and a source of pleasure. I feel certain that he must have his faults, since you say so, but you must admit that he has the great merit of being popular with everybody.

The Sutherlands are leaving to-morrow for Fontainebleau. You will see them in London in ten days. The Duchess's clothes are really astonishing¹; she follows the Parisian fashions, it is true, but she wears them differently from other people, and therefore always looks a trifle comic. On the whole they have made a very good impression here, and their absence will be felt in the salons. The Queen is leaving for Brussels on the 6th.

Dearest, I have no news to give you. I wish I had heard something from St. Petersburg, for my husband's letters tell me nothing at all; they are completely naïve. What does Durham² write? I hear that you are still greatly pleased with him.

Alava is in better spirits as a result of what has happened, or rather what has not happened, in Madrid. But that country is a quicksand, and you cannot prophesy what will come about even twenty-four hours in advance.

I imagine that you are at Panshanger for the recess. How often I used to visit you at that season! Dearest, the saddest thing in my life henceforth will be the need to banish those happy recollections from my mind. I do not know what to allow my mind to dwell on. The past is pain and grief to my heart, and the future offers nothing at all. It is a year ago to-day that I saw Arthur die, Arthur that angelic child. You can well understand my feelings!

¹ She was Mistress of the Robes to Queen Victoria, 1837-41. Princess Lieven twice stayed with her when she visited London, and it was she who organized the gift of the diamond bracelet on Princess Lieven's departure from England.

² English Ambassador in St. Petersburg.

To Lady Cowper.

PARIS, *April 25th*, 1836.

I have just received your letter of the 21st, dearest. Thank you for being so kind to my tutor; I am sure that you will do what you can for him in the matter of finding him a situation. So I am to expect your brother at last! I hope he will not be in too great a haste to leave Paris, and that he will stick to his good habit of not hurrying.

The only news at the moment is the departure of the princes¹ on May 4th for Berlin and Vienna. It is an important occasion, a kind of baptism. That is how they regard it here. The Faubourg St. Germain² is appalled. The Princes are eagerly awaited in the two capitals. They will be lodged in the palace in Vienna and probably in Berlin as well. The two Courts have drawn up a programme of daily engagements and parties for them. In a word, they are to be honoured to the highest degree. The Tuileries are delighted. M. Thiers is triumphant; M. de Broglie had already tried to bring off this coup last year, but failed. He received polite but evasive replies.

They tell me that you are going to have the Prince of Orange and his two sons in London. Will he take them to see Lady D. Stuart?³

The Duchess of Coigny has just given birth clumsily to a son in Paris. They say that he will lose his claims on his mother's fortune.

The Flahaults are going to London in June. I think they intend to present their eldest daughter⁴ at the English Court. She is very nice. Madame de Sousa's⁵ death has had very little effect upon M. de Flahault, and none at all on Marguerite.

The Talleyrands are leaving for Valençay on May 6th, and I probably on the 15th.⁶ Then to Baden on June 15th. Dearest,

¹ Sons of Louis Philippe, Duc d'Orléans and Duc de Nemours.

² Headquarters of the Legitimists.

³ Lady Dudley Stuart was a Buonaparte, and the Buonapartes had usurped the Dutch throne.

⁴ Afterwards Lady Lansdowne.

⁵ Comte de Flahault's mother.

⁶ Mr. Duff Cooper, in his biography of Talleyrand, says: "Princess Lieven was another who found life at Valençay insufficiently exciting. . . . She insisted on changing her bedroom 3 times in a week. . . . The post from Paris was all that she waited for, and her irrepressible yawns were terrible to behold."

why do you not come to Baden? You embark at the Tower of London, sail up the beautiful Rhine and reach Baden on the 5th day. It is so convenient. I am amazed that a whole salon of people from London should not come and visit me there. I think their reluctance must really be due to ignorance of geography.

My poor husband complains dreadfully about his health, which gives me some hope.

To Lady Cowper.

PARIS, May 2nd, 1836.

I have received your letter of Friday announcing the arrival of your brother,¹ some English salt and a parasol. Thank you a thousand times for these dear presents, all of which I await with impatience. Your brother will find the weather very nasty here. Paris is very sad. Cold, damp. Yesterday's garden party was entirely spoilt by the weather. The Princes are leaving this morning. Their journey is still the most talked of thing in Paris. Everyone has to admit that it is a most excellent thing for the country.

People are also talking about the ball which Madame Dino gave to the whole Faubourg St. Germain, and to which the Prince Royal and the Prime Minister were not invited, although they are both intimate with her.

Lady Granville and Madame Dino are once more on good terms. The Talleyrands are leaving at the end of the week. Dearest, I shall be very sorry to leave Paris—in the first place because I love Paris, and also because I am so near to London. I shall find the time pass very slowly. You do not tell me of anyone who is going to Baden. I see that you refuse to give geography lessons to any of my acquaintances, to any of the countless unoccupied people in London—you do not tell them that the Baden waters are good for gout—for liver complaints, for weak stomachs. Do be kind and mention this to them. How I long to see a few English people in Baden! For my part, I am going there because one must go somewhere, because it is the most beautiful spot on earth and because the Rhine flows out into the North Sea.

Paul's presence is a short-lived joy to me.

Dearest, there is no news, the world is peaceful. How I look

¹ Frederick Lamb.

forward to talking to your brother. What a number of things we shall have to say to each other !

Forgive me for this short letter, and continue to write long ones to me.

Good-bye, dear friend, all my love.

The Talleyrands are still on good terms with M. Thiers, but the "doctrinaires" are on very bad terms with him. M. Guizot was telling me the other day that he was still very hopeful of a change of Ministry. These "doctrinaires" are really hateful and unbearable.¹ *Abstrait et insolent*, that is Bonaparte's definition of a doctrinaire.

Dearest, would not the Beauforts, the de Ros, Alvanley, consider coming to Baden ?

To Lady Cowper.

PARIS, May 14th, 1836.

Your brother has given me the pretty bottle containing the salts, thank you a thousand times for it. We discussed your plans for the summer. He agrees with me that the Rhine is a charming thing to sail up ! If you insist on stopping at Wiesbaden I shall probably go to see you there. But how much better it would be if you would come to Baden ! It is so much prettier, so much more comfortable !

Thank you for your letter of the 9th. I hope that the affair of Mrs. Norton will not involve your brother in a lawsuit ; that would be a sad misfortune.² Your remarks about the Orange family and the Coburgs are very sensible and very true. How curious it is ! And how that Coburg family seems to usurp every throne ! But surely the break up of the Villiers marriage has caused more of a sensation than the other business ? I am positive at any rate that Lady Jersey is making a scene about it.³ Do tell me what has caused the split ; it seemed to be such a settled affair. In Paris everyone is busy cancelling the orders for diamonds and chiffons which Lady Jersey had given.

¹ This is a curious remark from one who was later to become intimate with Guizot. Princess Lieven was evidently coquetting at the moment with Thiers. He described her salon in Paris as "l'observatoire de l'Europe".

² The famous adultery case, in which Lord Melbourne was cited. The case was decided against Mr. Norton, without the jury leaving the box.

³ Her daughter, Sarah Villiers, was engaged to Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, but did not marry him until 1842.

I am sorry that Ellice is going to America. He is a good correspondent and I am so fond of letters ; American news is of little interest to me.

Your brother is much sought after here ; but he is keeping himself as free as possible. I shall be leaving in a week.

Everyone is waiting with great curiosity for news of the French Princes in Berlin.

M. Thiers met with a certain opposition in the Chamber for exceeding the estimates of expenditure for the public monuments. But it is a minor matter. He has a large majority. Your brother is very fond of Thiers ; there is something easy and charming about his manners which makes him very congenial ; he is very different in this respect from the Duc de Broglie.

Talleyrand leaves to-morrow for Valençay.

To Lady Cowper.

PARIS, May 19th, 1836.

Thank you a thousand times for the charming little parasol which your brother has brought me. It is very smart and useful, and I am going to take it to-morrow to a luncheon party at Madame Appony's. He has not yet given me the salts. I think your brother is looking very well. My joy at seeing him was tremendous, and it is pleasant to know that there are still some things in the world which can cheer my spirits. I ply him with questions about yourself, and about everything in England. It seems miles away, for I do not foresee any chance of ever going back there. To live in London, or even to visit London, is almost impossible, and to go to England merely for a series of country visits is a good idea but difficult to carry out. There would have to be some preliminary arrangement, a kind of itinerary such as they arrange for sovereigns, but which no one would bother to arrange for a poor creature like me ; without such an itinerary I should remain stuck in some little provincial town, which would not be very gay.

I understand that your brother is spending at least a fortnight in Paris. I myself am staying on until the 22nd or 23rd, and I hope to see him every day. But after that whom shall I see ? Not another Englishman, not another friend of any kind ! It is very sad.

Lady Jersey writes that she is coming to the Continent. Do

recommend her to go to Baden ; tell everyone to go there ; it would be so nice.

Dearest, would you be so kind as to forward this letter to the Duke of Cumberland, quite simply by the penny post.

Lord Grey appears to be more amenable than he was, judging from his letters.

I have no news to give you from here. Everything seems to be continuing as usual. The King will not hear of any form of intervention in Spain. M. de Talleyrand maintains that there is someone who could put an end to the strife and disorder in that unfortunate country. This someone is Time ; no one else can do anything, and if people interfere they will only prolong the crisis without ever bringing it to a conclusion. I think everyone is agreed upon this point.

My husband writes to me from St. Petersburg that they are extremely pleased with Lord Durham. He is popular everywhere and with everybody ; his attitude is conciliatory, consistent, and good humoured ; in fact he is a perfect marvel. Pahlen, our Ambassador, is beginning to enjoy himself in Paris, and Nicolas ¹ continues his sixteen-year old devotion for Madame Valembrosa. It is the most absurd thing in the world. It is a comforting thought that men make themselves so much more ridiculous than women.

If your brother does not write to you to-day, I can tell you that he spent three hours yesterday in conversation “à deux” with the King. That is a long time even for a King !

To Lady Cowper.

PARIS, May 22nd, 1836.

Thank you for your letter of the 12th. Your letters are the only pleasure which I have in this world. Alas, how my powers of enjoyment have disappeared and how little pleasure I find in anything. There are moments when I find myself interested but only moments ; I cannot even say hours. I do not believe that an hour has passed in the whole of this last year in which I did not find occasion to sigh. Heartrending sighs !

Thank you for the details from London. Your politics and your dissipations interest me always. Your party's prospects seem to be magnificent. Do you never think of travelling abroad ? You mention Lord Cowper's health so often, and

¹ Nicolas Pahlen, the Ambassador's younger brother.

even Fanny's—do you not think that a change of air would do them good? Would you come to Baden-Baden? How you would love the place! I have no fixed abode for the summer, but I am waiting for someone to tell me where to go and where I shall find company. I have been waiting a whole year for someone to help me, but up till now no one has taken the trouble. This is how my life, my sad life, will drag itself out; waiting for every tiny scrap of comfort or mark of sympathy, and they will never come.

The truth is, dearest, that friends are good to one when one is happy, but, I repeat, nobody likes unhappy people; so on this earth they are useless, and I do not understand why God allows me to remain alive. I am not murmuring against his decrees—I have doubtless deserved my misfortunes, but how difficult they are to bear!

The spring is marvellous here; everything is green and the weather is admirable. I spend a large part of the morning in the Bois de Boulogne; the dry air is good for me, although spring makes me sad. Please, please forgive me, dearest, for baring my grief to you so often. How difficult it is to be silent when one's sufferings are so lively and poignant. I had hoped that my eldest son would come and see me, but even he has failed.

My feelings about Spain are exactly opposed to yours. You would like the whole world to join hands and re-establish order, whereas I think that the whole world should come to an understanding to leave Spain to herself: a sort of moral and material quarantine. Neither you nor anyone else can stop anarchy and disorder; if you touch it it will attack you like an epidemic. Leave Spain to herself and some solution will come of itself out of this chaos. Let everyone mind his own business; it is absurd to try and form an international police. As a philanthropic gesture it is bound to fail, and if any country does so for personal gain the other countries are up in arms immediately. The Spanish revolution¹ will do you no harm—let it continue as it has begun—touch it and you will have a general war. I do not think anybody would desire that. Certainly nobody wants it here.

The whole diplomatic corps, your ambassador included, is extremely pleased with M. Thiers. He therefore fulfils the

¹ Civil War between the party of Queen Isabella and the party of her uncle Don Carlos.

first condition of a Minister, that of pleasing everyone ; it is a good foundation in politics. The doctrinaires are very bitter and will soon become savage. But the King has control over both parties ; he is very able, more able than any other sovereign or Minister in Europe.

Poor Alava¹ looks sad and talks gloomily.

25th. I have dragged out this letter, my dear, because I began it after the ordinary courier had left. I have nothing more to add. The Chamber is becoming querulous, and is weary of not knowing exactly who is pro- or anti-Government.

M. Guizot made a good impression yesterday. Others will no doubt make a good impression to-day. There is certainly a great deal of eloquence and style among the French orators. I refer to impromptu speeches ; they are less to the point than in England, but in England one rarely hears speeches in such correct and fluent language.

M. Thiers, M. Berryer, M. Guizot, are all outstanding orators. Nevertheless I prefer the Bois de Boulogne, where I spend my mornings, while Marguerite² goes and studies the profession of a Minister of the Crown. Dearest, she is a very strange individual. People are amazed that I can live with her, but I seem to be able to live with anyone, and I must say that it is an amusing occupation studying people's characters.

To Lady Cowper.

PARIS, November 14th, 1836.

Thank you a thousand times for your undated letter, written after your arrival in London. I hope that you will have written to me again since and that you will have received my letters in return. How kind of you to have thought of my niece and myself ! But dearest, you must tell me how much the dress cost ; I will only accept shillings. If it is a question of pounds please tell me the price. The waterproof soles will be a great blessing to me. Actually none of these things has yet arrived, so you had better make enquiries at the Foreign Office about the fate of the parcel.

You will receive the " proofs " at the end of the week. The

¹ Alava was now Spanish Ambassador in Paris.

² Comtesse de Flahault. This refers to her political ambitions for her husband.

newspapers will tell you as much as I can about that mad Bonaparte. I consider that they treated him with a great deal of kindness in taking him by the Vincennes road into Paris; he must have been very painfully affected by this. He was ignorant of his fate up till the moment of reaching Paris. When he arrived he was trembling. On hearing the news he went mad with joy—he asked for food, ravenously devouring everything that was set before him; then he sat down and wrote to the King. A letter of gratitude but not of repentance. His mother ¹ is to follow him to America a month from now.²

The King of Naples' ³ marriage to the Archduchess Teresa ⁴ is a very sensible affair. *I pity those poor people for all the mortifications of this kind which they have suffered, and which they actually do not deserve. One must admit that whatever they may do, these last six years have not advanced them in the good graces of the Legitimists.* It seems to me a hopeless case altogether, and every new occurrence here, every attempt at assassination or revolution, weakens their prospects, which at best are only faint.

So there is a counter-revolution in Lisbon! ⁵ It is incredible how quickly these things are done nowadays. Governments are formed and overthrown like Aunt Sallies. The result is that people become apathetic about everything; they are asked to swear loyalty and allegiance to so many different rulers that they can no longer distinguish where constancy is due. This is above all the misfortune of France. Only institutions which endure are respectable and respected. In France every political faction has its day. People believe nothing, respect nothing. It is very natural. But it is a great misfortune!

Your parcels have this moment arrived. Thank you a thousand times for them. The dress is charming. Marie is quite unable to express her gratitude.

There has just come the news of Charles X's death; this is an event of great moment. If what I hear is true, the Duke d'Angoulême intends to renounce the title of Dauphin, now that he is no longer the King's son. He will call himself the

¹ Queen Hortense.

² Louis Napoleon, afterwards Napoleon III, had attempted to bring about a revolt of the garrison of Strasbourg. Louis Philippe pardoned him but exiled him to America.

³ Ferdinand II (a Bourbon).

⁴ of Austria.

⁵ In November the party of Queen Dona Maria attempted, by a counter-revolution in Lisbon, to re-establish the old constitution decreed by Don Pedro in 1826. This failed, and the revolutionary party prevailed.

Comte de Marne. Henry V¹ will be his master (*illegible*) at Goritz !²

To Lady Cowper.

PARIS, November 26th, 1836.

At last, dearest, I have received a line from you from Panshanger. I was already beginning to regret your short visit to Paris, for it seemed to me that you were fonder of me before you came ; you used to write to me more often. I implore you not to desert me. Your letters have always been and always will be my greatest delight.

Ellice writes to announce his arrival here³ next week.

The failure of the revolution in Lisbon has caused great excitement here. Everybody expected an entirely different result, because they knew that your Government was behind the revolt. If what you say is true, that the Portuguese have been left in the lurch, it is no more than they deserve. The whole of that peninsula is rotten ; people who interfere in its affairs only defile themselves. And I am extremely doubtful if we shall ever see the end of anarchy and disorder there. We should all try and preserve peace inside our own territories ; that is surely a difficult enough task nowadays.

The Flahaults have just arrived. She, as usual, *working*, as Montrond expresses it ; he maintains that when Madame de F. *works* in a town nobody sleeps. Everybody agreed how fortunate it was that she was not in Paris when Madame Hortense appeared on the scene.⁴

Lady Pembroke has returned here for a few days to put her younger daughter under the care of a doctor. There is some little fault in her figure, which can be rectified in five months. She is an extremely handsome girl.

The question of mourning for Charles X has caused a great

¹ Comte de Chambord, grandson of Charles X. His grandfather abdicated in his favour in 1830, and he was hailed as rightful King of France by the Legitimist Party ; he continued, however, in exile.

² Where Charles X died.

³ Greville, also on a visit to Paris at this time, reports : " She (Madame Lieven) talked freely enough of Ellice who is her dear friend . . . that he had come here for the purpose of intriguing against the present Government and trying to set up Thiers again."

⁴ Flahault was Hortense's lover, and some said Napoleon III's father.

deal of excitement. The Court is not wearing it ; I am sorry. The Faubourg is to wear mourning for six months, but is allowing itself the freedom to go to balls after six weeks, which is exactly the period when they begin. Some of the diplomatic corps are also wearing mourning, which seems to me a mistake in etiquette. Madame Appony is black from head to foot.

You can imagine what a lot of gossip there has been in Paris. There does not appear to be any real King of France and of Navarre. The Legitimists certainly do not yet recognize one. Everybody is waiting for news from Goritz.

My husband has at last recovered from his long illness ; How is yours ? I will send you the "proofs" next Monday by Lord Anglesey. I shall also entrust him with the earrings which Tossin has just brought me.

I think I have already told you that Lord Grey proposes to come here in January with his family. God bless you, dear.

To Lady Cowper.

PARIS, Sunday, December 18th, 1836.

I have received your letter of the 12th. How I agree with you in wishing that we were back in our happy period—dearest, how happy I was in those days ! But you appear to judge the matter from the political standpoint, and our politics have become very disjointed since those days. What astonishes me is that you should still obstinately persist in mixing me up in them. You had already written to me on the subject from Wiesbaden. I did not answer you at the time, dearest, because it hurt me to be abused without rhyme or reason about subjects that did not concern me (*crossed out*) what sort of lies and scandals your brother hears. This is all I wish to say, dearest, in reply to your letter, although I could add a great deal more if I chose.

I received back punctually the paper which I had confided to your care. It is a horrible document for me to read ! How prophetic were my words to Lord Palmerston when I said, and repeated to him by letter from Panshanger in 1833, on the subject of Stratford Canning : "Remember, my Lord, that you are about to destroy and overturn my whole existence !" I will add no more, dearest, for it is a dreadful thing for me to look back on the past.

To Lady Cowper.

PARIS, March 6th, 1837.

Your politics are of infinite interest to me, and I am most anxious to see how the crisis will turn out, for either the Peers must relent or Lord John must find a means of denying his former threat that the Cabinet would resign if the Corporation Bill did not go through. Explain this last point to me.

The Vixen¹ affair does not worry me because the issues are clear. If however the Radicals are really anxious for war, as you say they are, there is a possibility that it may come about; for *your* country will be perhaps compelled to follow their wishes, and as for *us*, my Emperor will take back nothing that he has already said and done, as you know only too well.

The French Ministers appear very satisfied with their position, which improves daily. The Chamber gives them its support, obeying its sovereign's wishes. I really think that, apart from these horrible plots, the Government's position is entirely satisfactory.

Everyone is still talking about the Duke of Orléans' marriage, although it does not seem to be making much progress. They say that the Duchess of Mecklenburg is not pretty.²

I am soon to lose all my most intimate friends here. The Appony's are leaving next month and will be away a long time. The Talleyrands are going to Valençay. The Flahaults to England. I do not know what is to become of me. I have considered going to England, but only vaguely. Hotel life in London would be horrible, and to live outside London during the months of May and June means complete isolation. Indeed my whole life has become difficult and gloomy, and it is absolutely necessary for me to have a certain atmosphere of gaiety around me. Without it I should die.

My husband is preparing for a long voyage with his pupil³; they start in six weeks and do not return till November. Where shall I be then and how shall we meet, he and I? Forgive me, dearest, for talking about myself.

The Sutherlands have all their children laid up with measles.

¹ The *Vixen*, an English merchantman, had entered the harbour of Circassia with a cargo of salt. The Russians, who were blockading Circassia, seized the *Vixen*.

² The Duke of Orléans married her on May 31st.

³ The Czarevitch.

They themselves are staying at the Embassy. She is better but slightly altered.

The Londonderrys will be here in a fortnight. What gossip we shall have together !

Adieu, dearest. Heaven knows where the proofs are ! It is all very irritating, but I promised you a copy and I shall certainly see that you get one. This time I shall send it to you by the courier ; I hope he will not steal it from me.

Marie is greatly excited about the success which Fanny is certain to have here. She tells me that she has never seen anything more charming. I should agree with her had I not seen Emily.

To Lady Cowper.

PARIS, June 26th, 1837.

I have heard the news.¹ I am writing to send you all my love, and my sympathy, and to say that I feel greatly for your distress. It will be a very deep sorrow for you, but there will be no bitterness in your grief, for you made his last years so happy for him ; you made his life so easy. He dies with this thought in mind, and you will preserve it all your life ; I am happy to think that you have a right to this consolation. Tell me your news, dear friend. Tell me what you are going to do, and where I can find you. I shall be in London on July 4th. Everything will be sad for both of us. But at least we shall see each other and we shall be able to talk.

It is difficult for me to write to you about anything else to-day.

General Baudrant is leaving to-morrow for London to pay his respects to the Queen.² Everyone is interested and excited about the present affairs in England. It seems to me that the Queen's accession will strengthen the position of the Whigs considerably.

Between the next letter and the last Princess Lieven had visited England and talked to Queen Victoria. She stayed with the Duchess of Sutherland.

¹ Death of Lord Cowper.

² Queen Victoria's accession.

To Lady Cowper.

PARIS, *September 1st, 1837.*

I delayed answering your letter because I was waiting for the writing-desk and wanted to thank you for both at the same time—but the writing-desk has not arrived, to my great despair, so I am writing you a word of friendship and remembrance, having really nothing else to say to you. I am living quite alone here, for even the Granvilles have left for Dieppe. All that remains is the débris of the corps diplomatique—the chiefs are all away. I see M. Molé occasionally, M. Guizot¹ every day when he is in Paris, but he is just now returned to his province.² I am looking after my health. I take walks in the Bois de Boulogne, and I go to bed early. The weather has become terrible. The cholera has started in Paris. None of these thoughts are very comforting.

My husband refuses to come and see me in France, and the doctor forbids me to move. Here indeed is a difficult family situation. I have written to the Court to beg them to give my husband permission to come and see me. This is the only step I can take, and I imagine that Orloff will go to some pains to arrange our meeting, seeing that it is he who originally proposed it, and even suggested the locality. I will let you know what happens.

Spain and Africa are in disgrace here. The French are about to send a new expedition to Constantine,³ under the command of one of the Princes. As for Spain, the disorder there is incredible. Nobody knows what is what, and it is all a hopeless muddle.

Dear friend, write me your news; you can rely on my discretion but tell me some interesting secrets. All my best wishes to your brother.⁴ I wish I knew why I am so fond of him. There is no denying that I am fond of him, and if I had cared for him as much three years ago I do not believe that they could have dragged me away from England. Mention him to me always in your letters, and also mention me to him.

Dear, kind friend, please, please send me the writing-desk. I want it to give away as a present, so I shall pay you for it, but it must be really well made and complete, with everything in it and everything good. Do me this favour and do it quickly.

¹ Guizot was now intimate with her.

² Normandy.

³ The Duke de Nemours captured Constantine, in Eastern Algeria.

⁴ "Your brother" (unspecified) is always Frederick Lamb, *not* Melbourne.

To Lady Cowper.

PARIS, September 4th, 1837.

I received your little note yesterday and the writing-desk. It came too late for me to give away as a present as I had intended ; I was obliged to buy one here instead in an English shop. I shall therefore take your writing-desk for myself, and regard it as a present from you to me, which I shall use all my life, and for which I thank you with all my heart.

I am expecting letters from you ; nobody writes to me from England. Tell me what truth there is in the rumours about Stockmar.¹ Is there really any idea of making him Private Secretary ? I do not believe a word of it.

My Ambassador has returned ; he really is a kind man. He went to see my husband in Marienbad, and found him in a great rage against Paris ; I really do not know what will be the end of this horrible episode. One thing is certain, that I am not in a fit state to leave Paris. But the fact that we never see each other gives such a bad impression everywhere. What terrible political scandals it will create ! But at least I shall be spared any private gossip. I am setting great store on Orloff's intervention, and at present I am more concerned about my husband than I am about the Emperor.

I live a rather solitary existence, and have only a few visitors at my house every evening.

To Princess Lieven.

GEORGE STREET, September 28th (1837).

I hope, dearest, that you do not bear me any ill-will for my outspokenness—on the contrary you ought to be grateful to me. You wish me to preserve my brother's friendship for you, so I was obliged to tell you what he feels. Among all his other good qualities is that of being an excellent colleague ! To be on good terms with him you have to be on good terms with us all, for you cannot abuse some and flatter others when we are all in the same boat. But let us change the subject—

¹ Doctor Stockmar, later Baron, was Prince Leopold's medical adviser, and came with him to England when he married Princess Charlotte. When in 1832, Leopold became King of Belgium, he left Stockmar in England as adviser to his niece Victoria.

and I will tell you that Emily has just had another little girl, which has delighted me as it has her. I came quickly to town to see her and am returning to Brighton the day after to-morrow. The Duke of Devonshire has lent me his pretty house, and here in England I am able to enjoy the health-giving waters of Marienbad and Ems which have done me a world of good (a German called Struve has set up an establishment of mineral waters in Brighton which has had a great success and is now much in vogue).

My brother is still at Windsor, and I have therefore not seen him for three weeks, but as the Queen intends to come to Brighton I hope I shall see him then.

She was greatly delighted at the visit of her uncle and his wife ¹ (whom she liked very much). And I hear that the advice which he gave to his sister had a very good effect—that she no longer appears disgruntled as she used to do, that she is in better spirits, and that she even intends to cast off her gentleman,² which would be a wise step for her as well as for everyone else, for they say he bullies her incessantly.

Everyone continues to sing the Queen's praises—there is but one mind on that question; the closer you come to her the more you admire her. She herself is very happy, and appears to enjoy her position, but with a becoming modesty.

I have never heard anyone speak a single word in dispraise of her, or find fault with her in any way—this is indeed a rare happiness.

Parliament meets on November 15th, principally to deal with the Civil List, and to arrange Procedure; so it does not appear there will be any great debate.

I shall stay in Brighton until then—what a pity you were unable to prolong your stay in England! You had all the discomfort of the journey without its advantages.

I wish Frederick would come here this winter—he cannot go to Italy nor to Nice because of the cholera. If he cannot remain in Vienna he seems to have no choice except Paris and London.

¹ Leopold married *en secondes nocés*, Louise of Orléans, daughter of Louis Philippe.

² Sir John Conroy, Comptroller of the Duchess of Kent's household, and rumoured to be her lover.

To Princess Lieven.

KEMP TOWN,¹ Monday, October 2nd (1837).

What can't be cured must be endured. Dearest, I shall not reopen this finished chapter. Frederick always criticizes me for trying to be a knight errant and to improve the whole world.

I know that it would be better for you and for him if this intimacy² should cease, but if this is impossible then let us forget the whole matter—I shall no longer interfere.

Nevertheless you must realize that you are wrong about the dinner³—if he had been in London you would have had an invitation; the difficulty arose *entirely* out of the Queen's little head, and this *I know for certain* because I questioned my brother at great length—that the idea came into her head because she *knows* that you are ill-disposed toward her Foreign Minister is certainly a possibility; but I am absolutely sure that he, personally, did not interfere at all in the matter; on the contrary, he would have liked you to have had all possible enjoyment in England.

I am now back at Kemp Town, where I intend to remain until the opening of Parliament, perhaps even longer. The Duke of Devonshire's house is charming, and Brighton agrees with me—the place itself is gay, and the air does me a world of good, Fanny too.

Great preparations are at present being made for the Queen's arrival—she is expected the day after to-morrow, so I hope to catch my brother, whom I have not seen since he went to Windsor, nearly a month ago.

Lord Sefton is still very ill, but they hope he will recover.

Lord Templemore has died from the effects of putting on a damp shirt—he caught cold first of all and then a “fièvre tierce”.

The Opposition is hoping for the support of the House of Commons—but we are sanguine nevertheless and we believe that many of the Members who have not yet declared themselves will come over to our side when they see how well the Queen is disposed towards us—otherwise the position will be difficult. One of Lady Euston's daughters is engaged to a brother of Lord Mulgrave—rather a bad marriage, but the mother is pleased about it.

¹ The Duke of Devonshire's house at Brighton.

² Presumably Princess Lieven's intimacy with Guizot.

³ Princess Lieven was asked to dinner at Buckingham Palace, but her invitation was cancelled at the last moment.

I wish I could hear that M. de Lieven had come to you—it is very wrong of him to cause so much trouble.

To Princess Lieven.

BRIGHTON, November 13th (1837).

I am very unhappy at your sorrows, but am still in hopes—it seems to me impossible that M. de Lieven should act in such a manner. He thought he would frighten you by this threat,¹ but when he sees he has not succeeded he will withdraw it—this is what I expect will happen. But I think you have been wrong up till now in not making clear your position in Paris. I do not see why you should have been compelled to make a secret of your Emperor's feelings towards L. P.²; by doing so you made the Royal Family think that you did not like them. This, at least, is what I guess from what the Queen of the Belgians said to my brother, that you visited the Court as little as possible, and that whenever you came you appeared embarrassed, and were obviously anxious to leave as early as possible! Perhaps you do not mind this, but it seems to me that it would be better to reveal the truth. But you are a better judge of this than I am.

Our young Queen's reception in the City was magnificent—loyalty, worship, applause everything was (*illegible*) all the streets decorated with flags, all the houses scaffolded—and *hardly a soldier anywhere*; this is the sort of thing that is only seen in England. In France, Austria or Russia there would have been three rows of soldiers to hold back the people—here a few of the New Police and one regiment is all that is necessary. After all, it appears that the Reform Act and a popular Government are not such bad things, and I imagine that the Duke of Wellington must have realized this when he compared this reception with a similar one which he was obliged to postpone at the accession of William IV, owing to very justifiable fears about possible riots. Yet his government was considered strong, although he himself could never leave his house without being insulted, having his windows broken and his house attacked. You see that I compare our position very favourably with his.

Everyone is charmed with the Queen, with her gracious

¹ Lieven, having heard of his wife's intimacy with Guizot, threatened to cut off all her supplies of money unless she returned immediately to Russia.

² Louis Philippe.

manner and with everything she does. The Duchess of Sutherland was magnificent at the dinner, with her enormous diamonds like a halo around her head, set on a large crown of hair. Later on the Queen is to visit the two theatres in state, and then she will open Parliament.

Everyone is annoyed with the Duke of Cumberland.¹ His behaviour will probably have no great effect in Hanover, and he was already so unpopular here that it is difficult for him to become more so. But I imagine it will make his accession to the English Throne absolutely impossible in any circumstances, I think the only effect will be to redouble the state of tension in the country until the Queen is married and has heirs to preserve us from danger. And I myself hope that she will not marry too soon—I would like to see her first very well in health, and very firmly set on the throne. She has so many good qualities in that little body of hers, so much kindness of heart!—it is really a marvel. The Electors of Hanover have not spoiled us up till now!

It is still wonderful weather here—sunshine, but cold winds, which remind one of approaching winter. I intend to spend a week in London at the end of the month, and then to set up house at Brocket, where my brother will join me as soon as he has leisure. This arrangement suits me in every way, Panshanger would be too painful just at this moment. Moreover I have just lost an old friend, Lord Egremont,² and this has saddened me; but he was 87 years old and one could not hope to keep him long. Lady Jersey is here and tells me she has just written to you—I do not know what she will tell you, but you know her well enough not to put much faith in what she says. She thinks you ought to travel with your husband, but I said to her that when one is ill one cannot travel at all—a logical statement which she cannot understand. She wants to meddle in your affairs without understanding them, thinking thus to simplify matters, strange creature! She walks about like a grenadier, fat, beautiful, delighted with herself—and then complains incessantly and wants us to sympathize with her in her sorrows. . . .

¹ He had just become King of Hanover, and was claiming Queen Victoria's diamonds, which belonged by right to the crown of Hanover.

² Well known as an art-collector and friend of Turner. He owned Petworth.

To Lady Cowper.

PARIS, *January 21st*, 1838.

I received your letter from Brocket last night. Yes indeed, I well remember the year '17 when we were together, and when we played those charades which astonished your poor father so much. How long ago it seems, and how happy we were then. In those days I had no idea what suffering meant!

I congratulate Melbourne on his excellent début in Parliament over the Canadian question, and I admire very much his wisdom in choosing Lord Durham¹; it is an excellent choice, from every point of view. But dearest, who are you going to send as Ambassador?² I am very interested to hear. You will tell me, won't you?

Brougham is really incredible; I intend to read his speech, which has created a sensation.

Here no one has any idea what the next few weeks will bring forth. M. Molé will not strike out boldly in any direction. He flatters first the right and then the left, but these little slynesses will not carry him very far, nor can they sustain a ministry for very long. However one must admit that, considering its frail foundations, it has already lasted a surprisingly long time.

They say that there is bad news from Africa. War will start again there before spring.

The Clanricardes are here. She, charming, gay and very much admired, he rather ill. I do not see them except in my own house, for in this cold weather I go out less than ever.

Madame Dino is greatly changed since her long illness. I have not yet seen her sister; they take care to hide her from me. She is said to be fidgety, jumpy, fat, wrinkled, very partial to tobacco and wearing rosebuds on her head. I do not imagine that all this can be very congenial to M. de Talleyrand. He is well and seems younger again. I hope that you will give me a great deal of news of London.

I have not yet received any news from my husband. It is incredible; his threat is still in execution. The banker has received an order to stop all payments. I do not think that

¹ He was to be recalled from the Embassy at St. Petersburg and sent as Governor-General to Canada.

² To Russia.

he will continue with this treatment after receiving the letters from St. Petersburg ; and it is his answer to these which I am daily expecting.

The Flahaults had some little misunderstandings with the Court of Orléans¹ ; you can imagine that Marguerite does nothing to improve matters. The whole affair may well develop into an open row. Do not mention this to Lady Holland, for Lady Holland repeats all the London gossip to her.

Adieu, dearest, I love you and kiss you affectionately. What does the little cousin tell you ? Let me know his news occasionally. The fire at the Palace is very sad for the Emperor ;² they say he has been deeply affected by it. All my love to your children.

I know nothing of Mr. Sneyd's³ intentions but I agree with you in thinking that it would be excellent to settle Marie in England. She is a charming, good girl, and I should think her husband a lucky man. Good-bye, dearest.

To Lady Cowper.

PARIS, February 3rd, 1838.

I am taking advantage of Lady Clanricarde's⁴ departure to send you a silly little present, a warming-pan to burn lozenges in ; it is really a piece of childishness.

I have received your letter of the 29th, and I count on your promise to write to me more fully by the next courier. I am still interested to know who is to be your choice for St. Petersburg. You will let me know, won't you, as soon as it has been decided ? As for asking my opinion, dearest, a good Russian should have no opinion. I bet that this axiom, if it were known that I had originated it, would redound to my credit in the master's sight.

The Duchess of Orléans⁵ is pregnant ; it will be a poor child, but a great source of joy.

I am very sorry to part from Lady Clanricarde. She is a

¹ Flahault had to resign his position of "Premier Ecuyer" in the Duke of Orléans' household.

² The Winter-Palace at St. Petersburg was burned down, and a hundred people perished.

³ Ralph Sneyd, author of *Portrait of Madame de Lieven* (1871).

⁴ She was Canning's daughter ; afterwards Ambadress at St. Petersburg.

⁵ Daughter-in-law of Louis Philippe,

woman of intelligence and understanding, and charming to talk to. She has had an enormous success here.

No news, at least none that I know of; you should be able to tell me a great deal, for you know that everything which happens in England interests me. Here, M. Molé is putting himself under the scornful patronage of M. Guizot, because little Thiers is becoming altogether too radical in outlook. This does not, however, prevent him from being very amusing, more amusing than ever. Did I tell you that he is convinced that Charlemagne would have been obliged to reckon with him?

Madame de Sagan¹ is old and fat; she has quantities of diamonds and still has lovers. In the morning she plays patience. She bores M. de Talleyrand, and irritates Madame Dino, but she is likely to leave her money to the latter's children, so they are very attentive to her. M. de T. will not live long, I fancy, and he fancies it himself. I think that his influence is far less strong than it was.

To Princess Lieven.

GEORGE STREET, Tuesday, February 13th (1838).

Thank you, dearest, for the little warming pan—it is a charming idea and your present has delighted me.

I have not yet seen Lady Clanricarde but I hope to see her one of these days.

What would you say to Brougham as Ambassador in Petersburg! ² Your Emperor was so fond of Durham that perhaps he would go crazy over Brougham if he had an opportunity of meeting him—and there is another good reason for sending him which is that he is a very inconvenient person to have here—is not this a brilliant idea? You refuse to *choose* so we are obliged to make a decision for you.

But joking apart, I do not know who will be the happy individual—it is very difficult and nothing has been decided yet.

I do not know whether the Clanricardes would accept; at the moment they are very much annoyed with the Cabinet, from what I hear—he, because he was not offered a place in the Government, and she at Court—I, for my part, am upset that they should be upset, and remonstrate constantly to my brother

¹ Madame Dino's eldest sister, married three times, died childless in 1839.

² Brougham had now definitely quarrelled with the Whigs.

—but he is prejudiced against them and casts a disapproving eye upon them.

William Russell is no longer in the running, but I think that it is more likely to be Sir Charles Vaughan, a good man, and very anxious to please—very respectable; though for my part I would prefer a more elegant representative at such a brilliant Court.

Durham has lost his head completely since his appointment to Canada. He was always boastful and haughty when his affairs were prospering—luckily he will have time to calm down once he is in Canada.

The Tories are furious with the Duke of Wellington—they treat him as a sexagenarian merely because he shows common sense and moderation—they accuse him of being a courtier, and the Tory Party is definitely divided into two parts—you will have seen that if you have read last week's Debate in the House of Lords.

The young Tories are one by one emancipating themselves, and treat the Great Captain like an old woman, and Peel like an ignoramus. They would like to have another Leader in the House of Commons of more decided views. The Queen is renewing the pension which the late King gave to the Fitz-Clarences, and this is greatly to her credit—it is very generous of her, for the whole sum amounts to £9,000 sterling annual income, which is no small matter. She is still giving small dinners and talks of giving two balls in the near future. I hope she will do so, because there is very little Society at present in London and I would like my little daughter to have some amusement—she missed her sister's good fortune in not enjoying your charming little ball before Easter, which is a great loss for her.

I do not think anyone enjoys themselves as much as they used to do. Adieu, dearest, all my love, and Fanny sends many good wishes to Marie.

The Harcourts and Norreys arrived yesterday but only passed through London on their way to Nuneham; it is an extraordinary ménage!

Lady Jersey is still in the country and says she is ill. The Cambridges¹ miss their royal status, and the young Prince has no hopes in regard to his cousin (they do not seem to get on

¹ The Duke of Cambridge had been Viceroy of Hanover until the separation of the two kingdoms in 1837.

together)¹—we are expecting a gathering of Young Pretenders for the Coronation—the newspapers make jokes about Elphinstone in this respect, but it is mere foolishness—I do not believe she has even spoken to him—and it is quite untrue to say that he is returning to England. My brother² has had a cold, but he is well at present, and thanks you for your kind message. His daily quarrels with Brougham are a constant source of amusement to the House of Lords—if Brougham is not mad he is the next thing to it. What has enraged him more than anything is that he always thought King William was the obstacle to his return to the Government, and that when he died his old colleagues would seek him out again. I do not know why this idea occurred to him, because my brother explained to him thoroughly that the difficulty was not on the King's side—but he *insisted* on his illusions—one is seldom a good judge of one's own personal affairs.

Luckily he has no credit any more, and in spite of his brilliant talents, I think it is better for the Government to have him as an enemy than as a friend.

To Lady Cowper.

PARIS, February 17th, 1838.

Thank you very much, dearest, for your letter of February 13th; everything you tell me fascinates me. The idea of Brougham in St. Petersburg made me die of laughing; at the very moment in which you were making this joke I was making a similar one to M. Molé, for I was asking him to send Thiers to you. Great minds think alike. Do you know, I think your Sir C. Vaughan would be a good idea. I met him for a short time here last year, and he gave me the impression of being a suitable person in every respect.

So you believe that the Clanricardes would not accept?³ I think they *would*. What you tell me about the split in the Tory party is confirmed by letters that I have received from their side. We shall see what will happen to them; the split seems to me ridiculous, but it is difficult for three hundred people all to have common sense. It is the general view that the

¹ The Cambridges, but not Prince Leopold or the Duchess of Kent, had hoped that the Queen would marry her cousin, Prince George of Cambridge.

² Melbourne.

³ He was appointed to St. Petersburg in August 1838.

political situation here is verging towards a crisis. For my part I should be very sorry, for I get much more amusement from actors when they are off the stage than when they are on it. At present it is the out-of-work who are the really intelligent people, and who help me to pass my time agreeably. I see M. Guizot every day, and M. Thiers fairly frequently.

We are very badly off for English society this winter. I have nobody to gossip with but Mr. Sneyd and Lord Harry Vane¹; not a single woman.

The Duchesse de Sagan is a great burden on the Talleyrand household. I have never seen such a frivolous old woman. Dearest, do tell me now and then what you hear from your little cousin in St. Petersburg. I hear no news from there, and I write to no one. My husband is travelling in Italy, and writes to tell me of the fine weather, and that is all. I shall only hear from my brother what answer he gave to the letters that he received on my account, that is to say, whether he is giving me back my allowance or not. You must admit that the whole episode is extremely disagreeable. But I must insist on knowing his answer so that I can estimate my financial position. My demands are extremely humble. If he deprives me of everything, I shall send my diamonds to England, where I think they will fetch a better price than they would here. I shall not feel any hurt to my pride. Dearest, one's heart can be very sore, and one's pride very high at the same time. My pride rises the more people try to humiliate me. But sometimes I cannot help laughing, and I ask myself, "What is the point of it all?" What a country is mine!

To Princess Lieven.

LONDON, *Friday, March 16th* (1838).

You will perhaps have read in the papers of my son's² accident—his horse ran away with him and he broke his leg—thank God his health did not suffer in any other way—he had no fever and is making as good a recovery as can be expected after such a serious accident—he has now been in bed for a week and, I am afraid, will stay there for two or three weeks longer. You can imagine how much anxiety and terror I suffered, and yet I console myself with the thought that the accident, though

¹ Afterwards Duke of Cleveland, who married Lord Rosebery's mother.

² Lord Cowper, Lady Cowper's eldest son.

serious, might have been much worse. I know that you will share my grief over this accident, and over the poor boy's sufferings. But he has patience enough to endure any trial.

I wish I had some news to give you to brighten up my letter, but I know nothing fresh—there is still no Ambassador appointed to Petersburg. I hear that the Coronation will take place in July.

The Queen is riding again, and it is now her custom to cross the town by going up Regent Street and Portland Place as far as Hampstead, where she gallops and canters to her heart's content. She is well, but I think needs a great deal of exercise—Lady Jersey succeeded at last in dining at the Palace, which was an enormous satisfaction to her.

What would amuse you most here would be to see all the Tories running after Brougham, inviting him to dinner and to all their parties. They have a real passion for him. No doubt he is very amusing, but madder than ever. *You* know how they used to disapprove of him, so you will be amused to hear of this change of attitude.

The Duke of Wellington on the other hand has fallen out of favour ever since he behaved so altruistically—they now treat him like a decrepit old woman.

To Lady Cowper.

PARIS, *March 23rd*, 1838.

Thank you dearest for your letter of the 15th. They tell me that another one arrived yesterday, but there is so much confusion in your English Embassy that I always have to wait 24 hours before they forward letters to me. When you wrote, your brother was better; that is my only concern at the moment.

I hear that my husband has received an order to wait for the Czarevitch in Berlin; this would leave him time to come and see me, if they allowed him to do so, and if he, for his part, had any leanings in that direction. But he will not come; he does not write to me, has not done so for two months now, and he will leave me completely in the air as to what I am to expect, or not to expect, from him. He is really treating me like a dog. Either I must think him mad, or else I must think the Emperor very cruel, if it is he who is intervening between a husband and wife. The whole thing is a mystery which I shall never fathom.

I see we are once more back in an atmosphere of Conferences.¹ Is this some trick on the part of King William? The word "Conference", in spite of the boredom of these negotiations, recalls to me some very happy times. Alas, I have nothing to live on now save recollections! There is no more real happiness for me anywhere. Nothing but suffering.

My health is worse, I have become very thin again, and I am pestered with a thousand little complaints. The weather is horrible, and dearest, how bored I am! Boredom is a horrible illness. I long for Paul to come and pay me a little visit. If you see him implore him to do so. He writes to me that he is attending a few parties; please be kind to him.

There is no news here at all. Nobody thinks much of M. Guizot's declaration of hostility towards the Ministers; it is not in very good taste. But to-day everybody is attacking them from all sides. It appears almost as though there were a conspiracy against them, and perhaps this will raise them in public opinion. The attacks are chiefly directed against the Castle. Everybody is trying to reduce the King's influence in politics, though I do not think that they will succeed. The Chamber does not seem quite to understand what all these intrigues are about. The "doctrinaires" are not popular, and it is the "mot" of the moment that the struggle is between "impossibles" and "impotents" (the Ministers). Thiers would like to take office at once, and M. Guizot soon.

They tell me that Brougham is coming here, which I hope is true, for he is amusing and will entertain me. I see that the Tories are now flattering him; what extraordinary creatures men are!

Lord Granville has this very moment forwarded your letter to me. Dearest, how I sympathize with you about Fanny's chicken pox, Emily's confinement, that leg and the bed. If I was in London I should be with you constantly, to give you my help and sympathy. But dearest, try and remember that all these things are merely annoyances and nothing more. Think of the people who have to bear real sufferings! How good and kind you are in your expressions of friendship for myself. Thank God at least for that. God has given me many blessings, for I have friends, yourself first and foremost. Dearest, how grateful I am to you!

I can well believe that the Tories are being very irritating,

¹ The final winding up of the Belgian question.

but I do not believe that they will succeed in driving you out. How could they possibly take over the responsibility of forming a Cabinet when they have a majority against them? They might well defeat you on one point, but they cannot take over the Government; and Peel is much too clever a man to commit such a folly. His rôle is to bide his time, and to cause you as much embarrassment as possible, in the meanwhile, as indeed he is doing. But he won't go any further than that. Lord Durham's boastings sound very entertaining. I do not know why I should be doubtful about his going to Canada.¹ He tells everyone to right and left that it is a frightful sacrifice to expect anyone to make.

I gather from the letters that I have received from St. Petersburg that the Czarevitch² will be in London for the coronation. Has there been an official announcement? He is a very handsome boy. How dreadful it would be if the Queen were to fall in love with him! For actually he is the only man whom she could not possibly marry.

Your Queen seems to be behaving wonderfully well. Tell me if Lady Jersey has designs on the Queen Dowager's Court.

All my love to your children. Write to me. Your letters are really my only joys.

To Princess Lieven.

GEORGE STREET, *Friday, April 16th* (1838).

Your letters always give me the greatest pleasure, so please continue to write, dearest—all the details of your life interest me, and your interests are mine. M. de Lieven will be very *unkind* if he does not go to see you. I cannot understand his attitude at all—but at least you can rest assured that I will miss no opportunity of helping you.

I wish I could hear better news of your health—I am also unwell—but I attribute it partly to the bad weather, the wind and the cold which we have had constantly, and which I imagine you are also suffering from. Leveson, who is a charming boy, is going to Paris for Easter, and will tell you all our little gossip.

Durham intends to leave on the 16th—he was much annoyed about Tuesday's debate, and it is true that it was not very flatter-

¹ Durham was sent as High Commissioner to quell the disturbances (see note Jan. 21st, 1838).

² Afterwards Alexander II.

ing for him. I thought that he would have seized the excuse to throw Canada out of the window—but he is going nevertheless, and the only effect of the Debate will be to clip his wings slightly, and to restrain his grandiose pretensions—he will not live in such magnificent state as he imagined.

The Emperor of Russia wrote him a complimentary farewell letter which flattered him greatly—he made a number of copies in his own hand, and distributed them among all his grand friends—he is very childish for a man of his age. The Queen, who is only 18 years old, might be his grandmother from the point of view of discretion and wisdom—she is still a marvel, and the more one knows her, the more one admires her. Her Coronation will take place on June 26th, and we hope that it will shorten the Parliamentary session. I hear that the Tories are in *low spirits*, but am not certain about this.

Brougham will amuse you—please give me a few details about him—he is astonishing in every way, but very mad. We have another madman of a different nature, the Duke of Cambridge, and I think that despite everything he will very soon have to be shut up. His wife and son are embarrassed at his flights of (*illegible*). The young Prince is cold and haughty, and not at all liked by his cousin. I have not yet heard anyone mentioned as a suitable husband for her—I hope that the Coronation will bring us some people to choose from. The Queen Dowager is very wise, and refuses to meddle in politics; she praises the Queen on all occasions, and is very happy at Marlborough House, which has been restored and redecorated for her benefit. I believe that she will give evening drawing-rooms next year. Lord and Lady Clanricarde are behaving rather stupidly, and this upsets me—they complain everywhere about the Government, not on principle but because their vanity is hurt. If they had not taken this line they would have been offered the Embassy of Petersburg, which I think would have pleased them. The Queen is to go to Windsor for the Easter celebrations; she is very well at present, now that she has taken to riding—just imagine, she sometimes remains three hours in the saddle, and goes as far as Richmond Park. Fanny has made her *début*, but still suffers a little from the after effects of her chicken-pox. My son is well, and next week will be able to leave his bed and lie on the sofa. I have not seen your son for some time, but I think he goes about in Society—I will write to him and ask him to come and see me.

To Lady Cowper.

PARIS, May 24th, 1838.

You write so seldom to me that I am very depressed. I learn your news from birds of passage. The Fox's whom I saw yesterday tell me that you are very well, that Fanny is lovely and that your brother William has returned home again to nurse his leg. I am so sorry. Dearest, what will you do this summer, tell me something of your plans; if you consider crossing the sea, I shall come and meet you; or indeed why should you not come as far as Paris? M. de Talleyrand's death is a great sorrow to me. He was always charming to me, and his conversation always varied and amusing. But what humbug the whole death-bed scene was, that recantation dragged from him when all his strength had left him.¹ Indeed how can one believe that he signed it when he had not even the strength to move his fingers? However, Mme de Dino used all her powers and cleverness for that purpose, and she has assured herself a good position with the Faubourg St. Germain. The Court is very bitter against her, so they say. The Archbishop adores her.

You realize that M. de Talleyrand has left her everything which he possessed, apart from Valençay and a property in Flanders to Pauline. She is absolute mistress of all the rest of his fortune, and they say that he had an enormous capital. She is shortly leaving for Baden, and then on to Switzerland; later she intends to buy a house in the Faubourg St. Germain.

Her political importance is over; moreover, she has cooked her goose with the whole of the Liberal Party. You ought to hear all the chatter that is going on. The session is about to end, and the Ministers are still in power, although they are a very sick lot. Indeed everybody here is in a sick state!

Berlin appears to have been a veritable market-place of Kings and Princes. My husband has suddenly started writing to me again, in a very cold-handed manner; I take it in the spirit in which it is given; we shall see later. I am not exaggerating when I say that I really believe he is a little mad!

I am expecting Paul, which will be a great, but alas, a short pleasure. I have not the smallest idea what is to become of me this summer. I do not dare to risk a journey. Paris is

¹ Talleyrand, on his death-bed, received Extreme Unction from the Archbishop of Paris on condition that he repented of all he had done during his lifetime to persecute the Catholic Church.

unendurable in the hot weather. And to be alone in the country is to die of melancholy ; besides, there are no country houses in France.

To Princess Lieven.

GEORGE STREET, June 11th (1838).

I would like to give you some news, but I imagine that your son has told you everything. I am very happy that he was able to go and see you, although his visit was such a short one.

If I considered my own wishes alone, I would certainly take the same journey, but I have too many ties here to allow this. My daughter is enjoying a great deal of success, but no suitable husbands have yet presented themselves. Lord Jocelyn, whom you mention in your letter, is the son of Roden, a violent Tory whom you might know by name. The young man is rather handsome but not rich, and there are many things about him which make him unsuitable. So the child is still waiting for a husband, and spends the time in dancing, and I am in no hurry to see the end of this happy period. But I think it would be a mistake in the circumstances to take her out of England—do you not agree ? Yet I am in despair at not seeing you—and Milan would also tempt me a great deal.

Our Coronation is the talk of the town and of the Court, and this influx of foreigners has caused a general upheaval. However, I think it will be a success—there will be some beautiful balls, and a magnificent procession, for all the Ambassadors' carriages are obliged to follow. As far as serious matters are concerned they seem to be pretty well settled. Bellingham and Lord Londonderry are in despair, but the others are more or less resigned—Lord Clanricarde with a bad grace.

The Duke of Wellington is behaving perfectly ; he is a real statesman. He refuses to sacrifice the country to party interests, and this greatly annoys those who are less high-minded and patriotic than himself.

The Duchess of Sutherland is slowly regaining her health, and they hope she will be up in time for the Coronation. My son will also cast away his crutches and reappear with a mended leg.

Lord Harrowby's death has grieved many people—she is a real pest to all her friends. I wish I could hear news of Lady Granville—judging by her letter she is extremely unwell.

I spent a few days of this week at Chiswick¹ and of last week at Holland House. Otherwise I sit by my fireside and lead rather a melancholy life—a little news and a few visits, these are my only pleasures.

The Flahaults seem to be quite contented at the moment—everyone considers the daughter very pretty—and the Queen was extremely polite to them, which atones in some way for their past suffering. My brother is still well in health and happy, but he has too much work, everything falls upon his shoulders. Luckily the frivolous affairs amuse him and distract his attention from the serious ones.

To Princess Lieven

GEORGE STREET, *Saturday and Monday,*
(*August 7th, 1838*).

I received your letter the day before yesterday, and am writing to excuse myself for having neglected you for a few days—it was because I was so worried about Emily's health. Thank God the danger is over, but we were dreading every day that she would have her child before the proper date, that is to say between the 7th and 8th month.

At the Queen's last ball on Thursday week she felt ill, and on the following night was seized with a violent inflammation in her side—she had to be given leeches and bled twice. You can imagine my anxiety, but all is over now, and she is only very weak from her sufferings. We still hope that the birth will be successful.

My journey is undecided only for that reason, but I hope to be able to leave a little later if everything goes well.

The present peace in London is a great change from the agitation and fever of the last weeks—it is like a strict Lenten festival after the madness of carnival.

I dined on Wednesday with the Queen for the first time, and was very pleased with everything I saw. Her manner to me is charming, but everyone praises her good nature. I thought her improved in looks, especially her shoulders and waist, which are very well shaped. The mother was also very gracious and so was Princess Féodor,² whom she loves like a sister.

¹ The Duke of Devonshire's house.

² The Duchess of Kent's daughter by her first marriage with the Prince of Leiningen.

Lady Lansdowne has retired for reasons of health, and the Queen will no longer have a first Lady in Waiting, but Lady Burlington has been appointed eighth Lady in Waiting.

I am greatly pleased that you approve of the choice of the Clanricardes—he is pleased and she is resigned—but I think she would have preferred to stay in England with her ties and affections—perhaps she also feels uneasy at accepting favours from the Government, having declaimed against them so violently in the past. She is lovely and witty, and I hope that she will be appreciated in Petersburg. I think it is the best choice that could have been made—but Ellice is displeased—did you know of his enmity towards Clanricarde? When the appointment was mentioned a short time ago he did everything to prevent it. His talk about changes occurring shortly in the Government is mere folly—you cannot send people packing like that; Ellice's inventions do harm, perhaps less now that we know him better than we did; his bits of cunning are like Scapin; everybody laughs at them and no one is taken in; his intrigues and plots to put this and that person in disgrace lead to nothing, and the Government will remain as it is whether he likes it or not. However, we should prefer that the subject should *not even be discussed*—in this respect he does harm.

My brother made some very excellent speeches last week, especially on Friday—I understand that Parliament will adjourn about the 15th or 20th. Many people have gone to the Continent, the Burlingtons, Beauforts, Powerscourts, Lady Stanhope, and others will follow soon, among them the Duke of Devonshire, the Sutherlands and Lady Jersey, who is going to tour the spas for an imaginary swollen knee and will then spend the winter in Italy for an imaginary weak chest. The Queen Dowager with her suite and Prince George are going to Malta, and perhaps afterwards to Naples. The Hollands are limiting themselves to a little trip to Paris next month and especially to Versailles—in fact the whole world seems to be on the move; I think that the Coronation Festivities have turned everyone's head. The Schwartzenbergs have gone to Scotland and God knows where besides—they wish to see all there is to be seen, and yet expect to be in Vienna by the beginning of October. She is a charming person and rather pretty. But a certain Mme Zavadowsky, a Russian, has carried off the palm for looks. I have not seen the Strogonoff's, but I have heard them praised. They have given two balls, several dinners and a big fireworks

display on the night of the coronation; everything in good taste but nothing outstanding—and just imagine, the whole thing cost them £17,000 sterling. I am afraid all the foreigners have been horribly skinned, which reflects badly on our national character. I do not like our countrymen to be taken for Jews!

Just as I had finished my letter I received yours—thank you for your expressions of affection towards Emily. I am relieved at present about her health, but we are expecting the birth to take place at any moment.

However I hope that everything will go off well and that we shall have another grand-daughter.

To Lady Cowper.

PARIS. October 1st, 1838.

The sight of your writing has given me courage again. It was so long since you had written to me! I am rejoiced to hear of Emily's successful confinement, of which Lady Holland informed me. You are indeed lucky, dearest. There is nothing but happiness for you in this world. You must be enjoying your holiday, and I wish I could have shared it with you. It would have been an unending joy for me. But in my present state of mind I should have needed your constant companionship to enable me to enjoy country life, which is bound to have its moments of emptiness and isolation for a solitary person like myself.

I see the Hollands a great deal. They appear to be delighted with Paris. She is in very good spirits, flattered by everyone's attentiveness to her. They give dinner parties for her, my ambassador among others. She will not see the Court, however, which is the one drawback to her visit. The Granvilles' return has delighted me, but unfortunately they are both ill again. What bad health they seem to have!

Villiers and Mrs. Lyster¹ are delightful company. He is one of the most charming men I know. I am taking care that my diplomatic friends here shall have an opportunity of talking to him, though they all seem to be terrified of him, regarding him as an envoy of the revolution. The moment they talk to him, however, they reverse their judgement. As a rule there is nothing so salutary as personal contact with the thing one is

¹ George Villiers, later Lord Clarendon, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and his sister. He was Radical in tendency, which would naturally alarm Princess Lieven.

most afraid of. One always finds that one's opinion needs revising, and sometimes altering entirely.

I hardly see anyone now except foreigners. There is not a Frenchman in Paris ; none of them return until the opening of the Chambers. Everything seems to be prospering here. Louis Bonaparte's departure from Switzerland puts an end to the anxiety which people felt about him, but which was really groundless.

I think that my Emperor has at last ended his journey and that he is returning home with his whole family, less the Czarevitch, who is spending the winter in Italy ; his health is very impaired. My husband is staying with him, so our meeting is again postponed for another year, which is very annoying, as it is only by personal contact that we can come to an understanding ; nothing is settled by correspondence, especially when it is one-sided. He never writes to me at all. What an extraordinary relationship ! The Emperor's rage against Paris is stronger than ever, and I, who inhabit that evil city, am regarded as a rebel, will probably be taken for a spy before long. It is a very ridiculous situation, but I shall stay on here in the meanwhile, because I have no idea where else I could possibly live. Lady Elizabeth H.'s ¹ death is a great blow and very sad ; the death of the Duchesse de Broglie has appalled everyone here. She was an angelic creature, and her husband is in despair ; I imagine, however, as do many others, that he will marry Madame de Stael, his brother-in-law's widow.

The Duchesse de Talleyrand ² is coming back to live in Paris, bringing Marie, whom I had entrusted to her for a few weeks in the country. She was in great need of a change, for her health was in a very weak state.

All my love to Fanny ; I am certain that she will have greatly enjoyed her journey.

Dearest, on what sort of terms is your queen with her mother ? Has Leopold had any say in the matter ?

Lord Aberdeen, who writes to me occasionally, said in his last letter, " No Minister in this country since the days of the Protector Somerset, ever was placed in such a situation as that which is occupied by Lord Melbourne. He has a young and inexperienced [*sic*] infant in his hands whose whole conduct and

¹ Lady Elizabeth Harcourt.

² Madame Dino became Duchesse de Talleyrand after the death of her father-in-law, Prince Talleyrand's younger brother.

opinions must necessarily be in complete subservience to his views. I do him the justice to believe that he has some feeling for his situation and a serious interest for a person so entirely in his power, but in the nature of things this power must be absolute, at least at Court."

I have copied this out for you as a proof that even his adversaries know how to do justice to your brother. My feelings towards him are very friendly, and I consider him the most upright man in the world.

How I should like to see your other brother again ! Does he never think of coming to England ?

To Lady Cowper.

PARIS, November 14th, 1838.

You have heard from others, dearest, of the fresh unhappiness which has come to me, of the circumstances and the manner in which the terrible news reached me. Six months afterwards I am informed of a fact which my husband already knew in July, by the simple return of the letters which I had addressed to my poor, unfortunate son.¹ This is too, too cruel, and I am left shattered by the knowledge that there are human beings in the world who can be even harder to me than fate.

I have received your letter from Howick, written after you had learned what I did not yet know at the time. This letter reached me 24 hours after the letter from my banker in St. Petersburg, the only human being who at last took it upon himself to write and tell me of my loss. My husband no longer writes to me, although I have been writing to him continually. Now my heart has revolted, and I write no more. This entire disregard of his wife, his son, of all convention—for he has been showing himself everywhere without any display of grief or mourning—dearest, don't you find his conduct that of a savage ? I am revolted.

For the last fortnight I had neither the strength nor the courage to write, not even to you. Nevertheless I know that you will sympathize with me. Tell me your news more often. Give me proof of that sympathy from my friends which I cannot find where I am most entitled to it.

¹ Constantine Lieven, the third son, had just died. He had quarrelled with his father, and gone to live in America. His mother received the news of his death by her husband's return of his letters with "Dead" scrawled on the envelope.

My friends here, especially Lady Granville, have been wonderful to me. She knows all my private affairs, and realized that my misfortune was an opportunity for everyone who cared for me to help me. She believes that a man who is incapable of any natural emotions, of any respect for God, may yet feel some respect for his fellow-men. She has therefore written to ask all my friends in Italy who are likely to meet my husband this winter, to show by their manner to him what they think of him and me, and by talking to him constantly about my grief, to compel him, so to speak, to take some interest in me, and make him feel that decency dictates that he should change in his attitude towards me. He is about to leave for England, so I imagine that this policy may have some effect upon him. How terrible for my sons to have to watch all this, and how it will hurt them ! Dearest, I am very, very unhappy. To think of poor, poor Constantine, so ill-used, so deserted during his life, and disowned by his father after his death. How horrible ! Oh, if I could only see you, dear dear friend !

The 16th. I have very little strength or heart to write, and I realize that it is difficult to talk about anything save my sorrow. Yet I must write, or else your friendship, too, would escape me. Dearest, you must be back in London by now. Perhaps you are at Brighton. We were together there so often, and I was very happy in those days. I had everything then, and now I have nothing ! Give me news of your country, your politics, your Queen. I hear very little about England. I see no English people except the Granvilles, and they are neither of them talkative. What I do see, and that by reading the newspapers, is that while we have been ambling around, Lord Palmerston has acted.¹ I am sorry that his success should be at *our expense*, but I am obliged to admit that he has had a real and solid triumph. I think that in point of fact we (Russia) must have been asleep. There is in every respect a curious change taking place in Russia, and the Leuchtenberg² marriage is the last straw. What is your opinion of my Emperor ? A propos, do not forget to tell me what sort of reception the Clanricardes had ; you realize that I have not one single correspondent from St. Petersburg, and that I should be completely ignorant if you did not tell me the news from there. And

¹ Commercial treaty made with Turkey.

² Grand Duchess Marie of Russia married Duke Maximilian of Leuchtenberg.

Durham, dearest, what is he going to do ? For my part, I hope that he will come and amuse himself in Paris for a little. I really think this would be the only sensible course for him to take ; which, however, he will probably make an additional reason for not doing so.¹ What is Pozzo's news ? He must be horribly upset for several reasons. I hear that he has been forbidden to leave London. Why ?

You see, dearest, that I am plying you with questions, which proves to you how barren I am in regard to news. What does your brother Frederic tell you in his letters ? A propos, he will also be seeing my husband ; ask him to let you know about their meeting, and forward the news to me.

I am more than ever shut up in my room since the sad news arrived. I no longer leave my house and only entertain three or four intimate friends. I am very much thinner, and much changed.

As for you, dearest, they tell me that you have never looked so well and so young ; how I would love to see you !

Adieu dear, kind friend. Tell me what you think would be the best thing to do about my diamonds. You know how mean my husband is towards me in regard to money matters, and the result is that I am obliged to sell them (imagine being reduced to that !). Do you think that Bundell or Emanuel would be willing to buy them from me at no great loss to myself ! Let me know your opinion on this question. I would like to have the matter settled this winter—Star and Mortimer might be still better ; they always send one of their representatives to Paris every winter. Dear, kind friend, forgive me for daring to talk to you about my private affairs. I never thought I should find myself in such a position with a husband so immensely rich.

To Lady Cowper.

PARIS, *December 7th*, 1838.

Your last letter touched me deeply. Your sympathy is so sincere, and your friendship so lively ! I thank you with my whole heart. I have carefully considered your proposal that you should write to my husband ; I think it is a good one, and I have therefore drafted a rough sketch of a letter which you should send. I am not giving it you yet, because I think

¹ Durham's Canadian mission began and ended in 1838.

it would be wise to wait for his reply to a letter of the same kind which was written from Paris four weeks ago. His answer cannot be long in arriving. If it is favourable we will let the matter rest; if it is not favourable, it will then be time to fall back on the last method of arousing his feelings, of waking him out of his torpor; for one would really imagine that he had turned into a stone image, without the smallest spark of humanity or the smallest regard for convention. In any case we shall see in a few days, and I will let you know. Dear, good, friend, how kind and sympathetic you are to me! Your sympathy is balm to my poor spirit!

I see that Lord Durham has been returned to you; what are you going to do with that extraordinary object? Dearest, nobody deserves more than he to be handed over to justice. He has behaved really badly! Lord Grey¹ tells me that he has given him up as hopeless, and that he was revolted by his report. In him you have the real Papineau!²

In other ways you seem to be prospering. Every country with the exception of France is pleased with your attitude and with your firm stand in regard to the Belgian question. I hope that you will obtain a little moral support from the others, and that the whole affair will be honourably concluded. It would be a great feather in your Government's cap. Tell me about the Clanricardes. Has anyone heard from them? Are they happy?

Dearest, please tell Lord Palmerston that I am much grieved at the new misfortune which has overwhelmed him³; there really seems to be nothing but sorrow in the world. Here everyone seems to be in mourning, which betokens a poor winter.

Tell me about Pozzo? How is he? Do you see Alava? He is a very good man. What is the Duchess of Kent doing; does she still complain? How differently everything has turned out from what we imagined! Indeed how much better!

My health is still bad. I do not see how, in the state of perpetual anxiety in which I live, it could ever be very good.

¹ Durham was Grey's son-in-law.

² Papineau was the leader of the French Canadian "rebels". Durham seemed to Princess Lieven a regular rebel. His "report" favoured full self-government for Canada.

³ His two sisters died almost simultaneously.

My husband is surely preparing a great deal of remorse for himself.

I hope that Paul will go and see you and that you will be kind to him.

To Lady Cowper.

PARIS, *December 16th*, 1838.

I have just received a letter from my husband, written after he knew that I had heard about my poor son's death. Far from showing any grief, he invites me to rejoice with him as though it were a happy release ! This idea is so horrible and so inhuman that I am utterly amazed. When I think that it is he, my husband, who is responsible for all my poor child's unhappiness ! Dearest, words cannot express my feelings. In such a situation I do not know how to act. I think that I will write him a formal note of acknowledgement, without saying a single word of explanation. How can one possibly instil any feelings or conscience into someone who has none ? The only thing which affects him, apparently, is fear of public opinion, and he wrote Madame de Talleyrand a very proper letter in which he expressed great anxiety about my sorrow. It is to Madame de Talleyrand's letter that I am indebted for his crude letter to me ; but at least he has written.

I think I had better be careful in my replies to him. There would be no sense in your writing to him now. If some further development should make it necessary, I shall ask you to write to him just before his arrival in London. And in any case you will see him there face to face, and you will be able to tell him the truth ; I count on you, dearest, for you are the most reliable of my friends. I was recovering a little ; my husband's letter has made me ill again. It is really astonishing what a fragile mechanism such as mine can withstand. How is it that I am not dead ? Dearest ! Give me some news of your surroundings. Tell me about Durham's situation ¹ ; what is his position with the ministers ? With the Queen ? The whole thing seems so extraordinary to me, so irregular, so incalculable. What will he do ? Do you imagine that he

¹ With reference to his famous report on Canada, which was in the nature of a manifesto against the Home Government, whose representative he was.

has the power to do harm? I personally do not think so; he has not enough courage for it.

M. Molé is holding out in the hope that Lord Palmerston will allow him to keep office for a few more weeks. It is very likely that those few weeks would enable him to last till the end of the session. It is very interesting to see all the parties on the move. At the present moment they seem to be all united in a frontal attack upon the Ministry. But it is quite possible that they will split up on the eve of battle.

What a relief, dearest, to see the end of this boring Belgian question; ¹ how thankful everybody in England must be. There is great grief at the Court here. Princess Marie ² is dying, perhaps already dead, in Pisa, where she had gone to stay with her husband. It will be a cruel shock for the poor Queen. There have been many deaths in Paris this winter. The Carnival season will be very melancholy, although for me the entire year is a sad Lenten festival.

Tell me about the Clanricardes. Tell me also the latest developments between Russia and yourselves. For I have heard nothing, and the newspapers seem to be convinced that there is more than one heavy cloud on the political horizon. Please remember me to the Hollands when you see them. Also beg your brother not to forget me. Indeed, I trust that I shall always preserve the friendships that I still possess.

I hear from Naples that the Queen Dowager (yours) was very shabby in her presents. The Court at Naples had given her a lady-in-waiting for her own use. When she left she gave her two dresses! It is customary to give a present of diamonds; you can imagine how astonished everyone was. I should have thought she was rich enough to do the correct thing; Queens who cannot do what is expected of them should not travel.

To Princess Liéven.

GEORGE STREET, Friday, February 21st (1839).

I hasten to answer your letter. Rest assured that your friends here are no fewer nor less attached to you than they were—everyone asks me for news of you, and with the greatest eager-

¹ Final agreement between Holland and Belgium.

² Daughter of Louis Philippe and wife of Prince Alexander of Württemberg.

ness—the Duke of Wellington, Fitzroy, the Cambridges, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Queen, the Lansdownes, Adair, Robert Gordon, Lord and Lady Londonderry, Euston, Tankerville, Cawdor, Normanby, the Duchess of Kent—in fact everyone I have seen—but you know the English habit of not writing in sad circumstances like yours. People are afraid of seeming importunate, and they give an impression of indifference. Therefore, dearest, you can at least take comfort in your misfortunes from knowing that everyone here was distressed at your unhappiness, and afraid lest your position might suffer by it. I am constantly being questioned on this score by the people whom I have mentioned, and by others whose names I forget at the moment, with *real interest*, not merely in a banal, conventional manner. If you could make up your mind to come here, I am sure you would be welcomed with open arms—and that you would not be able to complain of indifference or lack of friendship and affection.

Beyond the obvious outward coldness of manner between yourself and your husband, the world in general knew nothing of your relationship to each other during the past few years; they imagined it to be even worse than it was.¹ For this reason no one knew exactly in what spirit to write to you—although they knew you well enough to realize that whatever wrong he had done you, you would not be able to part from him without suffering great unhappiness.

Lord Foley, whom I saw yesterday on his return from Italy, and who had spent some time with your husband in Rome, told me that he always took a great interest in your affairs—and that whenever someone arrived from Paris he never failed to ask news of you, where they had met you and whether you were in good health.

Lady Jersey and my brother Frederick wrote me two letters from Naples entirely about you, expressing the greatest interest, which I am sure they felt most sincerely. Lord Grey, I think, must have written to you, but if not, it is because of his accident, and the danger he has been in. The picture fell with such force on his head that he was nearly killed; his wounds are not yet healed, and he is not allowed to do anything, not even make the journey to London.

Lord Aberdeen, on the other hand, had a more extraordinary accident, but nearly as unpleasant—without rhyme or reason,

¹ Prince Lieven died in Rome on January 10th, 1839.

in the space of a few days he became completely bald and grey ; his eyebrows and eyelashes fell off, and his whiskers became completely white. They say he is utterly transformed—unrecognizable. He has had to buy a wig and to dye his whiskers—even so he is very disfigured—and there is no cure for the eyebrows and eyelashes.

Frederick tells me he will leave for Vienna at the end of the month, and that he will come here after the summer. I could have wished it earlier, but I am sure he has good reason for going to Vienna, apart from losing his house, which has caused him some annoyance.

I forgot to include Lord Palmerston among those of your old friends who talk of you with affection—he has asked me several times to express to you his sympathy in your unhappiness.

He is very pleased with his diplomatic success, and full of affairs—nevertheless he still feels the loss of both his sisters in so short a time.

To Princess Lieven.

GEORGE STREET, *March 5th* (1839).

I am longing to hear that your affairs are in order, because until then everything must hang fire.

Frederick writes that you will have 100,000 francs revenue ; he had no reason to invent such a thing, so I hope it may be true—but who in Naples could have told him the news !! Could it have been your son Alexander ? I do so hope it is true, because then you will be able to settle down comfortably, either here or in Paris. Your letter is very sad, but I am pleased that you no longer feel that your friends are deserting you, for I know no one who has more friends, and more devoted ones.

Only yesterday Dedel and Madame Bloom were talking of you with the greatest interest, Normanby and Morpeth too ; you can be certain that everyone will speak quite openly about you to the Grand Duke and to Orloff when they arrive here—I most certainly shall myself.

But do you not think that it would be still better for your interests if you came to meet them personally ; they would then have an opportunity of seeing for themselves how much general concern is being shown in this affair of yours—your first period of mourning will be finished by then, and you would be able to go a little in Society.

I hear that the Sutherlands will soon be back again. I went yesterday to Parliament to listen to the debate about Lord Ebrington which was very favourable for us—I think he will be a very good Lord-Lieutenant in spite of what the Tories say—any other appointment would have had the same opposition.

The Duke of Wellington spoke, but alas, so feebly and in such a changed manner that it was painful to hear him—I am afraid he is not long for this world. Brougham continues to amuse the public and the House of Lords without having the smallest influence there. People go to hear him as they would go to the theatre, admiring his talent as an actor without attaching the smallest importance to his rôle or to what he says. Lord Douro's engagement is announced to a beautiful creature, Lord Tweeddale's daughter—and Lord Fitzalan's engagement to the daughter of Sir Edward Lyons, our Minister in Greece—the latter's engagement is disapproved of by the family, but they say she is a pretty creature.

Frederick is leaving Naples soon on his way to Vienna, and promises me that he will be here at the end of the year. Lord Clarendon is expected next month—I think he will go on to Paris—but his marriage here with Lady Katherine Barham will take place shortly after that.

Lady Keith is rather ill and is at present consulting a famous doctor at Leamington—she has taken quite a nice house at the corner of Grosvenor Square and will spend the whole season there. It seems that the Shelburne affair is finished and I think he is right, because he is a sickly creature.¹ Up till now there has been very little entertaining in London apart from dinners and melancholy evening parties for the Cambridges and the Duchess of Gloucester, who do nothing but ride all day long. The Queen rides and goes to the theatre for entertainment, and will have Drawing-rooms and Balls after Easter. She is very gentle and polite in manner, although her enemies are spreading all sorts of lies about her, and try to make out that she is malicious and quarrelsome.

To Princess Lieven.

LONDON, April 16th (1839).

I hasten to answer your letter which I received yesterday. You are putting a heavy responsibility on my shoulders, but

¹ Madame de Flahault, who was Lady Keith in her own right. Her daughter *did* marry Lord Shelburne.

I am ready to undertake it—and you can be sure that I shall do my best to sell them as well as possible, and it will be a real pleasure for me to be able to give you proof of my friendship and to feel that I have the opportunity of being useful to you. I will consult the three people whom you name—I shall find out the limit they are prepared to give, and will then try if possible to place at least a few of the diamonds with certain individuals who might be prepared to give more.

I have not yet had time to consult Lord P. as to the surest means of sending the parcel over, but I will let you know in a few days—and by that time we shall also know if to-night's crisis will throw out the Government. I personally do not think it will, but it is uncertain, and one cannot make exact calculations when dealing with Radicals, whose only object is to make mischief.

I am much upset to think that your future is so uncertain, and that you feel it necessary to make this sacrifice. We still expect the Grand Duke to arrive, but perhaps he has altered his plans, and we have not been told. We are all prepared to receive him with full honours.

The newspapers have taken the bit between their teeth on every subject, but we are on good terms with Russia and hope to continue so. The Indian affair is, I think, settled, and all our foreign affairs are prospering—Belgium settled.

I will do all I can for the Princess, but I cannot decipher her name from your letter.¹ Frederick has been made a peer, Lord Beauvale. When he returns his position will be more pleasant.

To Lady Cowper.

PARIS, April 26th, 1839.

I cannot imagine, dearest, why your letter of the 16th did not reach me till yesterday ; thank you very much for promising your support in the matter of my diamonds ; I am waiting to hear from you whether Lord Palmerston will allow me to address them to him through Lord Granville.

I believe it is now quite certain that the Czarevitch is not going to England. I am sorry, for every possible reason. Of all the countries he has visited, England would have given him the most useful experience. For what do the others really amount to ?

¹ Princess Maschersky, mentioned in the following letter.

Ellice has written to me in a rather depressed frame of mind about affairs in England. There is something disjointed in the situation which it is difficult to grasp from a distance; but I hope it is nothing serious. Here everything is going round and round in a hopeless circle, and this state of affairs will not cease until the King conquers his personal antipathy to Thiers. He had much better accept him with a good grace; otherwise he will storm his way in by brute force. It is really unwise to alienate him to the extent they are doing. Are Kings ever wise? Burn my letter, because this statement has a Jacobin ring about it.

My sons are still here. They leave on Thursday.

M. Molé is thinking of going to England for a few days. How they will welcome him at Holland House, for Lady Holland's heart is really captured.

Flahault has become a complete partisan of Thiers. What is Marguerite doing? Is she popular in society?

Dearest, you had promised a few invitations to my niece, Princess Maschersky (I hope I have written her name clearly); it does not matter providing that her daughter dances; they are only staying another week in England, then returning here.

Thank goodness for the end of the Belgian question; your government must be very delighted. Lord Palmerston has brought it to a very successful conclusion.¹

Dearest, I do not like the clouds on the horizon of our affairs (Russia and England); I should like to think that they would soon disperse, but I am beginning to doubt it.

To Lady Cowper.

BADEN, July 27th, 1839.

Thank you a thousand times for your two letters of the 11th and the 19th. They give me no hope of seeing you, but a great many proofs of your friendship, and that is what comforts my heart. You will let me know whether you are going to Brighton or Dover for the sea-bathing. If it is Dover I shall go at once to see you there. In the meanwhile I am remaining here, but not enjoying myself. The Flahaults are not yet in Wiesbaden; if I were even to consider going there, I should have to be certain of meeting them.

The news which I have had from St. Petersburg does not

¹ The final squashing of the agitations of the House of Orange.

give any hope of my affairs being finally settled, but I gather two things; firstly that no one is in the least concerned to remind the Emperor what is due to me (in spite of Orloff's magnificent promises), and secondly that according to the law of succession I am still entitled to an income of 40,000 francs. This, I believe, will be my full fortune; I say I believe, because until everything is finally settled I find it safer to rely on nothing.

Dearest, the situation in the East seems to be becoming very acute. I fear that your brother will be obliged to leave Vienna—I have just written to him. As regards London, everything seems to be quiet there. A propos, Sir John Conroy¹ is here and I had a long talk with him. The most striking and surprising thing he told me was that he blames Leopold *for everything* absolutely. He says that from the year '35 onwards he had plotted with the governess² to deprive the mother of all influence over her daughter, in order that his influence alone should prevail. Only the first part of the plan succeeded. It was the governess who profited and not Leopold. He speaks with great respect of the Queen, and says that he is attached to her because she is the daughter of the Duke of Kent. He does not think that the mother and daughter will ever be able to agree. Nor does he believe that the governess will ever allow the Queen to marry.

There you have a résumé of all my secret conversation. A propos, he has a great worship and respect for Lord Melbourne, and thinks that his situation is far from secure, in spite of being in the Queen's good graces.

I have only seen him once, but I think he is still here. Apart from him, I have with me no friend from any quarter of the globe, and my loneliness is terrible. Dearest, your letters give me the greatest pleasure. Continue to write to me. What a lot of things we shall have to say to each other!

To Lady Cowper.

BADEN, *August 1st, 1839.*

Be kind enough to make the following legal enquiries for me:

, Does the English law have control over capital sums left in England by a deceased foreigner? Here is the situation:

¹ Comptroller of the Household to the Duchess of Kent, accused of being her lover.

² Baroness Lehzen, governess to Queen Victoria.

Messrs. Harmann & Co., have in hand, belonging to my late husband, a certain sum of money of Russian stock. Is this money subjected to the English laws of succession or to the Russian ?

It is curious that until the present moment nobody has made any enquiries on this point, and it is a very important point for me. My husband left no will.

Could you, dearest, give me an exact reply to this question ; please enquire from the best authorities, and as soon as possible. You would be doing me an essential service. You realize that it is a question of knowing which of my sons or myself is entitled to draw this money. That is the whole point, for the details how and when do not matter. Forgive me for causing you this inconvenience, but I think it ought not to be difficult for you to ascertain the facts ; but your reply must be absolutely exact. This is the only object of my letter—I send you all my love and rely on your kindness of heart.

Another idea has suddenly come to me : is it possible that it is a matter which must be negotiated by the two governments ? If this is the case, and if the Russian government has the right to claim the capital, then I am subjected to the Russian law of succession. But you will be able to discover the truth about this without any difficulty ; any lawyer could tell you. If they say that it is the English law which prevails, then I am a rich woman, if not, not.

To Lady Cowper.

BADEN, *August 18th, 1839.*

You were very prompt, dearest, in answering my letter about my private affairs. I am extremely grateful to you. Lord Lyndhurst's pronouncement is as clear as daylight.¹ I regret that it should be so, not so much for the wealth which it would have brought me as for the excuse which I found for retaining a few of my illusions ! Dearest, when children no longer need their mother it is a sad thing for the poor mother ! I cannot say any more to you from such a distance.

So it is decided that you are not coming abroad ! I was waiting to know your decision before making mine ; since you are not coming I am leaving. Baden has done me no good ; on the contrary, I am thinner and weaker now than I was

¹ Presumably in answer to the questions raised in the previous letter.

when I came. They have prescribed sea-baths for me. I am leaving for Paris in a few days, where I shall hear news from St. Petersburg about my personal affairs, and where I want also to look out for a house ; from there I think I shall go to Dover, if I can be certain to find a few friends there. Once I am there, we will make plans to meet. I must have a few days in London ; I am still obliged to sell my diamonds, for my financial position is not brilliant enough to allow me to keep them.

The Beauports have been here for a few days, and I made them unburden their hearts to me. I hear the opinions of every sort and kind of English person, and consequently do not know quite what to think. There is only one point on which everyone is agreed, and that is that you are once more a very brilliant creature, that you are pretty and fresh. Dearest, I am delighted to hear it, and I shall be so pleased to see you looking like that. You will be less pleased to see my wrinkles ! Tell me if you think the situation in the East will develop into anything serious. I do not know what the newspapers say about it. Address your next letter to me to the English Embassy in Paris as usual.

To Princess Lieven.

CHATSWORTH, *Sunday 22nd (September 1839).*

Dearest, I came here yesterday, having left Windsor on Thursday, where I spent several days with Leopold and his wife, who is charming.

I had not seen Leopold since Panshanger, or rather since his dinner-party to meet the Belgian deputation a few days afterwards.

How quickly time passes—this is a very commonplace remark to say to other people, but one says it to oneself every day of one's life (*illegible*). The Queen likes him very much, and I think he always has a good effect on the family circle through his influence over the mother—he speaks of you always with very great interest.

We had staying there for two days Count Brunow¹ and Nesselrode, who had come to England for a fortnight. Nesselrode seems to (*illegible*) but blames Paul for his lack of intelligence, and believes that your revenue will be between fifty and

¹ Newly appointed Russian Ambassador to London.

sixty thousand francs. He also told me that Paul is leaving the diplomatic service, which seems to me a great pity. He takes great interest in all your affairs.

He (Nesselrode) is supposed to have talent, but does not show any. They were both very polite to Leopold in spite of being Russian. Naturally it would have been impossible to be anything else at the niece's Court. There was a vast crowd of people staying there, but the Castle always gives me the impression of a living landscape, and I still see quite clearly in my mind's eye George IV's court and the happy times which we have spent there together. To complete the illusion the Duke of Wellington came and spent two days there, and he too, kept remembering old times. He is terribly changed in many ways, but his judgement is still strong and clear. He spoke of you with affection and was looking forward to the idea of meeting you in Dover on his return. Somebody had told him that you were going there at once, and he was counting on meeting you the next day. I expressed a certain doubt about your sudden appearance in Dover, but as usual he thought himself better informed than anyone else, and waived me politely aside as an ignoramus—so I left him with his pleasant illusions. I tell you this in order that you may explain the thing to him, and also that you should realize how pleased he would be if you did arrive.

The Emperor has sent the Queen a magnificent malachite vase, and I understand he is very grateful for the excellent reception we gave the Grand Duke. He is a charming young man, and I do not see how he could fail to be popular everywhere. So it was easy to earn the Emperor's gratitude. But in actual fact I believe his visit here had a very good effect, not only on the Emperor, but on Russia as a whole.

Lady Clanricarde is returning to Petersburg this winter, but is waiting for the snow to fall in order to travel by sleigh—what a prospect!—But it is unavoidable, for *he* refuses to leave his post and *she* fears that he may lose his sight if his eyes should again become inflamed through overstrain.

Lady Granville is here, and we have just been discussing some means of finding you a lady-in-waiting (for it is absolutely necessary that you should have one). I intend to look around everywhere—and we must hope to be successful.

Public affairs are going quite well—there is no longer any talk of Chartists, and the harvest is quite good. India has been

so well managed by that great genius, Auckland, that Ranget Singh's ¹ death no longer worries us.

Alava is in great delight about affairs in Spain. He says that everything is at present so quiet in the Pays Basque that everyone has retired to his fireside, and that to see the country at present one would think there had never been a civil war. I wish the Turkish affair could be settled as well as this, and we are still in hopes—but it is a very different matter to support a government which is crumbling through weakness. My brother cannot leave Vienna at the moment, and I am afraid will not be able to the whole winter. I miss him terribly, for I have not seen him for three years.

If you come to Dover, I shall certainly come and see you.

To Lady Cowper.

PARIS, September 29th, 1839.

I delighted in your good and interesting letter from Chatsworth. It is no exaggeration to say that your letters are the only real pleasure I have. If you knew how painful all other letters are, and how little people's presence means to me!

It is very kind of you to think of a companion for me. I am much in need of something of the kind, and yet I feel that it will be difficult to find.

Dearest, it appears that our two countries are now on very good terms politically. There is something in the air which convinces me of this. I am delighted, although no longer intimately concerned; moreover, to be on bad or good terms politically does not influence a friendship. The only thing that seems to matter is that you and I should understand each other well; let the rest of the world go hang, and I would like to have peace, always peace.

Brunow claims to be a friend of mine; dearest, how easy it is to say that and how difficult to prove! The fact is that in Russia no one, not even my brother, has had the courage to prove that he was my friend. Not a single word was uttered in my favour. You have given me the figures of my income, but I am still waiting for official confirmation of this.

From what I hear indirectly, Paul was a thousand times justified in handing in his resignation. The Emperor wanted to force some further humiliation upon him, and he left the

¹ Known as the "Lion of the Punjab," loyal to England.

service. He did right. His bad conduct towards me does not prevent me from resenting strongly any offence directed against him, and I am delighted to see him so proud. I too am proud, dearest, and, thank God, owe no gratitude to anyone in that cold country. The picture which you draw of Windsor reminds me so much of our good times ! They were good times for me, at least. I was perhaps foolish not to recognize it more. How unhappiness sharpens one's memory !

I shall be very glad when the Granvilles return. Meanwhile I often see Bulwer,¹ who is beginning to be much appreciated here. The fact is that, apart from Medem² who is *clever*, Bulwer has a thousand times more intelligence than the whole Diplomatic Corps in Paris put together. They are a poor lot. I often laugh inwardly when I look at them, but it is sad to have to laugh alone ; the pleasure is then not complete.

The King,³ for all his cunning, may well find himself outwitted by the rest. I am anxious to know what will come out of this Eastern question. Lord Palmerston seems to bear a charmed life. He has occasional lapses of good fortune, but for the last few months he appears to be on the crest of the wave.⁴

Everything you tell me about the Duke of Wellington recalls him vividly to my mind. Indeed your whole letter takes me back forcibly to England and my old life.

Poor Pozzo is really in his second childhood. He cannot follow an idea for two consecutive moments. He is indeed a tragic sight. After seeing him like that I am terrified lest I should become as idiotic myself. I am very sorry that we are not to see Lord Beauvale this winter. None of the things which I had looked forward to are to happen !

To Princess Lieven.

CHATSWORTH, October 27th (1839).

I received your letter here and I shall attend to your commission for the (*illegible*) when I go to London next week. I

¹ Henry Bulwer, English Chargé d'Affaires in Paris.

² Paul Medem, cousin of the Duchesse de Dino, and Russian Chargé d'Affaires in Paris.

³ The King, Louis Philippe.

⁴ Palmerston had exacted a communal pledge from all the Great Powers to guarantee the independence and integrity of Turkey against Mehemet Ali, Pasha of Egypt.

think that Star and Mortimer often send to Paris. Your son's behaviour fills me with indignation, and I am distressed to think that you should not have a more suitable income. How ashamed they will be when the world hears of their meanness towards their mother, who has always sacrificed herself for them.

I am delighted that you should have M. Talleyrand's apartment,¹ for I know it well, it is charming. If I can find you a lady-in-waiting, I think it will be better if she pays you a visit first, to see if she will suit you. There are the two sisters of Miss Kerr (who lives with the Duchess of Cambridge) and I think it possible that one of them might suit you. I will make enquiries on the subject.

The Cambridges spent a week here, and we found them very charming; there were dancing, music and charades, and I was reminded of the parties we used to have here in the old days. There were several foreigners, among them Esterhazy and Count Potocky, who is rather a bore—he is just leaving for Paris, so will give you all the details of his visit here, which he thoroughly enjoyed.

Esterhazy is going to join Prince Metternich, but postpones his journey from day to day, as he has always done. I myself am going to Panshanger to-morrow for three or four days—afterwards to London and then I think to Windsor. Young Prince Albert is charming, they say, so the public believes that the Queen cannot fail to be attracted by him, but I know nothing on this subject.

The Dukes of Bedford and Argyll have just died, which is a source of sorrow to many. Brougham surpassed himself the other day with a ridiculous prank—he published a report of his own death in a carriage accident—for two days everybody believed it—Mrs. Jersey cried her eyes out—and then the whole thing turned out to be a joke!! Isn't it an extraordinary thing to do, to frighten all your friends in this way without any apparent object—if he wanted to see his funeral oration in the newspapers he cannot have been very pleased, but it may have done his vanity some good.

I have no news to give you, because news does not come down this way, but I shall write from London. I am very pleased that Clarendon has entered the Government—in general, the changes have increased the Government's strength. Macaulay is a man of much talent and of great oratorical powers.

¹ In the Rue St. Florentin, off the Place de la Concorde.

I send you all my love, and I would like to see you but cannot leave England at the moment.

To Princess Lieven.

GEORGE STREET, November 18th, (1839).

Star and Mortimer will have (*illegible*) confidences around Christmas time ; will that suit you ? (*illegible*) But you will be able to wait ; The man whom they wish to send is at present in America. We returned three days ago from Windsor, Prince Albert was there, very handsome, very well bred, in fact charming, with a good figure and well built, in fact everything which is likely to engage a young girl's affections (*illegible*) nothing openly stated (*illegible*) two princes (*illegible*) however, there is no doubt that it will result in marriage sooner or later, and I do not think she could find anyone more suitable. They say that he is as sensible as his uncle and has great learning. The mother is in excellent spirits.

(*No end to letter*)

PART IV

LADY COWPER MARRIES LORD PALMERSTON

At the end of 1839, Lady Cowper, a widow for two years, married Lord Palmerston. From now on she was one of the great ladies of the Whig Party in England, and exerted tremendous influence behind the political scenes. In the same way, Princess Lieven, closely intimate with Guizot, exerted an equal sway over the fortunes of France, and the letters in Part IV of this volume are largely concerned with political skirmishings between the two women on either side of the channel. Guizot was appointed ambassador to England in 1840, and Princess Lieven hastened over in an unofficial capacity to be at his side, and to give him the benefit of her knowledge of English politics. Then Louis Philippe dismissed Thiers, and called on Guizot to form a Ministry. He remained in power in France from 1840 until the Coup d'État of 1848.

While both ladies were "in office," they were constantly writing to complain to each other of the behaviour of their respective countries; first Lady Palmerston scored over Princess Lieven, in regard to the Convention of London between England, Russia, Prussia and Austria, from which France was insultingly excluded; much later Princess Lieven triumphed over Lady Palmerston on the question of the Spanish Marriages, by which, without England's consent, ties were formed between the Royal Families of France and Spain, which, if undisturbed, would have led ultimately to a close union between the two countries.

Apart from these major international crises, the letters in Part IV deal with such matters as a description of Queen Victoria's visits to Panshanger and Bocket, to which Princess Lieven makes a rather tart reply, the fall of the Whigs in 1841, Peel and Aberdeen in office and Princess Lieven's efforts to establish a good relationship between Guizot and the Tories, attempts on the Queen's life, the death of the Duke of Orleans, an irritable dispute about the merits of Victoria and Albert as Queen and Prince Consort, diplomatic gossip, personal matters such as the marriages of Lady Palmerston's brother Beauvale and her daughter Fanny, and announcements, both from Paris and London, of lyings-in, of happy (and one hopes legitimate) deliveries of one child after another.

To Lady Palmerston.

PARIS, *December 23rd*, 1839.

IF I had followed my impulse, dearest, I would have already written to express my affection and good wishes before receiving your announcement of your marriage.¹ I already knew of it a fortnight ago. But I was waiting for confirmation of the news, and when it came, my head was full of conflicting notions, with the result that the letter I intended to send off last Monday I burned instead. I am very sorry about this, for it would have shown you how spontaneously I rejoiced in your happiness, even though you may have forgotten me; that I was thinking of you with great affection and interest, and every other emotion which a true and lively friendship inspires at such a moment. Dearest, you have done a very sensible thing. It is wise of you to look for happiness and comfort; a peaceful home; someone to care for you; support, constant companionship, and a common interest for the rest of your days. May God bless your marriage. You are happy, you have always been happy, and you always will be. My *sisterly* heart rejoices with you in this happiness. Tell Lord Palmerston that I remember with great joy the good times when we were intimate together. Ask him to give me his friendship again, and I promise to give him mine. Dearest friend, I cried when I read your letter, cried for joy on your behalf and for sorrow on my own. You are surrounded with affection, you have all the heart's joys, and all the good things of the earth. I! Oh God, what a desert! Dearest, forgive my personal sorrow at a time such as this.

I love you dearly and am happy in your happiness. This is what I wish to say to you. If this little pin arrives in time, wear it on your wedding day. It should have gone on Monday.

I have just recovered from a serious illness; I had an inflammation of the lungs which kept me in bed a week. So much ill-health, repeated and aggravated, is bound sooner or later to destroy my feeble constitution.

Good-bye, dearest. All my love to you and to Lord Palmerston. I am yours for always, for the remainder of my life.

¹ Lady Cowper had just married Lord Palmerston.

To Lady Palmerston.

PARIS, Monday, December 30th, 1839.

I cannot help writing to you at once to express how deeply touched I was by your kind letter written from Broadlands¹ on the 17th. It was so full of affection, from yourself and from your husband. It made me sincerely happy. I am now richer in happiness than I was before; I have a new friend to love.

I am very glad that I made the acquaintance of Broadlands when I was in England. I can picture you in every room of the house. It is a very pretty place, very cheerful, very well arranged, and I was always delighted with it.

A propos, the King of Hanover² writes to me to say that he is sincerely delighted at your marriage; that he has always been very fond of you; that he is certain you will be happy, that you could not do better, only why not sooner?³ And that Lord Palmerston is a very lucky man! I think that this could easily pass for a declaration of love on his part! Everyone I see is agreed in applauding your decision, Lord Brougham among others. He talks with the greatest contempt of the present Ministry. Considers the Tories impossible, and thinks that he himself is the only suitable person to fill the post. He is not at all in bad spirits, and brings a cheerful element into my salon. You know that he escorted Lady Clanricarde to Aix-la-Chapelle; he is moving heaven and earth to persuade her to return to Berlin, and has also written to her husband to explain to him that his proper place is in England, and that he must become Privy Seal! He means to return to London for the 16th.

Dearest, I am very pleased to see the friendly relations now existing between our two countries. It is good for both of us. It has greatly increased our prestige in France. Here everything seems to be in a thrall of lethargy and apathy. No one can be bothered to lift a finger. There are no more parties in the Chamber. Everyone has gone away. There are soldiers, but they do not recognize their leaders any more. It is a very odd situation, but one which allows the Ministry a certain amount of peace. The Duchesse de Talleyrand is going to

¹ Lord Palmerston's country house.

² Former Duke of Cumberland.

³ Presumably Lady Cowper had to allow a decent interval to elapse between the death of Lord Cowper and her re-marriage.

Germany in a few months without any fixed plan, saying that she will probably remain there if the country suits her. The truth is that Mme de Talleyrand without her uncle is of no importance whatsoever. She feels this every moment of the day. She tries to gain a foothold in twenty different societies. The Faubourg St. Germain is lukewarm in its feelings for her. The Court is very aloof. She has no friends. Her salon has no grandeur or dignity, and no one goes there. She is bored, she quarrels with everyone in turn merely to pass the time, and now, in desperation, she is leaving Paris altogether. She will not even retain a *pied-à-terre* here.

I have gossiped to you up till the moment of the candles arriving ; and I can neither read nor write at all by artificial light.

Good-bye dearest, kindest friend. I feel that your marriage has brought us a new lease of friendship, and that I shall write to you now more frequently even than before. The truth is that this event has brought joy to my heart, for I am very fond of you, and your happiness is an interest to me in my poor, sad life.

All my regards to Lord Palmerston. Tell me the news. I hope that your party is firmly in power, for I intend to come and see you in England and to spare you the journey to Paris. I am still awaiting my son Alexander. As for Paul, alas !

To Lady Palmerston.

PARIS, January 19th, 1840.

Thank you for your letter of the 10th. It was a sad day for me. My husband's death. There are still moments when I cannot really believe that it is he and not I in the grave !

I am interested and anxious about your politics. It seems to me that the Tories are making great efforts. I hope and indeed I believe that their efforts will fail, but you will always have some anxiety for the moment and difficulties in the future. I really think that both Governments and individuals, indeed the whole world, is in trouble at present. Only you, thank goodness, are happy, and I assure you that it is a bright star in my otherwise dark outlook.

Lord Brougham has given me news of you in a letter which I received yesterday.

Here everyone is certainly piqued that the Queen's speech

makes no mention of France ; and Thiers is astonished that Lord Palmerston should not have considered it necessary to make some courteous reply to his own anglophile utterance ! You know how vain the French are ! Dearest, what astonishes me is that with my fondness for Paris I should have such a profound dislike and scorn for all French people. The city itself must indeed be charming, for there is no doubt that its inhabitants are devoid of charm. Moreover I live entirely with foreigners. How different the English are ! In England one finds really well-bred and distinguished people !

My son Alexander spent a fortnight with me. He is now leaving to enjoy the sun in Naples. I shall once more be left completely alone !

Tell me something about the Queen's marriage. What rank is her husband to have ? Is the Duchess of Kent to live in Kensington Palace ? What sort of impression does the Duchess of Sutherland make at Court ? I hear that she is a little too humble, a little too much like a head-housemaid ; can that be possible.

What is Lady Jersey doing ? She no longer writes to me.

Good-bye, dear, kind friend. Is your brother from Vienna returning to visit you ? I long so much to see him myself. Shall I find him in England ?

Is Fanny with you at present ? If you meet the Duke of Wellington remember me to him. All my love.

It is rumoured here that your Cabinet has rejected Brunow's proposals,¹ and high circles are delighted at the news. How does little Kisselef² get on with Brunow ?

I notice that my letter contains nothing but questions. This will prove to you that I have really nothing to tell you. The Government's position was a good deal strengthened after the debate on the Address ; the King adores his Marshal,³ but everybody else seems to be astonished that Foreign Affairs should be entrusted to such hands.

¹ Baron Brunow was charged by the Czar to make overtures in England for the intervention of the Great Powers in the quarrel between the Sultan and Egypt. The overtures were rejected in 1839 but accepted in the following year. Brunow remained in England as Ambassador.

² Count Nicolas Kisselef, Russian Chargé d'Affaires in Paris under Pahlen.

³ Marshal Soult, French Prime Minister since May 1839.

To Lady Palmerston.

PARIS, *February 24th*, 1840.

Thank you, dearest, for your letter of the 18th and for all the details which you tell me. Everyone thinks, as you do, that the Queen will regain her popularity. I hope and believe it. These things wax and wane in England, for we have seen the Duke of Wellington practically torn in pieces, and later restored to his pedestal of public idolatry. A propos the Duke, it is really a pity that the Queen did not send for news of his health. I am very glad that the great man is recovering.

You know all about the new muddle here ! What lack of consideration for that poor Royal Family, whose star is already sunk so low !

Everybody knows the King well enough by now to realize that he has no serious intentions of forming a strong Cabinet. All his pretended efforts are merely a comedy ; what he really desires is another weak Government. It would be difficult to find a Government weaker than the one which has just fallen.¹ If that one could be revived again he would no doubt be supremely content. They say, however, that this is impossible, and I do not really see how they could form one without Thiers. It is a great pity that Broglie still obstinately refuses to take the field. For at heart he is really the most honest of them all, honest and honourable.

M. Guizot is leaving to-morrow for London.² He would not stay there if Molé again became Prime Minister. You would not believe how much intrigue and gossip is going on here ! And how many lies are told. Oh what liars French people are !

I have not yet seen Mme de Sebastiani, and I am impatient to hear from her all the details of London. I suppose you are about to begin the season. Here the Court has renounced all pretensions. The Queen declares that she wants henceforth to live as simple wife and mother, to look after her children and to assure them some provision for the future, in other words to save money. The people are annoyed to see the closing of the Château, and to have no more vulgar displays of finery.

¹ Marshal Soult had just resigned, and Thiers became Premier. Soult resigned because the Chambers had refused to grant a fixed revenue to the Duke of Nemours.

² As newly appointed French Ambassador, in succession to Sebastiani.

The shopkeepers are furious ; the loyal ones with the Chamber for having caused this crisis, the radical ones with the King for having brought it on by his demand for an allowance. Everyone fears that it may lead to rioting in the streets, which would end in another little Ministry being formed ! Dearest, you have a great many difficulties in England, but nothing so humiliating as this.

Write to me more often, please ; I know that you are very busy, but I ask only for one word from time to time. Everyone tells me how young and fresh you are. It is your happiness that makes you so !

To Princess Lieven.

CARLTON TERRACE, *Tuesday (February, 1840).*

I have only a moment to write. M. Guizot has arrived and is very popular—his manners are so distinguished and pleasant. He was received with all possible honours. He arrived on Thursday and was received in audience by the Queen on Saturday morning, and spent the evening here. Luckily we had a big dinner of 26 people to meet the Duke of Sussex, so we included him at the last moment with M. de Bourguenay.¹ So he made his début in the very best Society. We hope to see him again later on, and to have the pleasure of more intimate conversation with him in a small circle of friends. He was the lion of my soirée, for his reputation is very great here, and everyone wants to meet him and to make his acquaintance.

His work on the English Revolution is regarded as the best and most impartial account written on this subject. So that is one reason for his popularity.²

I met him again on Sunday evening, dining with Lady Hamilton, who knew him in Paris. I assure you that he is being lionized everywhere. Our weather is horrible, so he will have a bad impression of our climate—there is a piercing east-wind, which is giving everyone colds, but which helps to dry the country after the constant rain.

Our politics are proceeding well, apart from a few little acts of folly in the House of Commons. The Tories are behaving rather meanly by depriving many people of their pensions, in order to defeat us, but you will see William Russell, who will

¹ M. Guizot's *Chargé d'Affaires*.

² Guizot was an eminent historian, as well as statesman.

tell you all the news. Bülow ¹ has just arrived, in good health but extremely thin. He is looking for a house and waiting for his wife. The whole of the Corps Diplomatique is disorganized, because all the big houses have been shut up since Sebastiani's departure, and they have no invitations except my Saturdays, which I intend to change next week into a Friday night ball for my daughter.

My parties are very popular, and their success is chiefly due to the fact that all political factions are to be found there, Aberdeen, Stanley, etc.

Lord Palmerston is so encumbered with affairs that he does not know what to do—this is our chief complaint—it tires me to see him work so hard, and he himself is absolutely exhausted.

Prince Albert is becoming very popular (good looks always make an impression) and the Queen is considered to have chosen well and wisely. They seem to be very happily married.

To Lady Palmerston.

PARIS, *March 8th*, 1840.

Thank you, dearest, for your letter of last Tuesday. Everyone tells me that your salon is absolutely brilliant, and that it has been of the utmost assistance to the new Government. There is no one more popular than yourself, and there is no one cleverer in smoothing over difficulties, in making people meet each other, in fact in performing the tasks which are at the same time the most useful and the most difficult. Your life must be a very pleasant one! I know well that inner happiness is in no way spoilt by outside brilliance, especially when that brilliance is accompanied, as it is in your case, by occupation of mind, by an interest in things and people.²

I think that M. Guizot has made a good début. He has only written a few lines to me, but he appears delighted. He has conceived a very high opinion of your husband, of his clear and practical intelligence. I think, actually, that this is the quality which the doctrinaires lack a little. The various parties here seem to be on worse terms than ever; you may be certain that things will go from bad to worse. The French are a strange

¹ Prussian Minister.

² Princess Lieven also had her salon, and was the Egeria of Guizot.

lot ! How refreshed I should be if I could only spend a few minutes with my dear English friends !

I must repeat to you what M. Guizot has written to me about Lord Melbourne, after only meeting him once. "I find in his character a certain mixture of bonhomie and of authority, of carelessness and responsibility which is most unusual." This seems to me a very good description of your brother's outward mien.

Dearest, is your Queen so much in love with her husband as to be already jealous of him ? They tell me that Fanny was not at the Court Ball on Monday, which is curious.¹ What is to become of Prince Albert ; will he always remain at his wife's side ? It will be a dreary situation. Indeed, I long to see all these things with my own eyes, for the position seems to be unlike anything I have ever experienced. In a thousand ways your daily life must be very extraordinary. You realize that I have a great deal of leisure time to indulge my thoughts, for my letter seems to contain nothing but speculations.

It was a great joy to me to see Lord William Russell. He is an admirable man, and he makes me laugh even when I succeed in dragging some information out of him.

I have not the least news of Lady Clanricarde ; have you heard anything ? She promised me faithfully that she would be in England next summer—do you imagine that she will keep this promise ? Lady Granville is still my greatest, almost my only, support here. The fact is that I do not know a single Frenchwoman ; I dislike them all. As for men, the Duc de Noailles² is the only one with whom I am on fairly intimate terms. I am very sorry that my ambassador is not here. What have you heard as to the likelihood of his returning or not ? It appears that none of my master's³ prejudices are treated seriously ; on the contrary. This gives rise to a very curious situation politically. Shall we have an ambassador in London, and if so whom ?

Dearest, you are very kind to endure my letters, for they contain nothing but questions.

The Flahaults are expected to return next month. I expect that they will come even sooner, now that M. Thiers is at the

¹ Queen Victoria was jealous of Lady Fanny Cowper.

² Thirty-eight years old, who later became a famous historian.

³ The Czar, Nicholas I, who was so anti-French.

head of affairs. Flahault will want the ambassadorship which he was promised ; but where ? That is the question.

All my regards to your husband.

To Lady Palmerston.

PARIS, *April 5th*, 1840.

Thank you, dearest, for your letter of March 31st, which contained so many interesting details. I agree with you that Brunow is not a big enough man for his position, at any rate from the worldly point of view, and outward forms are very important for a diplomat. I confess that I never imagined he would get as far as he has. His merit, for he has merit, is not supported by the rest of him, and the rest is of great importance in diplomacy. I am afraid the whole mission will be rather a failure. The person whom I would have chosen as the most suitable for the position is Michael Woronzow ; he would have been a really fitting representative of the country which sent him and the country which received him. It is in any case difficult for us to choose an Ambassador for London, and I do not know a single Russian to whom this position could be entrusted ; for, I say this to you in confidence, the Russians are an insolent and unbearable race ; there are very few exceptions. You see that I am writing to you as though we were whispering together in the greatest intimacy.

I doubt, dearest, whether it will be possible for M. Thiers or anyone else to influence the general attitude here in regard to Eastern affairs. You would never imagine how unanimous all the parties are about Egypt. Everyone is pro-Egyptian here, and Thiers, though more powerful than any previous Minister, would undoubtedly break his neck if he tried to alter the course of events. Public opinion is becoming very anti-English ¹ here. May Heaven preserve us, however, from anything worse than that, for the entire world would be set on fire. There could not be a Minister in France more favourable than Thiers to the alliance with England ; this is an absolute fact. If the affair cannot be managed by him it would be managed much worse by anyone else.

¹ Palmerston was about to sign with Russia, Austria and Prussia, the Convention of London, to assist Turkey against the Sultan's Viceroy of Egypt, Mehemet Ali, who had rebelled against Turkish rule. He signed the treaty without the knowledge of France, which was very pro-Egyptian.

Everyone here is greatly concerned with Naples.¹ Small things as well as large give cause for anxiety, for even the tiniest quarrel can cause a general upheaval.

I am delighted that my Ambassador, Pahlen, is returning. Thiers is also delighted and even *triumphant*.

Actually all this sulking means nothing ; it is always stupid to sulk, and we have erred and are erring in so doing.

Are Guizot and Brougham on bad terms ?

They say that the King here is very sad.² He complains bitterly to the absolutist Ambassadors, and they are also depressed about his position.

There is no denying that Thiers is absolute ruler, and the King set completely on one side ; it is certainly a painful situation for a King who not only liked being active himself, but also liked boasting. Actually it is his own fault. It is the inevitable result of all his attempts to use men as his pawns, to set them against each other, to split parties, etc. The work has born its fruit, but the monarchy, poor July monarchy, is likely to become shipwrecked. Who will be the gainer ? God only knows ! I am writing to you in confidence.

Is the Queen pregnant ? And is her husband attempting to acquire some political influence ?

Dearest, St. Aulaire tells me that your brother is coming here. Your brother himself has informed Granville of his arrival. I shall be so happy to see him ! But do you really think that he will come ? *I doubt*.

I am waiting for one more letter from St. Petersburg telling me when my niece is arriving, in order to fix my departure for London. In any case that will be in June. I cannot describe to you how happy I am at the thought of seeing you again !

To Lady Palmerston.

PARIS, May 7th, 1840.

Thank you for your kind letter, and for your friendship. I wish to give you a very frank answer, dearest. I am not of your opinion "*that intelligent people must make sacrifices for the benefit of fools*". There would be no point in having intelligence if one was obliged to obey the whims of fools. Intelli-

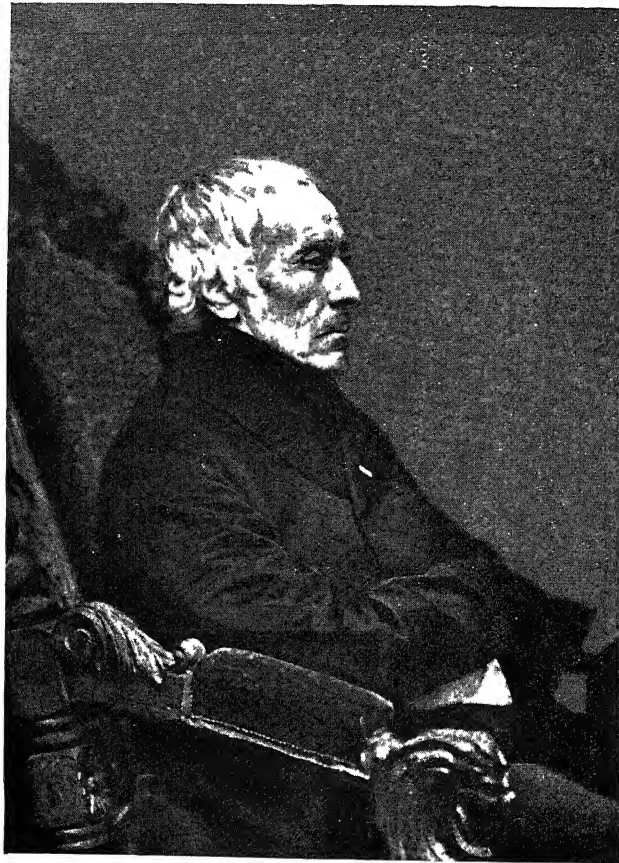
¹ Struggles for freedom and for a constitution against the despotism of Ferdinand II.

² At his loss of power, since Thiers' Premiership.



PRINCE CHRISTOPHER LIEVEN

From the portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.



FRANÇOIS GUIZOT, 1869
After the photograph by Adam Salomon

gence helps one to push fools aside, or to triumph over them. In my official capacity I was sometimes obliged to treat them with tact; my present complete independence allows me to ignore them, and I intend to do so. Naturally I should inconvenience myself if there were any sensible reason for doing so; but to pander to the little fusses of minor diplomats,¹ no. That would be to descend to their level. My political importance is over. I am enjoying the pleasures of my *nullity*; if people refuse to recognize it, so much the worse for them; that does not alter the fact of its being so. I have achieved my independence through the misfortunes and injustices which I have suffered.

My object in going to England is to see you and to see my friends. I want to be in London in the middle of June because several of my friends will be away after then, Lord Grey among others. There is also another more personal, less noble reason for choosing that time. I want to sell my diamonds²; the more I delay the less chance I have of selling them. You realize this only too well. Dearest, I do not proclaim this fact at large, but my financial position is not so prosperous that I can afford to overlook it.

To sum up, my journey to England is a matter which has been put off and put off since the beginning of last winter; I am going for my own pleasure; I have no intention of interfering in politics; they do not concern me. If the petty-minded choose to get agitated I can afford to laugh at them, but I shall not put myself out for them.

It is possible that the Sutherlands will decide that because of their recent affliction they are unable to offer me their hospitality as they promised; in that case I shall go to a hotel. My whole stay in London will not last longer than a fortnight.

¹ Brunow did not want Princess Lieven to come to England, because it would be awkward for him to have to receive her, since she was out of favour in Russia.

² She was also going to England in order to be with Guizot, and whisper things in his ear. The Duchesse de Dino, in her "Chronique de 1831 à 1862," reports "Madame de Lieven belongs to the French Embassy (in London). They consider and treat her as such; she is considerably laughed at; she 'receives' at the luncheon hour; the moment M. Guizot appears, the doors are closed, no one else is allowed in, and all who are in the house must leave. It appears that her position is, really, ridiculous and out of place, and that her only supporters are the Sutherlands, with whom she is staying."

Dearest, it is true that Ellice is very intimate with Thiers, and Thiers is certainly on very friendly and confidential terms with him.¹ I have not seen them together ; Thiers is so busy that he hardly comes to me any more, but I have reason to believe that Ellice has been his sole informant about your political situation, and that he has given him advice on that question. Actually Ellice and I have talked about nothing except France, the chambers and the parties. Every time I questioned him about England he gave the answer that everyone else gave ; that the Government's position is apparently fragile but in reality firm ; that it is impossible for the Tories to form a government, and therefore they cannot upset the present one. Ellice appears to be greatly attached to Lord Melbourne ; he talks highly of your husband, and it is he among others who impressed me with the success of your husband's speech. He was enthusiastic about it. Montrond hates him ; it is really funny to watch them. He says " *C'est le best inutile fellow que je connaisse.*"

Old Montrond is funnier than ever. I am trying hard to persuade him to come with me to England. He refuses, saying that he is too old and too deaf, that people would not like him. Nicolas Pahlen is going at the same time as I.

8th May. I have just heard of my son Alexander's serious accident ; I am absolutely overcome, in spite of everything which people tell me to reassure me.

Dearest, I am so wedded to sorrow that my imagination seizes at once upon the most horrible ideas. My heart beats with anguish at the thought of what I shall hear by to-morrow's post. If only you knew the burden of despair which my poor heart has to endure.

Between this letter and the next, Princess Lieven visited England, and stayed with the Sutherlands. She was presented to Queen Victoria, but found her cold and reserved. Queen Victoria had been warned by her preceptor and governess to "be on her guard against Princess Lieven and such-like people".

¹ But Lord Grey says, in a letter to the Princess, dated April 12th, "It (Ellice's protection) has been withdrawn, as I am told, from our ministers, and . . . his language respecting them is anything but friendly."

To Princess Lieven.

CARLTON TERRACE, October 1st (1840).

I was greatly delighted to see your handwriting again and to hear that your health is better. Lord Palmerston asks me to tell you, in reply to the Queen of Hanover's letter, that he is delighted to be of service to her, and that moreover he is very interested in this young man because of his friendship with his two uncles, Sir Herbert and Sir Brook Taylor, and that moreover the young man himself has a very good reputation in the Foreign Office. So in every way it would be a great pleasure to Lord Palmerston to promote him, and he hopes to be able to do this one day, although at the moment it is impossible because there are no suitable vacancies for him. But he will not forget him should the opportunity arise. What the Queen says about her son touches me very deeply ; it makes one very sad to think of those long periods of anxious waiting, and now there seems to be but little hope. The Flahaults both look well, she *en beauté* and he still young. Lady Clanricarde is still in London ; she thinks of going to the country but not to Paris. Her husband is returning next month and leaves for Petersburg soon afterwards. As far as politics are concerned you can be certain that I will never compromise you in any way. I am a very zealous friend, and although I have never boasted of it until now, I have always taken your part and have done the best for your interests (as indeed you have the right to expect of me after so long a friendship). Lord Palmerston wants peace more than anyone, and I cannot believe that, with everyone feeling as they do, there should be any fear of war. M. Thiers' behaviour makes negotiations difficult, but it is obvious that we in England will welcome an alliance with France in so far as our honour permits, and without abandoning our other allies. My husband is very sensible on this question, and would gladly seize the first means of arranging things in a way which would not compromise his country. So do not say that war or peace depends on him, because the whole affair depends much more upon the behaviour of M. Thiers.

France has behaved insanelly, but this is no excuse for us to be cowardly or to abandon our allies.

The Tories, that is to say the Duke and Peel, are more excited about the whole affair even than we are. Peel said to someone

quite recently that if we abandoned our treaty ¹ for the sake of France, there would be war within three months.

. . . I have scratched out my last paragraph because I do not think it is right to put down all that one hears, but I am certain that the Tories are (*illegible*) only more determined. I wish M. Guizot would occasionally mix with Society at large, and not keep entirely to his present little clique. M. Talleyrand always flirted with the Members of the Cabinet but he is not a good example to follow—underground methods never succeed in England. This is for your ears alone and you are too shrewd to misunderstand me. Lady Hardy has just married Lord Seaford.² They are going to Paris and then straight to Italy. The daughters are going with them and you will probably see them all.

I have just received your second note. I am ashamed at having been so long in answering the Queen of Hanover's letter.

To Lady Palmerston.

PARIS, October 8th, 1840.

Thank you, dearest, for your letter of the 1st. I am greatly puzzled and worried about the situation, and see nothing that offers any hope that peace will be preserved. Everyone is hurt and irritated here. I see the effect though I do not yet know the causes, unless it is Beyrouth ³ and the dispossession of the Sultan's envoy.⁴ The first of these two acts is natural, the second a little bit excessive. Is there no means of soothing the bitterness?

Personally I am constantly in dread of being forced to leave my *entresol*, and consider it very hard and very ridiculous that the fate of Europe and the private lives of so many millions of

¹ The Convention of London.

² Lady Hardy was the widow of Nelson's Admiral Hardy.

³ Beyrouth had been bombarded and taken by the English fleet, and a body of Turkish troops had been landed there. The English fleet was engaged in a campaign to expel Mehemet Ali from Syria.

⁴ The Convention of London was signed in July 1840, between England, Russia, Austria and Prussia, to protect the Sultan against Mehemet Ali; it mortally offended the French. Mme Dino, in her "Chronique", says that Princess Lieven, when in London, had been annoyed at being left out of the plot. It was she who partly contributed to Guizot's mystification, by assuring him that nothing could be happening, otherwise she would have heard of it through Lady Palmerston.

people should be jeopardized for the sake of Syria ! The French have behaved like children, it must be confessed ; but then French people are children ; and that is all the more reason for treating them as such at the present time. They will be satisfied with very little, but they must be given something. Otherwise these children will ruin the world.

I am told that the peace party is gaining ground here, but it must have support.

As a matter of fact I am delighted that the Chamber has been summoned. Unless in the meantime some unforeseen explosion should occur in the East, the debate will do good to the peace party, if it is supported by some pacific gestures on the part of the Allies. Unless this is forthcoming, some unfortunate and bombastic speech might easily upset everything and compel even the most peacefully inclined to cry " *au Rhin* " with the fanatics.

Paris is very interesting to watch at the moment. The difference between it and London is fantastic. There is constant movement, excitement ; news comes four times a day ; secrets are whispered from mouth to mouth. Everything is known an hour after it has happened. The whole scene is a comedy on which the curtain never falls.

I am not yet sufficiently recovered to open my salon in the evenings, but I see a few people in the mornings. Molé is full of bitterness against everyone ; it has made him a great deal thinner.

The ambassadors are hounded about from pillar to post, but their attitude in general is very correct ; they behave like gentlemen.

I have seen the Seaford ménage ; they look as if they had been married for forty years.

What do you think of the new King of Holland ? ¹ He is a mixture of good and bad, greatness and pettiness. If the truth must be told about him, a prepossessing exterior hides a poor mind. This is my real opinion, and I implore you not to pass it on.

Will the summoning of the Chambers here have an effect on the duration of your Parliament ?

What you tell me of M. Guizot does not surprise me at all. It is only natural that he should enjoy talking to people who share his opinions ; but I think he is sufficiently well-informed

¹ William II, who had succeeded on his father's abdication.

about England to know that there is nothing to be gained from this, other than pleasant conversation. He is quite aware that the people who talk the most are not the most influential.

Friday, 9th. I have delayed sending this letter my dear, but am finishing it to-day, having nothing fresh to say to you. Everyone is a little anxious about next Sunday; there may be disturbances in the streets. The general public is in favour of an immediate declaration of war; sensible people are against it. The Government is weak and undecided, because at heart it does not know itself whether it wants war or peace. The whole thing seems to me utterly disjointed. A wretched situation!

I am very worried, not knowing where I shall go and spend the winter. All my love and I beg you to write to me.

To Princess Lieven.

WINDSOR, *October 15th* (1840).

We have been here for the last three days and the weather is marvellous. The Queen is in excellent health, and shows no sign of her condition except an enlarged figure.

My husband is forced to go every day to London to negotiate, and we are living from day to day in hopes of seeing this great matter finally settled. It appears that France is becoming more reasonable, and as we ourselves have always wanted peace, let us hope that an understanding will finally be reached.

I think that M. Thiers would have done better to leave Lord Palmerston's letter unanswered rather than answer him after six weeks, especially since his letter expressed no fundamental change of attitude.

France is in a false position, and M. Thiers' logic will not pull her out of it. So my husband will ignore M. Thiers' letter as far as possible, because he wishes to be conciliatory and not argumentative. But there are certain mistakes which he will be forced to rectify. M. Thiers' letter has actually *helped* my husband in dealing with ignorant and mischievous people in this country, who persisted in criticizing him on the grounds that he had thrown himself into the arms of Russia! M. Thiers, in trying to create a rift between Russia and ourselves, has shown that Palmerston's great object was to keep Russia in control, and to prevent her from taking single action in support of the Sultan. I do not know if this was M. Thiers' intention,

but in any case it has been of great assistance to Palmerston here, and has refuted all the foolish rumours started by that madman Urquhart. He ought to be sent to an asylum—not at all, there appear to be people even madder than himself who pay attention to what he says. M. Thiers' letter was read to my husband on Monday evening after seven o'clock, and on Tuesday morning it was already in *The Times*, with the result that the Queen read it for the first time on the printed page, and the same thing would have happened to Lord Palmerston if he had been prevented from seeing M. Guizot. This is a curious way of carrying on political affairs! M. Guizot denies having had anything to do with it, so the letter must obviously have gone straight to *The Times* from *someone* in Paris. M. Guizot says it is impossible that M. Thiers could have done it.

Dedel dined here yesterday with Le Bon Capellon, who came to announce his King's abdication. It is a strange story. I hope that Mme D'Outremont¹ has had a finger in the pie, because it would be such a romantic drama.

Alava is very unhappy; affairs in Spain worry him incessantly, and he does not know what to do to ease his mind.

The Queen is coming to stay in London in the middle of November for the birth of her child. I am very pleased that the Queen of Portugal has escaped from her great danger, for if she had died it might have frightened our own Queen, who corresponds regularly with her and with the King her cousin.

The Duchess of Kent begs me to remember her to you; she is a very good creature and seems happier than she used to be.

I often see Paul in the street driving a large phaeton with two horses. They say there is very little hope of the Prince of Hanover having any sight at all, even after that appalling operation! What a terrible affliction.

To Princess Lieven.

CARLTON TERRACE, *Friday, October 23rd* (1840).

We are very cast-down by the loss of Lord Holland—he had been ill only for twenty hours, and the day before had been out for a drive, and had dined in perfect health. Everyone will miss him. He was such a good, kind man, and such an

¹ King William I of Holland had abdicated because his financial position was insecure. The Comtesse d'Outremont was hismorganatic wife.

enthusiastic friend. His poor wife is completely overwhelmed by this unexpected misfortune : I have not seen her yet, but she has written me a short letter, for she is calmer in her great affliction than might have been expected (poor woman, if she lives on, her happiness is at an end). I cannot tell you how overwhelmed we are by this misfortune. His illness began by vomiting and a seizure of the bowels—the doctors thought it was the effect of internal gout. His sister was also in the house and in bed. So that entire happy household is in a space of twenty-four hours plunged into the deepest mourning. But I will not entirely fill my letter with lamentations—instead, I will answer yours which I received yesterday. Your Emperor's message gave me great pleasure, for, although very behindhand, it shows a friendlier spirit, and I hope the matter will not rest there. M. Guizot is leaving on Sunday morning—we are very fond of him and extremely sorry to lose him. I would prefer that he should return here, but it will probably be best for the country and for general peace if he enters the French Government, so we must not complain. Lord P. always found him a very upright man and had nothing but praise for his dealings with him. In fact he is obviously a *gentleman* in his feelings and actions, in the most profound sense of the word, and one cannot say the same of M. Thiers ! But M. Thiers is an original character ; we must take him as we find him, and perhaps he would be more dangerous in opposition than he is in the Government. But it is shameful for France to have such a man at the head of affairs. Your letter and all the little details it contains are of the greatest interest, and I beg you to continue writing to me. All news from Paris is important at the moment.

There is further good news to-day from Syria, which has not yet been published in the papers. I hope this matter will be settled without a war ; but do not ask *me* for any news on this point, for war can only be begun by France. No one wants it here and they would only accept it with regret.

To Princess Lieven.

Tuesday, November 3rd (1840).

Thank you very much, dearest, for your interesting letter. No one has such a talent as you for making a *tableau vivant* of contemporary events.

M. Guizot has evidently many difficulties to contend with

and an enormous amount of work, but I believe he will be able to deal with it. We have great hopes of his Ministry, and everyone here says there has not been such a well-composed Cabinet since the July Revolution.

The only thing which we fear is that M. Guizot should be trapped into compromise. We would like to see him brave enough to say to the French people that there has never been any insult either in intention or in fact, and that the position in France is only due to M. Thiers' obstinacy and bad judgment. This is the truth. Bülow considers that the French people would be quite ready to believe this, but we must rely on M. Guizot himself, and trust that his great talent will enable him to decide the best possible means of bringing the matter to a successful conclusion.

In any case we hope that peace is assured, for this would be to the advantage of everyone. In England we desire two things, the maintenance of peace, and that M. Guizot should remain in the Ministry, because we trust him. To-day's news from Syria is very good, and we have every reason to hope that Mehemet Ali will agree to the conditions which have been offered him.

M. Bülow arrived yesterday—he appears better in health and is very proud and pleased with his new King, who, he says, is a miracle of wisdom, worshipped by his people and by the neighbouring Princelings. His first speech after his accession was very fine, and I am delighted that this good beginning should have produced further good results.

Bülow is quite resigned to returning here, although I believe that he had hoped to take the place of M. Werth.

Lady Holland is staying with the Duchess of Sutherland and with her family. I do not think Paris would be a very suitable place for her to live, although it has certain advantages which are not to be found here. She can stay on at Holland House if she likes, but I think she intends to take a house in Belgrave Square. She will not be very rich, but I hope she will have enough to be able to live comfortably and entertain her friends in the way she has always done. She is much touched by your letter.

To Princess Lieven.

CARLTON TERRACE, *Thursday, November 13th* (1840).

A thousand thanks, dearest, for your letter, which I have just received. The majority in the Chamber had already put us in great spirits, for we are sincerely interested in M. Guizot's success, and Lord Palmerston is ready to do his share in promoting the interests of his Ministry, as far as good wishes, friendly gestures, alliances and facilities for the future are concerned. But we are very unhappy that France should always ask *impossible* things of us, because this makes us look as though we were ill-disposed towards her.

The treaty is at present like Destiny—it cannot be altered. At the moment it is probably even an accomplished fact—Mehemet Ali can keep Egypt, but Syria is finished. Austria is decided upon this point, as we are, and is more firm and resolute than we believed she would be. Prussia and Russia are also with us. The only contradictory element here is a little Cabal in the Cabinet, and Ellice, supported by a few ignorant intriguers—in fact such a tiny element that it is not even worth considering. On the other hand, the Duke, Aberdeen and Peel are supporting us with all their strength, Lyndhurst too; then again the *Standard* and the whole of the Carlton Club, who are loud in praise of Palmerston, a fact which would make you laugh after all that you used to hear said about him in that quarter.

Moreover, we have on our side the fanatical and religious elements, and you know what a following they have in this country. They are absolutely determined that Jerusalem and the whole of Palestine shall be reserved for the Jews to return to—this is their only longing (to restore the Jews). Mehemet Ali is regarded as the persecutor of the Jews, and the Sultan as their protector. If we yield the Pashalic of Acre or the smallest piece of Syrian territory, it will be held against us, and we shall probably be thrown out at the opening of Parliament in favour of the Tories.

Our Cabinet's debate on France has already had the bad result of splitting the Whig Party, and if poor Lord Holland, who was so fanatical on this question, were still alive, I really and truly think that our Ministry would have fallen before the opening of Parliament, and that France would have had to deal with Peel and Wellington instead (for the Duke had begun to

object to our Treaty even on the ground that it left a small part of Syria to Mehemet Ali, and he made this objection *before* our success ! You can imagine what he would have said afterwards ! !)

I fear it is a very long story but a true one. Our position is as I describe it—and yet you are always telling me in your letters that Lord Palmerston appears to be making concessions and showing his desire for peace, and that he need only wish for it—as though Syria were a piece of ribbon in a shop, of which one could sell one inch more or less, and it would not matter, provided an agreement was reached.

Esterhazy has not yet arrived, but we are expecting him every day. Neumann¹ has to remain here to finish off the Eastern business, which is only fair, considering the trouble he has had. Bülow is in radiant health and much younger. I am at Home every Monday and Thursday evening—my house is a very convenient meeting place for these gentlemen, and, moreover, helpful also to Lord Palmerston, because very often a little word on the quiet is more successful than a long interview. Lady Holland is still at Westhill but talks incessantly of returning to London. Society is her greatest support in her unhappiness, and this is much better than if she shut herself completely away.

Please do write. How does Marguerite endure the fall of her adored M. Thiers ?

To Lady Palmerston.

PARIS, Monday, November 16th, 1840.

I have just received your letter, dearest, and although I wrote to you yesterday, I must answer you again. I see clearly that I was right in saying to you that I did not believe Lord Palmerston intended to hurt M. Guizot by his November despatch, for everything you tell me proves, even more positively than I thought, how much his inclinations are opposed to this. And indeed he owes it to him. I can promise you that I do not know any foreigner who is more appreciative, or even as appreciative, of your husband's merits. In public and in private, he always praises him, and in such a manner as should most flatter an intelligent man like Lord Palmerston.

Yet in spite of this mutual good feeling it has so happened that the shaft aimed at Thiers has struck M. Guizot ; this is

¹ Austrian Chargé d'Affaires.

the truth. I assure you that everyone was amazed, and that the despatch had a disastrous effect on the Ministry and on the Party in favour of peace. The new feeling will be reflected in the address.

If that despatch had even borne the date of the 30th—they knew to whom it was addressed—but dated as it was, November 2nd, there is no means of repudiating it. All M. Guizot's efforts to make it appear in a different light, to prove that it is only intended to refute the arguments of Thiers, that it is not at all concerned with the real problem in hand, all these efforts are in vain; everyone persists in believing that France is in a worse position under the new Ministry than she was under Thiers, and that instead of the hoped-for result, England evidently intends to yield nothing, and even to aggravate the situation.¹

I will tell you exactly how matters stand. The Ministry, which had begun so well, which was going crescendo and which would have had a majority of a hundred votes in favour of peace now does not know where to turn for support. Thiers is delighted, enchanted. The enthusiasts (*exaltés*) are overjoyed. It is a great pity that such a promising situation should have become so precarious all of a sudden. It is quite obvious that the present Ministry is the only one which can possibly keep the peace, and subdue the revolutionary spirit; if this Ministry is allowed to crumble, then the game is up; all reasonable people in Paris think as I do.

If only some friendly word which might wipe out the bad impression produced by the despatch of the 2nd could be sent before the debate on the address, it might do some good, or at any rate lessen the evil. Certainly the position of the English Government is excellent and triumphant. How glad I should be to see Syria swallowed up and the Pasha firmly established in Egypt! Then everyone to right and to left would be content, and peace would be maintained. I only desire peace!

Marguerite is very acid in her attitude; she still worships Thiers and hates Guizot. Flahault is more amenable. Indeed M. Guizot is at heart very much disposed to do something for

¹ At the end of October Louis Philippe had dismissed Thiers on account of his bellicose attitude towards England, and had formed a Ministry under Marshal Soult. Guizot was Minister of Foreign Affairs in the new Cabinet. The despatch referred to was Palmerston's insulting reply to the French conciliatory memorandum of October 8th.

him, and he has even told him so ; but if his wife assumes this ridiculous pose of eternal enmity, then nothing can be done. She has already harmed her husband considerably by her gossiping.

I see that my letter which should have gone yesterday has missed the post. I am including it in this envelope ; open it although it is out of date, because it contains a message from the Queen of Hanover.

Paris is full of Russian ladies, all very distinguished. It is very peculiar ; one might be in St. Petersburg. All these ladies, however, are forbidden to go to Court.

I have just received a letter from Aberdeen full of good wishes for the new Ministry, saying that England is under an obligation to do certain things for the honest man who is in power to-day, which they were not obliged to do for the *braggart* who ruled before. I realize that M. Guizot has left a very good reputation behind him in England.

To Princess Lieven.

CARLTON TERRACE, November 27th (1840).

You have not written to me for a long time. We are all full of admiration for M. Guizot's aloof and dignified attitude, and for the courage which he showed in his excellent speech, of which he was kind enough to send us a copy. I can assure you that everyone here is loud in his praise, Whigs, Tories and the general public, and nobody doubts his ability to maintain peace and to silence the violent and war-like elements in France. General Maurier ¹ dined yesterday with us and we thought him very agreeable. He is to meet my husband to-day in conference.

We hope that the great news of the capture of S. Jean d'Acre will help to make our solution easier, and will hasten our rapprochement and alliance with France. This great success (the capture of S. Jean d'Acre) is almost a miracle—our sailors are astonishing people !

The Queen is well on the way to recovery, and the little princess ² is very pretty, round, fat and white—in fact a baby who will be admired everywhere. The Prince showed her to me yesterday and seemed to be a very proud father. I think he would have liked a boy, but as he is sure to have many other

¹ Succeeded Guizot as Ambassador to England. ² Princess Victoria ("Vicky").

children, I think it is not a bad thing for such a young father and mother to wait a little longer before the arrival of a Prince of Wales.

The general public is mad with joy at this happy event, this new barrier against the King of Hanover—a propos, do you by chance know why he recalled Muenchausen¹ so suddenly? We are all sorry to lose him, especially the Royal Family, who were very fond of him. The Duchess of Gloucester told me that she had written to him to express her regret, but that he had not replied.

Esterhazy is as gay as a lark—he laughs and chatters and screams like he did twenty years ago, as though there were nothing to worry about in the world. I think he is extremely delighted to be back in England with such a firm friendship between the two countries, for he always liked England. He looks no older, younger even than before, because he now wears a toupet on the top of his head.

Lord Clanricarde is leaving to-morrow for Petersburg. He intends to be there for the festival, and I think the Emperor will appreciate this small mark of attention. She is remaining here, and her husband is returning in the spring to fetch her—at least those are their plans at the moment.

Lady Holland has returned to town and is expecting her son every day. Her position is a very unhappy one and I am thoroughly sorry for her.

Fanny and I are going to Brighton to-morrow for a week, to wipe the fogs from our brows and to enjoy the pure air and the sun which apparently exist in Brighton.

Palmerston has resigned himself to staying behind with his *red boxes*, and this is rather sad.

To Princess Lieven.

CARLTON TERRACE, 10th December (1840).

We are very pleased to learn of the strong majority in the Chamber—this is a very good piece of news, and makes us hope that M. Guizot will remain in power for a long time. At the moment we need a good, open and friendly relationship, and now that the Pasha affair has been settled, we must hope that there will be no subject of dispute for a long time ahead. I think, however, that we are more friendly disposed towards

¹ Hanoverian Minister in London.

France than she is to us, judging from the extraordinary revelations which the latest Debate has brought to light—it is an extraordinary and inconceivable affair!! M. Thiers, Remusat, Jaubert and others were involved—only M. Guizot has come well out of the whole business. These personal discussions in public are dangerous for people who have things to conceal, and who lack the gift of prudence.

M. Thiers' speech in praise of Lord Holland has done him a great deal of harm in English public opinion; first of all he declares himself to be the enemy of England and her interests, and then he tells us that he had Lord Holland's sympathy and support! Could he really believe that this piece of cynicism could be mistaken for praise? This is the incredible thing! Lady Holland and her circle were dumbfounded, and I myself am very angry, because I was fond of dear Lord Holland, and I have no doubt his intentions were excellent, although he had lately behaved a trifle stupidly. I returned from Brighton only yesterday, having enjoyed the sunshine there. The Queen is so well now that she gives audiences to her Ministers, and is going to Windsor on the 22nd.

But affairs in Paris are what interest me most, so please tell me who is this extraordinary somnambulist Mme Kisselef? Do people really believe in her or is it a farce? And how is it that the Emperor now allows the whole of Russia to visit Paris, having been adamant on this subject for such a long time? Also, is it true that you have stolen Mme de Flahault's *Thursdays* (to her great despair) so as to avoid seeing her and the English people? This does not seem to me a likely motive, but I am repeating to you what I hear and beg you to excuse my ignorance. I am also told that your soirées are interesting and very agreeable and full of lively talk, and this pleases me very much, for I know that conversation is your great joy in life, and when you are amused your health always benefits.

I am full of admiration for your Emperor. He has behaved with so much wisdom and dignity in this Eastern affair. He understood our difficulties and had sufficient courage and good faith to follow the line of wisdom and prudence which lay before him. I can assure you that his conduct made a great impression on public opinion here, and that he has risen in our esteem.

Esterhazy is gayer and younger than ever, and hides his shrewdness under a very foolish exterior. Bülow is about to leave us to take up the Frankfurt appointment, which is better

for him for family reasons (he will be able to have his daughter and his wife with him). But we are extremely sorry to lose him. This is the great drawback of diplomacy—constant separations and regrets.

The Duchess of Cambridge is greatly pleased with her trip to Italy. I hear that the Princess Augusta¹ is to marry the Duke of Mecklenburg, her cousin, a very good-looking man, very devoted to England, but unfortunately poor.

To Princess Lieven.

CARLTON TERRACE, January 28th (1841).

I hope that France will have been satisfied with the speeches of Palmerston, John Russell, Peel and others in the House of Commons last Monday, and that they will realize that this is a greater compliment than if France had been mentioned in the Queen's Speech, for this would have been very difficult, indeed impossible, considering the state of the two countries.

I do not know if France (that spoiled child) will now take up a more agreeable attitude towards us, but she *must feel* that there is a great difference between our expressions of friendship for her and her attitude towards us. To realize the difference, you might compare both Tory and Whig speeches in Monday's debate with the speeches in the French Chamber at the opening of their Parliament.

It is a very great source of satisfaction for Palmerston to see that the world is now giving him his due, after all the slander and intrigue of which he has been the victim.

The Duke's speech made a very good impression, and its loyal sentiments make a striking contrast to Peel's petty jealousies. But actually we are pleased with *everyone*, and if France would only come into line we should have a renewal of the golden age. I hear that Lord Ponsonby is not obeying orders and is giving the Sultan bad advice.² Palmerston refuses to believe this, and looks forward every day to a happy termination of the affair.

The Queen was received enthusiastically by the whole country.

¹ The Duchess of Cambridge's daughter.

² Lord Ponsonby was British Ambassador in Constantinople. He stirred up trouble between the Sultan and Mehemet Ali, by a tactlessly worded edict to the Viceroy of Egypt, which the latter could not accept. Mehemet Ali had come to terms with the united nations, but now negotiations almost broke down again.

To Princess Lieven.

CARLTON TERRACE, January 28th (1841).

Many thanks for your little letter—"little", in England, is a term of reproach—nevertheless I am very grateful to you—knowing how engaged you must be with all the interesting events which are going on around you.

We cannot entirely grasp this business of the fortifications. It seems so unreasonable to spend thirty or forty million pounds sterling in defence of a country which no one has the smallest intention of attacking; that the most civilized country in Europe should abandon all its protective work and return to the age of barbarism, when every man surrounded himself with high walls to defend himself against his neighbours—in fact to the time of our King Stephen or the Heptarchy, when this entire island was studded with fortifications, and people only thought themselves safe when they were behind stone walls. I do not doubt that M. Guizot has behaved with extreme ability in this upheaval of France—a man of his talent can always be trusted to do this. But would he not have played a nobler rôle in the eyes of posterity had he rejected this fortification scheme entirely? For, after all, these measures can only result in forcing the whole of Europe to put itself in a similar state of defence and to form a defensive League against the only country which seems to be anxious for war and preparing for it. Our measures of defence, on the contrary, are down to a bare minimum, and our additions to the Army and Navy will not amount to more than two thousand pounds sterling for the deficit of the year '40—is this not *astonishing*! But this is also due to the fact that we believe in and hope for peace, in spite of all hostile preparations on the part of France.

Now that the Eastern Affair is finished, we can only hope that there will be a good understanding between us once more, and that there will be no fresh occasion for dispute. Our speeches in the House show our desire for open friendship. The Duke of Wellington and Palmerston spoke with heart-felt sincerity. Peel courted French popularity and spoke for effect, so I am not surprised that his speech was well received in Paris. But it made a bad impression with his Party, and many of his followers criticized it on the ground that it was neither English nor sincere. He has annoyed his party in other ways too, particularly by a popular speech which he made to a Literary

Society in Tamworth, and which was more radical than Tory in sentiment. They say that his Party is extremely divided, and that the Duke and Lord Lyndhurst are on bad terms with him.

The Duke greatly frightened the House of Lords when he was seized by that sudden attack. However, he was able to attend the Christening dinner,¹ of eighty people, the day before yesterday, and they say that these attacks are not dangerous because they come from his stomach and not from his head, and that an emetic puts it right at once. I was not present at the Christening dinner, but I dined yesterday at Court and sat between King Leopold and Douro. Leopold was in good health but a little tired after a bad crossing.

Prince Albert narrowly escaped having a serious accident; the ice broke and he fell into the water up above his head—luckily he can swim, otherwise he would have been in great danger. There were only the Queen and one of the Ladies-in-Waiting to pull him out of the water, and the Queen showed much presence of mind and courage, on this occasion, as on every other.

You see I am writing you a long letter, dearest, to make you ashamed. The Clanricardes write very satisfactory reports from Petersburg, and nothing can exceed the cordiality which exists between our two countries. He is high in the Emperor's praise, and approves all he says and does. I know it will please you to hear this.

Palmerston is very much occupied with America at this moment, but he hopes that it will turn out well. The Americans are definitely in the wrong, for it is just as foolish to prosecute an individual who acts under orders from his government as it would have been to arrest the Duke of Wellington for murder after the battle of Waterloo. Luckily they chose Mr. Mcleod as their scapegoat for capturing and destroying the American vessel, and he was not present, and can prove that he had nothing to do with it—so the accusation will fall to the ground of itself and will not be inscribed in the History of the Rights of Countries.

¹ The christening of Princess "Vicky"

To Princess Lieven.

CARLTON TERRACE, *March 1st* (1841).

I am delighted at my brother's marriage, and I think he could not have done better.¹ She is a Protestant, which pleases me, and her only fault is that she is only twenty-four years old. But I hope that in this case the difference in age will not be a misfortune, for my brother is very young in mind and habits, and they say that she on the other hand is old for her years, and that, having lost her mother and kept house for her father for some years, she is accustomed to living among people of a different age from her own. In fact I see nothing to regret in this marriage and am looking forward to Adine's arrival, which I imagine will take place as soon as the weather becomes finer.

The crisis went off well, so it is obvious now that we shall be able to finish this session without a dissolution. In fact we are in a much better position than last year, and public opinion is much more in our favour, for you cannot judge by the results of a few small elections here and there; these mean nothing and are only occasioned by small local disputes.

The Duke is better—people are much less anxious about him now that the doctors are convinced that the attacks come from his stomach and not from his head. Peel is embracing liberal ideas in order to gain popularity, but this makes him unpopular with a large number of the Tory Party, and his following is thus divided into two parts—violent attacks against him appear in *The Times*, and there was a caricature of him in which he was depicted as *Under-Master* to Brougham, who is always portrayed as the Headmaster. The weather has been vile here, and no one talks of anything but colds and fever. Lady Shelburne is dead, which is a great sorrow to her family, although her health was always extremely poor.

Lady Holland is very grateful for your messages—she is very unhappy, poor woman, and much changed. I visit her practically every day, morning or evening.

We have good news from America, and I think that China will be settled satisfactorily. Lord Jocelyn, who has just arrived from Chusan,² has told us many interesting facts about this little-

¹ Frederick Lamb, Lord Beauvale, married at the age of 60, Countess Adine Mahlitzahn, the young daughter of the Prussian Minister in Vienna.

² Chusan, in a small war with China, was at this time conquered by England, and later exchanged for the island of Hong Kong.

known country. He is a very charming young man, and after two years' absence has returned just as devoted to Fanny as he was before his departure. Personally I would not be able to resist a lover who returned from China and India still faithful—we shall see. My Saturday parties have begun again, and the Queen has given several small after-dinner balls.

King Leopold has been very pleasant and agreeable here, and seems to have recovered all his old friendly feelings towards Palmerston. We are greatly delighted that M. Guizot's Government should be gaining in strength and stability. If you imagine that we are annoyed about the fortifications you are mistaken. With our feelings of friendship towards France and our desire for peace, we wish to see every country quiet and ready to lay down its arms, but if the fortresses are necessary to support the Orléans dynasty, we shall be the first to approve of it here. If on the other hand you look upon us as enemies of France and jealous of her, it would surely be better for us that she should use up her money in fortifications rather than on anything else, especially when we consider that our military authorities assure us that the fortification of a town like Paris would have no effect against an enemy—for it is not guns, but famine, which one would have to fear in a case like this. But I hope that all these things are idle dreams, and that centuries will pass before we see hostile armies in France or Frenchmen attacking territories outside their own.

Tuesday, March 2nd (1841).

Poor Lady Shelburne is dead after a great deal of suffering—how sad it is! Lady Dunmore is about to have a child, and is by no means well.

Brunow, they say, is frightened of being sent to Constantinople.

Yesterday's speeches in the House on the navy estimates are very interesting—you will probably read all about it in the French newspapers. All our parties are in agreement on the question of peace if it is *possible* (or on making preparations if there is a chance of war). The French debates are much less pleasant, but we can only hope it is part of the French national character to say much more than one thinks. I hope that M. Dupaure was among this number.

The Duchess of Kent is to go to Germany after the Queen's birthday. It is not true that the Queen is pregnant—she dances constantly, and this would not be allowed if she were pregnant.

To Princess Lieven.

March 9th (1841).

I am writing to you to announce Fanny's marriage with Lord Jocelyn. He is a charming young man, twenty-five years old, handsome, gay, very devoted, witty and pleasant, and has the advantage of having travelled through every country in the world. He has just this moment returned from China, and has told me many interesting things about it.

We are all greatly delighted with this marriage, which has all the elements of romance. He wrote his proposal of marriage in Calcutta a year and a half ago, but was unable to wait for the answer, being obliged to leave for Chusan. He therefore spent nearly two years of waiting between fear and hope, and arrived in Liverpool not knowing whether he would find her married to someone else, for during his absence he was always reading in the English papers the rumour of her engagement to some man or other.

The father (Lord Roden) is a Tory, and you know that this is a mere trifle which does not worry us, for Fanny's happiness is our first consideration, and love does not follow the dictates of politics. Moreover he is not violent in his views like his father, but very sensible and moderate.

Adieu, dearest, I have no time to add anything else. The news from America is fundamentally good—all this fuss is a Party matter—those who have been thrown out are trying to make it more difficult for those who are coming in. It is the same in America as it is in Europe.

To Lady Palmerston.

PARIS, Friday, March 12th, 1841.

I have received your little note telling me of Fanny's marriage. I hasten to congratulate you with all my heart. The dear girl has all my good wishes for her happiness, and I shall be sincerely interested to watch her career. I see her face in my imagination and am reminded of so many happy times! I saw your future son-in-law here a few years ago, and thought him very good looking.

I am delighted to hear that you do not take the American affair¹

¹ A difficulty with the U.S.A. over the settlement of the Canadian frontier line.

seriously. I should be very sorry at the outbreak of any war, even on another continent, for one never knows where a war may lead. There is quite enough to do to settle this tiresome Eastern Question, and just at the moment when everything is going well Lord Ponsonby comes along and spoils it all again! I put the blame on him because *everyone* blames him; it has become a platitude to say that if it were not for him everything would have been settled months ago.

Napier¹ has taken the opposite line, which has created an extraordinary situation.

Here they are waiting to see how the Convention of London will untie this *nodo invitigato*.

The situation is good in Paris; the parties are very peaceful; the Ministry is very strong; the country prosperous, and the weather magnificent. Dearest, the beauty of Paris in spring is incredible, and I am in an excellent situation to enjoy it.

What have you heard from St. Petersburg? Is it true that the Court is returning to Germany? What is Lady Clanricarde doing? Is she returning to St. Petersburg? I fancy not.

Everyone speaks well of your sister-in-law, and says that she is charming. I shall be much interested to see her. How oddly things turn out in this world. I should never have thought it possible that your brother would marry, and yet I am sure that he will make an excellent husband.

Montrond interrupted me in the middle of my letter. He still talks of you with gratitude and affection, and begs me to remember him to you. Send me a word of affection for him.

The poor Flahaults are about to lose one of their daughters, Adèle, the prettiest next to Emily. She is dying of an inflammation of the lungs which was badly treated at the outset by a homeopath. I hate these new cures. M. de Flahault is more miserable than his wife, who, in all things, seems to have the courage of a man.

To Princess Lieven.

CARLTON TERRACE, May 5th (1841).

It is a long time since I have written to you—my daughter's marriage took up so much of my time that I could not think of anything else—the trousseau, everything turned my head.

¹ Admiral Sir Charles Napier, who counselled Mehemet Ali to reject the Sultan's firman, which had been inspired by Lord Ponsonby.

Now that the thing is over I have settled down again as though it had all been a dream, and I do not know how to start my life again.

I am greatly delighted with the marriage—the child is extremely happy, her husband adores her, and I hope they will have a long period of happiness before them. Nevertheless it is a great loss for me and I feel it *keenly*, although I resign myself to fate and feel justified in doing so. It is very painful to lose a little companion who was with me every day, who was a friend to me and my first object of interest ! I console myself by thinking how much more painful this separation would have been if I had been left alone with my regrets, feeling as I do her loss so keenly ; but I have the consolation of having the best, kindest and most devoted husband of my own !

Little Creptonsly (?) told me that you were looking well when he left you, which I was delighted to hear ; he also said you were giving dinners and big soirées, and that you always had a charming society around you. This was good news. But how much unhappiness you have had since then—first of all Lord Graham's distressing illness, the Flahaults' sad loss, the death of Mme Vallombrosa, which must have been a great grief to Pahlen, and finally that appalling story of Mme Pozzo which I believe to have been exaggerated—although I imagine there must be a little truth in it. Give me some details about this story, and let me know if the letter which was hidden under Mme Vallombrosa's pillow was from Pahlen—it will be a great sorrow to him ! Poor fellow ! The husband always looked a brute.¹

I am given to hope that Lord Graham will recover, and I am very pleased that he should be going to the country to rest. But how he must have suffered during this crisis.

Our political affairs are not going too well at the moment, in spite of our administrative success. We are losing Elections inside and out, which is very strange, and shows that party spirit is much less strong than public spirit, and that the Guelphs and Ghibellines of modern history are willing to destroy the country to further their own party interests.

We look upon our Budget as a great political success from

¹ There was a rumour that the Duc de Vallombrosa had murdered his wife because he suspected her of being the mistress of Nicolas Pahlen, mentioned earlier as being in love with her. But the rumour was false. The Duchess died of puerperal fever.

the home point of view, and we hope that the new Tariff will please the Continent, and will make it more amenable to commercial questions. Lord Grey is furious that corn should even be thought of and is protesting loudly, but it is very difficult to do anything which pleases him. Many people think that a fixed tariff will be as beneficial for landowners as the tariff which we have at present, and revel in the fight against prejudices and obstacles.

If our difficulties increase we shall have a Parliamentary debate, and this may turn either in our favour or against us, for public opinion is a lottery, as I said to the Queen. You will have read in the paper about Lady Albert Conyngham's death—they say that the stepmother behaved very well, and that in spite of her fears of infection (scarlatina) she never left her side until her death. The Queen has gone to Windsor to enjoy the fine weather; I think she is certainly pregnant. My brother Frederick will arrive here in June, at the moment when Prince Metternich leaves Vienna for Johannesburg. We are in despair at losing Alava, and he at going. However, it is his own fault.

To Lady Palmerston.

PARIS, *Sunday, May 9th, 1841.*

I was delighted, dearest, to receive news of you at last. I well understand how Fanny's marriage must have taken up all your time. I hope that she has made a choice which will bring her happiness; she deserves it indeed, for she is a person of very firm principles.

You must be very excited in London about the present situation. It seems to be very serious. We must face the fact that England's difficulties do not cause any sorrow in Paris. In all parties there is a feeling of resentment against the English Government, and even those who were most closely attached to it cannot help gloating in secret over its present unfortunate position.

Some people foresee worse things than a mere change of Ministry; they believe that the agitation throughout the country¹ may have serious consequences for the country itself.

¹ Free Trade agitation, and an attempt to place a fixed duty on sugar and corn caused the fall of the Whigs. There were demonstrations in London and Manchester.

I do not agree with them. There is too much good sense and true patriotism in England for a personal question to develop into a revolution. It will end quite simply as it has always ended before and always will. One party thinks itself better suited to govern than the other. England was not so very unhappy when the Tories were in power; she will not be more so if the Tories should return to power again; and if they do not, England will be no worse off for having kept the Whigs.¹ You will take a little rest and then begin again later; that is the worst thing that can happen to you.

Here everything is calm, placid and prosperous. No more rows in the Chambers. They will be adjourned in a fortnight and then everyone will go to the country. The Ministry will rest on its laurels after a difficult and triumphant campaign. The King is very much pleased and satisfied.

I do not believe a word of the story about the little Pozzo girl. As for the Duchess of Vallombrosa, the rumour which was flying around as to the cause of her death is entirely disproved by the fact that Pahlen and her husband are sharing their sorrows together. They see each other every day, but no one has seen Pahlen yet; he is about to leave for Germany.

Madame Flahault intends to go to England sometime in the middle of the summer. Her husband is bound to get an Embassy; they say it will be Vienna, when St. Aulaire is appointed to London.

I am enchanted at the prospect of seeing your brother on his way through Paris; I hope this is the route he will choose. Granville is better, and they say that the country air will completely restore him to health. I have taken for the summer a little house in the Bois de Boulogne, where I shall go and take the air every day. I shall dine there whenever I like, and if need be I can sleep there also. I have a little garden to myself, a pretty view, and the house is situated on a height and shady. My health has been very good this winter, but I have just had an attack of influenza which has put me back a little.

The Londonderrys came through Paris the other day. He seems to me to be getting madder every year. He amused everyone in my salon one evening; they all laughed at him.

I was delighted to see Lady Tankerville² again. She is completely surrounded by her family, and appeared very tired;

¹ The Melbourne Ministry fell in this year, and Peel took office.

² Daughter of the Duc de Gramont.

but she is a charming and kind creature, always in good spirits and always gay. I am entertaining her to dinner this evening, and am rather excited at the prospect. I am returning civilities which I received here six years ago. I am eating *myself*. It is my right.

They say that the Queen has given Fanny as a wedding present Lady Stuart's charming house in Richmond Park. I am delighted at the joy which this will give her. The last time I was there was with her and several others ! I recollect having scolded them for eating green apples in the garden. How true it is that one can never forget what one has lost !

Adieu, dearest, give me your political news.

I fear a dissolution from what you tell me in your letter. It will mean disturbances throughout the country !

To Princess Lieven.

CARLTON TERRACE, *Friday, May 14th* (1841).

I realize from reading your last letter which I have just received that you imagine our position here to be much more serious than it is. It is a fierce struggle between two parties and that is all. Once a new Government is created there will be no further embarrassment or danger to the country. And if France is jealous enough, as you say, to wish misfortune upon us, she will only be disappointed—that is the fate of envious people.

We shall be beaten on this question after a seven days' debate—this is certain. It remains to be seen if afterwards there will be another debate or resignation. We can only take the first course with the hope or certitude of having a majority, and this is very difficult to foretell—opinions are divided on this point. Personally I would not be sorry to have a little rest ; my husband really needs it, for his work is an intolerable burden. Moreover I know that this would be a good moment for him to resign from public affairs. Everyone now gives him his due, and his praise is in every mouth—Radicals and Tories, all are proud of the position in which he has placed England ! And Ashley tells me that in the Tory camp, he is the *only* one they are sorry to lose ; that the other day, at a Tory meeting where Ashley was present, and where they were talking rather scornfully of the members of our Cabinet, they made exceptions only in the case of two individuals whose talents they recognized

—"Palmerston for his management of Foreign Affairs and John Russell for his management of the House." In fact my husband is at present held in very high esteem, and that is why I think it would be good moment for him to retire. How different his position would have been if he had retired last year, before the negotiations were started, or indeed in the year previous to that, when he was the butt of all kinds of malice and uncharitableness!!

I am very willing therefore now to quit office, and particularly thankful to have been able to keep in up to this time, as honour and glory is, I think, the first object.

If there is a new Government they say that Aberdeen will have Foreign Affairs, the Duke of Wellington, Lord President of the Council, Peel, First Lord of the Treasury, Graham, Admiralty, Stanley, Home Office, Ellenborough, Board of Control, Hardinge, War Office and Wharnccliffe, Privy Seal. And instead of Granville or Beauvale in Paris, you will probably have Cowley. I am delighted to hear that the Flahaults will have an Embassy, but I think that they will be better in Naples than Vienna.

There is a ball this evening at Court—it is an extraordinary thing that all our crises take place on ball days—it is a pity, for people who have been thrown out do not dance very well, especially the Queen, who can never hide her feelings on these occasions.

Several people have just called, and my letter has been interrupted. Nobody knows why Peel and the Tories should look so sad and depressed in the House instead of looking triumphant. I hear that there are differences of opinion in the Party, and that Peel is very much annoyed that the Duke of Buckingham insists on being in the Cabinet to lend countenance to the protectors of the Corn Bill—that Peel, on the contrary, wants to make changes, and that they are threatening not to support his Government if he does so. I do not know if this is true, but I have no doubt there are great difficulties to overcome. Aberdeen hopes that the Queen will send for him, because she hates him *less* than Peel.

I also hear that Peel wants either Follett or Sugden as Chancellor and that the Lyndhursts will be given Paris as a consolation—also that the debate will not be ended by this evening, and that the House will adjourn till Monday. There you have all my news, and I am sure that it will interest you at this moment.

Adieu dearest, I will write soon and let you know when everything is finally settled.

The Queen has been very kind to Fanny, but I do not think that the present she has given her is altogether suitable. That part of the country is delightful but very far from London—so she will have to keep *two* houses running, which is very extravagant.

To Princess Lieven.

WINDSOR CASTLE, July 9th (1841).

I am sure that you will have been grieved to hear of the poor Queen of Hanover's death—she was always very fond of you. They say that wicked husband of hers has already chosen a second wife.¹ The King and Queen of the Belgians are here and the Sutherlands, etc.

Our Queen is to go to Woburn on the 19th and to Panshanger on the 22nd. On the 23rd she will make an expedition to Brocket, will take lunch there and then return to Panshanger. Do you remember, my dear, how anxious George IV was to see our Gallery? Oh, what changes have taken place since then—that time seems so far away. I feel as though I had lived for centuries. Our elections are not going as well as we hoped, that is to say, the Tories will possibly have a majority, though not a strong enough one for them to remain long in office, and from a party point of view I think this is the best thing which could have happened to us. The Tories were too strong and too united to have as an Opposition. Their unity can only be broken by future events, and all their troubles will start the moment they are in office, when they are obliged to make an open declaration of their policy, and what they intend to do about the problems which they now criticize.

The Queen is very well and far gone in pregnancy—she will have her baby in October.²

The political situation worries her a great deal, but I think she shares my optimistic outlook, and regards the Tories as an unpleasant medicine which she must swallow in order to feel better afterwards.

Lady Jersey is triumphant about the Peel marriage, which is to take place on Wednesday, but seems a trifle worried about

¹ He did not marry again.

² The Prince of Wales was not born till November 9.

the other marriage. There has never been a greater piece of folly. She turned poor little Sarah's head with flattery—she is a good child but rather stupid, and at present dreadfully unhappy. She refuses to go out, is in despair and thinks of nothing but her intended, who may never return and, if he does, will certainly make her unhappy sooner or later. So I think, with this choice of evils, it is better that he should have left her for the moment.

Matuscewitz is in London, delighted to be back in his old way of life. I met him at Lady Wilton's house surrounded by dandies and talking about Melton. Is he in disgrace, or why have they allowed him to return?

Lord Alvanley is unchanged but still very agreeable; he mentioned a charming dinner which he had had in your house.

I agree with you, dearest, that our friendship should be able to withstand all political changes. I think that if there is a change, we shall be even *greater* friends, for my brother said jokingly one day that you were not very easy to please in regard to Foreign Ministers (English, I mean!). We shall see!

To Princess Lieven.

CARLTON TERRACE, July 15th (1841).

I have to-day returned from Windsor, where I spent a week with King Leopold and his charming wife. The child is much better. They have been very worried, unreasonably so, but it is natural to be alarmed at everything where an adored child is concerned. For that reason the Queen has postponed her little round of visits to Woburn, Panshanger and Brocket until a week later. She is in excellent health, but sad about our elections, and gloomy at the prospect of being soon faced with Ministers whom she detests.

The Tory majority will be stronger than we imagined, but nevertheless not so large as the newspapers say, and whatever majority there is will be decreased later on by the petitions. But I will spare you the details. We are *delighted* that the treaty¹ has been signed and that we are now on good terms with France. I cannot tell you how much this pleases me! Firstly for the sake of European peace, and secondly for Palmerston's personal reputation; he will have successfully carried through four big problems—Portugal, Spain, Belgium and the East, apart from several others which are being tackled now,

¹ The Straits Convention.

China, America, and the recognition of Texas, etc. Englishmen of all parties are at last giving him his due, which is delightful for me, who have seen him so long the butt of slander and malice, during his first years of office as Minister of Foreign affairs.

Even the most fanatical Tories confess that they cannot hope to replace him, and that his is the only department beyond criticism. If you have read any of the speeches on the *Hustings* you will have seen that every Whig member boasted about the party's management of Foreign affairs.

Palmerston has a further merit which should appeal especially to you—that of having re-established a good understanding between England and Russia.

So I consider it no bad thing that he should enjoy a little rest, having gained all these laurels, and I can assure you that I look forward with pleasure to the prospect of retiring to Broadlands this winter, after our return from Ireland, where we are going in order to inspect his property, which he has not seen for over ten years.

Lady Jersey is triumphant over her Peel marriage, and very uneasy about the other. Esterhazy looks miserable, and hides himself away as much as he can. They say he is certainly leaving for Vienna.

Bülow and Neumann ¹ are also packing their bags. Alava is much missed, and we are sorry to think that we shall soon see nothing but strange faces. Frederick is in Toplitz, in excellent health, and talks of coming here. Fanny and her husband leave the day after to-morrow for Marienbad, for the latter's health—he suffers from constant recurrences of the *fièvre tierce* which he caught in Chusan. Probably she will return through Paris, and she intends to stop in Ems to see the Flahaults.

I hear you have a charming Society around you, and that you give delightful little dinners. How I wish I could spend my leisure in coming to see them for myself.

To Princess Lieven.

CARLTON TERRACE, *August 6th, 1841.*

We spent a charming week at Woburn,² Panshanger and Brocket—The Queen was enchanted to see with her own eyes the places she had heard so much about. Brocket was of especial interest to her, and we had a wonderful garden party

¹ Austrian Chargé d'Affaires.

² The Duke of Bedford's house.

there. Everywhere she goes she is welcomed with enthusiasm, and it is obvious that she has only to show herself to be adored. Our people are so fundamentally royalist ! The main roads were thronged with people, there were triumphal arches, and the crowds went mad with joy and enthusiasm.

The Queen had the rooms at Panshanger which you used to occupy (she had the whole suite). She was so enraptured by the view from the window that she is sending an artist to paint it. Every morning between eight and nine she took her customary walk alone with the Prince, and they visited the game-keeper and the pheasants. The game-keeper did not recognize them, and, unwilling to believe that a Queen could leave her bed at such an early hour, called them My Lord and My Lady, which amused the Queen greatly—Poor little Queen ; she has a great many cares ! But at least it is a blessing that she should have such a model husband. He is like Prince Charming of the fairy tale, gifted at birth with every possible attraction.

My husband and I are settled here until the opening of Parliament. He has so much to do that he cannot leave even for a moment. My brother is at Windsor, the Sutherlands in the country, and almost all society as well. The Clanricardes are in London, but only in order to furnish their new house.

On the 19th London will be full once more—everyone is eager to know what will happen—and I will tell you a most curious fact, which is that with a majority against us of 77, certainly a formidable majority (even though there might be a decrease of 20 as we believe), our party remains in the best possible spirits and confident of ultimate success, and the Tory party on the contrary very low and feeling all the difficulties of their position—constituencies only just beaten become only more active and more confident that they will carry their member next time. It is an extraordinary state of things and I assure you quite true—we ascribe our defeat to fatigue and supineness and want of activity and not to want of strength or a change in public opinion, and are therefore confident of success for the future.

Peel has started his first quarrel with the violent members of his party by declaring in favour of our Speaker (Lefevre), which offends them very much, and his mainstay, *The Times*, above all. People are very scornful about his Tamworth speech—he gives a dinner in that little town *on purpose* to have an opportunity to explain his ideas—and then he explains nothing—he

only makes a few rather heavy jokes about doctors who unwisely vaunt their remedies before they have a reputation—with the result that his dinner has given him the nickname of Quack Doctor and Sir Rhubarb Pill—a pitiable situation.

My brother is at present staying with Prince Metternich at Königswart, and does not seem to know whether he will return here this autumn or in the spring. They say that his marriage is still in the tender stage—she writes often to me and I would love to see her.

I am sorry to see all our diplomats leaving. The only old remaining friend is Dedel¹; Matuscewicz is going to-day—he has aged in figure, but not in behaviour, I fancy. He still worships Melton and the Dandies.

To Lady Palmerston.

PARIS, *August 12th*, 1841.

I received your letter of the 6th telling me about the Queen's visit.² I can imagine what a pleasure this gave you, and I think it very natural that you should be enthusiastic about her. It is easy for a queen to give pleasure, and she favours your party to a marked degree. When King William was well disposed towards the Whigs, Lord Grey went so far as to maintain that he was a very clever man, though the poor King could make no such claim.

When I reflect on everything which I saw in England I find much to occupy and divert my mind. There were so many curious events and situations. What an extraordinary period the reign of George IV was! I have the sharpest recollections of that time, and when I look over my note books I sometimes laugh just as loudly as we used to laugh, you and I, when we met after dinner in our rooms for a mutual exchange of indiscretions. What a happy time that was, at any rate for me; it was the best time of my life. How quickly the happy times desert us!

I am very much interested about what is to happen at the beginning of September; how will the Tories manage to win favour with the Queen? Surely Peel has nothing in his manners that could please her;³ will she adopt the same attitude as

¹ Dutch Minister.

² To Panshanger and Brocket.

³ Cf. Wellington's remark: "I have no small talk and Peel has no manners."

George IV, who never could believe what Lord Liverpool said because he disliked him personally?

Neumann has arrived. I ply him with questions, and find his attitude very independent and very unprejudiced. He will make no prophecies, although he believes that for the moment the situation is favourable to the Tories. I am reminded that the Duke of Wellington thought that England was ruined and the Tory Party permanently destroyed.

Neumann says that the Esterhazy marriage will be concluded in spite of everything. Lady Jersey seems to have been cleverer than poor Esterhazy.¹ People are talking at the moment of nothing but the Duke of Bordeaux's accident.² The Legitimist Party has been much upset by it, and are limping in sympathy with their Prince. It is a very sad thing for that poor young man.

Toulouse³ is a bad thing for the French Government, although everything has quieted down again now. It will mean a certain awkwardness for them at the opening of the new session.

You have no conception how empty Paris is; now even the Apponys are leaving, and will be away for eight or ten months. I shall be practically devoid of feminine society. I hope and pray that some English people will come here, and am inclined to believe they will. But who will be the ambassadress?

My Ambassador is returning next week, which is pleasant to look forward to. Nicolas Pahlen returned a few days ago, a little less sad than at his departure, but he hates Paris and intends to spend the winter in Egypt. Write to me please, dearest; I have no one but you as a regular correspondent.

The King of Hanover writes me very gloomy letters; he is now at Ems; I have an idea that he will not live much longer. I do not know whether his edict with regard to his son is a sufficient guarantee to ensure the succession. There may well be a dispute about it by reason of his blindness. It is a pity, for he is a very good young man.⁴

Alava is going to spend a few days in Ems; he has been very ill.

¹ Esterhazy's son Nicholas married Lady Jersey's eldest daughter.

² Son of Duc de Berry, grandson of Charles X. He was lamed in a carriage accident.

³ The census question had annoyed the inhabitants of Toulouse, and there were riots.

⁴ George, though blind, fought at the battle of Langensalza, in the Austro-Prussian war.

To Lady Palmerston.

PARIS, September 17th, 1841.

Thank you, dearest, for your letter of September 8th. I have never known anyone leave office so gaily as yourself, nor anyone so certain of returning to it. You certainly do not foresee a long life for the new Ministry. Perhaps they do not feel as you do in the matter. In the meanwhile since the recess is to be so short why do you not come and spend part of it in Paris? Otherwise when will you see it again?

I am still interested to know who will be the new English ambassador. They have been a long time deciding!

I am sure you were revolted, as everyone was here, by the outrage on the 13th. Imagine a horror like that, and so senseless! For what can it matter to the dynasty whether there is a Duc d'Aumale more or less?¹ There was a great outcry here among all parties, and on every new occasion of this kind people are amazed that Providence should interpose to preserve the Royal Family from the most carefully calculated crime. The murderer fired at a distance of only three paces, and the Duc d'Aumale was only saved by the horse of the rider beside him rearing its head at the moment of the shot. It was killed by the bullet, which pierced its brain.

I even hear the Legitimist Party questioning Providence for its faithfulness in saving the lives of this dynasty, yet permitting that fatal accident at Kirchberg. However I do not think that the Duke of Bordeaux's life is in any danger, but they say that he will have a permanent limp.

Flahault is delighted with his appointment to the Embassy in Vienna.² And indeed he has reason to be. He intends to pay one more visit to his family in Brighton, and will take up his duties at the end of next month. I would be very pleased if Emily³ found a good husband in England.

Talking of husbands, what has happened to the Esterhazy marriage? I have written to Lady Jersey but received no reply.

¹ The Duc d'Aumale was the fourth son of Louis Philippe.

² The Duchesse de Dino, in her "Chroniques", writes on May 5th of this year: "The King wants to send Montebello to Vienna, but M. Guizot, pushed by Mme de Lieven, wants Vienna to be given to Flahault. It is rumoured everywhere that Madame de Lieven makes and unmakes ambassadors, and the cries of protest against her in French diplomatic circles are very violent."

³ She married Shelburne, afterwards Lord Lansdowne.

Please tell me about her. What does she say? When is the Queen to be confined?

It is said here that the fury of the Beauforts, the Wiltons and the Chesterfields is counted to Peel for credit in England, and that they regard it as only right and proper that people of such soiled reputation should be kept at a distance from the Court. I consider the choice of the Duchess of Buccleuch and of Lord Delaware ¹ excellent.

Lord and Lady Mahon have arrived in Paris for a few days. They have chosen a very bad time to come. There is not a cat in Paris.

I imagine that there is a certain amount of social life in London at this moment of Parliament's re-opening. But to me this month was always the most boring. Lord Mahon tells me that you are thinking of going to Italy. The Granvilles are going to Nice at the end of October. Do let me know if Lord Beauvale is returning to England, and if I can hope to see him in Paris. I long for it. I imagine that Lord Melbourne will find it difficult to forget his royal habits, and I can well conceive his regret at the change of Government, seeing how attached he is to the Queen. Why should he not also consider coming on the Continent?

I am amused to hear that Lord William Russell wishes to remain on in Berlin.²

Write to me and tell me your plans, and do send me a few people to Paris.

To Princess Lieven.

CARLTON TERRACE, *February 5th* (1842).

I could not answer your letter any sooner, because I have not had a moment to spare since my arrival in London. The King of Prussia's ³ visit occasioned a riot of parties, day and night. The Duchess of Sutherland's was the most magnificent, for everything in that house is a fairy-tale of splendour. The King stayed till 2 in the morning, and appeared very contented and happy. He is a charming King, and has had an unparalleled success at Court, in the town, and even with the common people—he is cheered wherever he goes. People are flattered

¹ As Mistress of the Robes and Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen.

² As Ambassador.

³ Frederic William IV, who had just succeeded to the throne of Prussia.

that he should have come in person for the christening, and the clergy also worship him as though he were a kind of Protestant pope, so he is courted by royalty, Church, literature and fashion! Their only regret is that he should not stay longer, although personally I am surfeited with parties and ceremonies.

He was very polite to William Russell—to a marked degree, in fact. This was good of him, for you probably recollect his quarrel with Aberdeen for having recalled him so rudely. But I hope there will be a reconciliation here. Lord Aberdeen should apologize for having recalled him with so little ceremony, and William Russell should apologize for the offensive remarks which he made in his letter to Lord Aberdeen.

The Queen opened Parliament yesterday, and my daughter Fanny made her début as Lady-in-Waiting. Her speech was practically a repetition of that of last year, and the Government and the farmers appear rather foolish, having turned us out on the pretext of wishing to amend the Corn Bill. They seized our places and our ideas, so naturally we had to clap our hands and applaud as though they were introducing new and brilliant suggestions of their own. But their position is not a good one, and their supporters are very angry, perhaps not sufficiently so to join the opposition—they may be content to remain silent and sulky.

The Duke of Wellington is very cross and ill at ease, but he has no power and can do nothing. Peel is master of him and of all the Cabinet. He is to give a detailed account on Wednesday of his intended amendments to the Corn Bill. He was stupid enough to insist upon a Sliding Scale—now he cannot suddenly abandon the idea, and it is a bad one. So he will compromise by keeping to the Sliding Scale, and try to make it resemble as much as possible a Fixed Duty. I see I am boring you, so I will stop this subject.

The Queen behaves perfectly to her Ministers, very courteous and polite. She sees them as little as possible, and they all realize that she dislikes them as much as they expected. But they had thought that she would turn her back on them and be definitely rude (like a badly brought up child), so they are delighted to find that she endures their presence with so much patience and fortitude. The effect of this behaviour is to make everyone sing her praises, all except Lady Jersey, whom the Queen cannot abide, and whom she has only once asked to dinner since her husband's promotion to office.

Her marriage is still waiting for Esterhazy, and his behaviour passes all bounds. I am very sorry for the young girl—the mother is unhappy too, but she has behaved so stupidly and badly that one cannot pity her.

My brother is better of his gout, and made an excellent speech yesterday in the house. Our party is very patient, and not at all discouraged. People are betting that my husband will be back in the Foreign Office by the end of the year. Personally I do not believe it, and do not want it. His position is excellent, and I would much prefer to stay as we are for a year or two, or even longer. All parties praise him, and this is better than slavery and toil. The things which make him unpopular in France make him popular in England. People realize that he is truly English, that he puts his country's interests before all else. This was why he tried so hard to achieve friendship with France, because he thought it was in the interest of both countries. If France is jealous and does not like his policy, then it is her fault. We cannot sacrifice our honour for a false profession of friendship.

Your speeches in the Chamber last year showed only too clearly that the French hatred of us dated from Waterloo—probably farther back than that. The July treaty and Lord Palmerston served only as a pretext to disclose what they could not be bothered to hide any longer.

My soirées begin to-morrow.

To Lady Palmerston.

PARIS, *February 21st, 1842.*

I was delighted with you for recounting to me the King of Prussia's success. I see that it was complete in London. It now remains to be seen whether this will do him good or harm in Berlin. I hear that his journey to England was not approved of there. There is a certain spirit of disgruntlement in Prussia—the Germans are a logical people, and the present King does not inspire the same fear or respect as his father did.¹ His father, though a man of mediocre intelligence, seemed to inspire a tremendous veneration. He was an entirely simple character and always followed the same straight and narrow course. The present King has an altogether wider intelligence. It is a quality more suitable to a private person than to a King.

¹ Frederic William III.

But I seem to be becoming rather doctrinaire,¹ so I shall come to a dead stop, like you on the subject of the sliding scale ! It is true that I do not understand one word about that business. What I do understand however is that Peel has a superb majority, and that he appears to be established in power for some considerable time.

Here M. Guizot's last speech against electoral reform and the division which followed it seem to have greatly strengthened his position ; and although one cannot guarantee him an equally long existence as Peel (because nothing in France resembles England nor is so lasting), one can nevertheless be fairly certain that he will command the remainder of the session and the elections too, unless any unforeseen incident should arise. He does not seem to regret in any way not having signed the Treaty last summer.

Dearest, how sad I am to hear of M. de Maltzahn's² condition ; this must be a cause of great sorrow to your sister-in-law. Tell me if she and your brother are likely to come to Paris, and when ?

Hardly had the little Brignolés girl been married than she fell seriously ill ; they say that she has been suffering from this illness for several months already and had said nothing about it. Her parents are extremely worried. She is young, which is a point in her favour. The little Duke of Melzi³ is a charming husband, very solicitous to his wife. A veritable sister of mercy.

Pozzo was foolish enough to die two years before his funeral service. Very few people went to it, and he has passed out of everybody's thoughts. I, however, think constantly about him. He was one of the great historical figures of our century, and his presence lent great distinction to Russian politics ! The variety and fertility of his intelligence will be difficult to replace. I personally can find no substitute for the charm of his conversation in his best period.

The Cowleys⁴ have opened their house. I cannot attend their soirées because my rheumatism does not allow me to go out in the evenings. They seem to have made a good first impression on everybody.

¹ The "doctrinaires" did not believe in absolute sovereignty, a precept in which Princess Lieven had been nurtured all her life.

² Lord Beauvale's brother-in-law.

³ A rich aristocrat of Milan, who married the daughter of the Marquis de Brignolé-Sale.

⁴ Newly appointed English Ambassador in Paris.

Adieu, dearest. Tell me something of what Emily de Flahault is doing, whether she is making any conquests. Lady Leveson mentioned Sidney Herbert in this connection.¹ It would be an excellent thing, but is there any truth in the rumour? Sebastiani is greatly upset by his wife's death. I am sure that Lady Tankerville² feels the same about it.

To Princess Lieven.

CARLTON TERRACE, *March 24th* (1842).

If you show my letters (which incidentally I do not like at all), I beg at least that you will show them to people who are reliable, and who will not write here and exaggerate what I have said. And I beg you especially not to show my correspondence to Henry Greville—he always writes to his brother,³ and his brother repeats everything in the Club, and then I have the great pleasure of hearing repeated what I have written to you in confidence, but so altered that I would not have recognized it if I had not been able to trace the source from which it came.

Sir Robert Peel has great difficulties with his Tariff and Income Tax—the Tariff is not at all well received by his Party, which has always been very strongly against Free Trade—and the Income Tax becomes more unsatisfactory every day because he has not succeeded in finding an excuse for levying it. But I think all the same that his Budget will pass, because his majority will support him, and because party spirit is at this moment stronger than any other consideration. But I think his power and the devotion of his party will be very strained as a result, and that he will feel the effects of it sooner or later.

You will be delighted to see Lord Lansdowne in Paris, and Ellice from Naples—these two will at least provide you with some good conversation. I am sorry to see in the newspapers that M. Guizot's mother is so dangerously ill. We have had several deaths here which have been a source of grief to a great number of people, especially the catastrophic affair of Lord Munster!⁴—it appears that either the blood or the gout went to his head—but I think he was not happy in his family life, and he suffered greatly from disappointed ambition. He always thought that he should have become Prince of Wales. Lately

¹ He did not marry Emily de Flahault.

² See letter of September 12th, 1842.

³ Charles Greville.

⁴ Eldest illegitimate son of William IV. He committed suicide.

he wanted to be made Governor of India, and he thought that every vacant Governorship should have been given to him. The Queen has shown every kindness to the family in their loss.

Adieu, dearest, we are leaving at this moment for Broadlands—I am a good kind woman, so I forgive you your little indiscretion.

To Lady Palmerston.

PARIS, April 16th, 1842.

Please forgive my laziness, dearest, but really my health is bad and I lack the spirit to write letters.

You are now in the midst of Parliamentary activity and social dissipation. It is obvious that Peel will have a strong majority in spite of the grumblings of his own party.

But how sad, your affairs in India! You will need time, money, troops, to re-establish order. I am greatly distressed at the sorrow which the Afghanistan business has caused the Flahauts. Public opinion about General Elphinstone is very prejudiced and unfair.¹ It would surely be only right to hear his own version of the matter before condemning him or even suspecting him. It is only natural that when a whole army has thus been destroyed people should be inclined to lay the blame on the leader of that army. Always and everywhere people point an accusing finger at those in power when anything unfortunate occurs, and very rarely give them credit for anything good. Thus Peel lays the entire blame for the situation on your Government, for you had held power for eleven years previously, and had bequeathed him many difficult tasks; to-day he is casting the blame upon you; there are bound to be some pretty bombastic speeches on the subject.

I was delighted to see Lord Lansdowne, although he was so busy when he was here that he had hardly any time to devote to me. I believe he was struck by the strength of popular feeling against England which seems to prevail here. The French are still very bitter, and I would never have credited them with retaining an impression for so long. It will be long before they forget 15th July² and Tiverton.³ I see that you are in the full tide of dissipation; do you still give your Saturday

¹ General Elphinstone was related to Madame de Flahaut.

² Date of the signing of the Convention of London.

³ Lord Palmerston's constituency.

receptions? Tell me if Emily is at all attracted to Lord Shelburne. I saw him a little when he was here, and really I think that I should be quite glad to marry him myself. He seems to be a very nice young man, and not without intelligence. I do wish Emily would marry.

The Duke of Devonshire is expected in Paris. I am looking forward very impatiently for Lord Beauvale to arrive, but at the moment he would hate Paris, for it is very cold here. How the English have deserted us! There is no one left, and I am even more bored than I was before. I am seriously thinking of taking sea baths at Dieppe this summer.

I hope that Fanny's confinement is progressing satisfactorily.

To Lady Palmerston.

PARIS, March 10th, 1842.

You never answered my question about Lord Beauvale. Are you expecting him in England, and will he return by way of Paris? I should be so happy to see him. It is now nearly six years since I saw him last.

I see that you have started your soirées in London again. What is your impression of Mme de St. Aulaire? What is Emily de Flahault doing? I am very anxious that she should find a husband. Lord Shelburne, who is here, is very distinguished and not devoid of intelligence. He is not very good looking, it is true. If he made a proposal I should be very sorry if Emily refused him, for what she needs is to be well settled in life.

Your last letter proves to me that you do not consider the Afghanistan affair as very serious. However it seems pretty terrible from what one reads in the newspapers. It is dreadful to think of the sacrifice of so many good lives!¹

Do explain to me why you think that Peel is in a weak position. Judging from a distance, one would say from the enormous majorities he enjoys that his position was sound and very lasting. What can upset him if both Houses are on his side? Your party always had one House against it, and minorities sometimes even in the other, and certainly never such big majorities as his; yet you managed to exist in spite of it.

¹ When the British, retiring from Kabul, were treacherously attacked by the Afghans and all but one man killed.

Neumann must be very pleased to be a Minister at last¹; but do you think that the Great Powers will really submit to this régime? It will surely be difficult for you to receive ambassadors without sending out any in return. I am sure that they will miss Esterhazy in London; his contemporaries will recall the good old days of European diplomacy in London. Certainly those were brilliant days from the diplomatic point of view, the days of twenty years ago. I have reached the age when I look back on past times as infinitely preferable to the present, and when I say this, I am not taking into account all the sorrows which have been my lot in these last years. Your life has turned out very differently from mine, and you are probably lucky enough to find the present more agreeable than the past. But this, I repeat, is unusual, and perhaps unique in your case.

How is young Nicolas Esterhazy's marriage turning out? Is it true that Lady Jersey and Lady Londonderry have quarrelled over a point of etiquette?

To Princess Lieven.

CARLTON TERRACE, *April 22nd (1842).*

I am very happy, dearest, to see your handwriting once more. The weather is improving now, and I hope that your health will benefit by it—we have also had an east wind here and very nasty spells of cold weather which made a great many people ill.

I have had no soirée since Easter—there are so many balls and parties at the moment that every day of the week is taken; so I shall wait until later. The Queen is to give a concert on Monday and a fancy dress ball on the 12th, which is causing a great deal of agitation and excitement. Fanny is at present in Waiting, and full of Court affairs. The Queen is so good to her that it is a real pleasure to her to be in Waiting.

The Afghanistan disaster is causing us no anxiety for the future. The Tories have exaggerated this in order to sway the public in favour of their new taxes, and from this point of view the misfortune has been beneficial to them; however, this will all soon be cleared up. We are very satisfied with our clear and well-defined position; we envy Peel neither his present majority nor his reputation for double dealing. In the last

¹ Appointed Austrian Minister in London.

debate he was told a great many home truths which he thoroughly deserved. Lord Stanhope especially (as you know he has always been a staunch Tory) said that all the last elections had been won through deception—that if Peel had only declared his intentions in regard to the Corn Bill and Tariffs “he would have been spared the trouble of taking office”. There is no doubt that he owes his success in the election to having pretended to support the Corn Bill and to be against our trade reforms. Instead of which he is following in our tracks (in a manner less beneficial to the Public). There has never been such a betrayal of trust—for those who relied on him. Nevertheless, his party would gain nothing on the tariff except to overthrow him and put us in his place—and *we* cannot blame him for abandoning his own principles and for embracing *ours* instead.

In fact, it is a repetition of his behaviour over the Catholic question—but this time the Tories are not so easily taken in—they have profited by experience, and prefer to keep the traitor rather than to punish themselves by punishing him. This is the reason for his majority!! But they relieve their feelings in private conversation, and Lord Willoughby said to me yesterday, “Have we not been horribly sold!”

The Income Tax pleases all those who have less than £150 a year—also the Irish, whom he has exempted from these taxes. We are opposed to them because Peel has not been able to show the need for them, and because in spite of all argument, it is obvious that there is no need for them at the moment. At the same time we are not *sorry* that this tax should have been imposed by Peel, and that he should have to support all the unpopularity of the measure—this cannot fail to have its effect so soon as the details are known. No doubt it is good for the country to have in hand a large surplus sum in case of an emergency, that is to say if the people are willing to advance the money (and we hold no responsibility for having imposed this tax without proving the need for it).

Dearest, there you have a résumé of the state of affairs over here, and I do not think this will bore you, because the speeches and the newspapers are so dreadfully muddled about the whole affair that it is impossible to obtain a clear view.

I am surprised that Lord Lansdowne should not have realized the spirit of hostility in France before he went to Paris. It seems to me that your debate in the Chamber has revealed that only too clearly. Was it not M. Jaubert who declared in one

of the debates that he would never forget that his father had died at Waterloo ! Trafalgar and Waterloo are the real sources of the bad feeling and jealousy which now exist. French vanity is wounded by our success—the Restoration Government has become hostile to us in spite of the debt which it owes us. The government of Louis Philippe pretended to be friendly so long as it needed us, but the spirit of revenge was only hidden, and they seized upon the treaty as a pretext for hatred, perhaps also the outspoken remarks which were made at Tiverton. All these things however, are only a pretext, and what is so extraordinary is that this hatred and ill feeling should be so one-sided, for we do not hold the same feelings towards France. We wish her well, and both Parties have always spoken of her with friendship and regard, deploring only her infantile display of rage, and hoping that this was a mere passing whim—for it is our two countries above all who should be united, both for their own personal interests and for the sake of European peace. But with this unhappy spirit of hatred abroad in France, I do not see why you should be surprised that the English have deserted Paris, and that, instead of visiting people who hate them, they should prefer to travel in Italy, Switzerland, Germany, or in fact anywhere else—and I imagine that so long as France maintains this hostile attitude you will see very few English people in Paris.

Shelburne goes a great deal in the world, but I do not see any signs of a renewed attachment for Emilie, and I am sorry, because I think this would be a happy marriage for both of them. Miss Stewart's marriage is to take place in six weeks. The St. Aulaires have given several very successful soirées ; they are very courteous and polite, and this always makes a good impression in England. The Brunows gave a magnificent ball last week. We have not been told of any successor for Esterhazy, but I understand that he told Lady Jersey that he intended to return next spring, terrified lest she and her daughter might follow him to Vienna—what a coward !

Is it true that you often see King Louis Philippe *à deux* (this is another rumour) and that his health is very poor ? I hope that it is untrue about his health, for his death would be a great misfortune for France and perhaps for Europe. Lord Auckland will arrive here soon ; it is sad for him to have to defend himself after such a period of brilliant success, but he is quite right. All blame will fall upon the army chiefs for

their foolish sense of security and carelessness—they believed that it was possible to trust savages, and took not the smallest precaution to defend themselves against treachery—it is incredible.

To Princess Lieven.

CARLTON TERRACE, *July 13th* (1842).

I think that you will be seeing my brother very shortly—he intends to leave Les Bains d'Aix for Paris on the 15th—but please do not be too kind to them, for I fear that might delay their departure, which would be agonizing for me—you can imagine how much I long to see them after a separation of six and a half years—and such tremendous changes in that time!!

The Duchess of Bedford and Lady Ponsonby are full of praises of my sister-in-law, and everyone who has seen her says the same. My brother is indeed lucky to have *at last* found such a charming and devoted wife—it was worth the trouble of waiting.

Mme Flahault intends leaving for Ems on the 25th and is omitting Paris for the moment. Her daughter is very much admired but refuses to find a husband, which upsets her very much.

A large part of society has left London, and others are about to leave, although Parliament will probably continue for another few weeks. We used always to be blamed for our long parliamentary sessions, but the present Government seems to copy us in this, as in many other ways.

Personally I had hoped that when we were defeated I should enjoy the pleasures of idleness in the country and my flowers, but not at all! Here we are nailed to London, and my husband is still full of business.

But the thing which occupies people's minds at the moment more than anything else is the distress and misery of the lower classes—especially in the manufacturing towns. The accounts we hear are very distressing and not at all exaggerated, and they make us anxious about the coming winter.

Peel's Tariff has been very badly set out—it has all the disadvantages of ours without the advantages—and trade is for the moment completely paralysed. This is a much more serious matter than any question of party or individuals.

The third attempt on the Queen's life is still more idiotic

and absurd than the others, but it is dreadful to think how much danger these little wretches can cause, and they keep one in a state of constant anxiety ! The new idea is to put a stop to their insane vanity—instead of summoning the Privy Council and setting in motion all the apparatus of High Justice, which only makes these miserable creatures feel important, to treat them with the greatest scorn, to whip them well and send them to (*illegible*) in order to destroy their romantic ideas and remove their prestige as heroes.

Lord Auckland is expected any day, bringing all the details about India. I am afraid you will find my letter boring, and I make my excuses in advance, but I have nothing new to tell you. Write and let me know what you think of my sister-in-law. M. Brunow is giving a ball this evening to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the Emperor's marriage.

Adieu, dearest. I am very glad to know that you are happy and apparently looking very well and much younger.

To Lady Palmerston.

PARIS, July 19th, 1842.

I must thank you for your letter of the 13th, written on the very day of that cruel event which is the greatest misfortune for the King and for France¹ ; it is really a cruel stroke of Fate ! The general sympathy for the poor Royal Family and grief at the loss of this charming prince was stronger than anyone expected, for the Parisian populace is apparently so frivolous and so tepid in its sentiments towards the present dynasty. However, on this occasion the grief and anxiety were general. There is an atmosphere of sadness and gloom everywhere. Your newspapers have been admirable about the whole affair, and have made a very good impression. Certainly the whole of Europe must share in this misfortune.

The King is very pathetic, and though he does not display his grief, he is probably the one who is most affected by it. I am told that he weeps incessantly ; nevertheless he still carries out his work. The moment is grave. What would happen if the present King failed ? No one can contemplate such a possibility without dread.

The question of the regency is a very serious one. One

¹ Death of the Duc d'Orléans, eldest son of Louis Philippe, in a carriage accident.

hopes for unanimity of opinion, though this appears doubtful. Certainly the most natural thing would be that the uncle should become regent, and that the mother should have control over the Prince's education; this is the solution which seems to me to meet with most people's approval.

The Comte de Paris¹ is in better health at present. His brother is a puny creature, and neither of them have very strong constitutions. The Duchess of Orléans has borne her sorrow with much more dignity than anyone expected. Personally I prefer weakness to strength in women. It is more feminine.

Can you imagine the poor Queen's state of mind; of course you have read the account of that sad day and of her passionate but controlled grief, which gave her sufficient strength to follow her son's funeral procession on foot! Marshal Soult, who was present with the other ministers at the four hours of prolonged agony, who witnessed the harrowing spectacle of the unfortunate parents' grief, and who took part in the sad procession, told me that the recollection of it would shorten his life, so strong an impression did the scene create upon his imagination. Judge what the effect on the parents must be!

To Lady Palmerston.

BEAUSÉJOUR,² *Sunday, July 31st, 1842.*

I must write a line to you, dearest, before your brother's arrival in London. He has been here for the last few days, and is leaving on Wednesday. I can hardly describe to you what a pleasure it was for me to see him. He is one of the very few people whom one can be certain of finding always the same. The same gaiety, the same frankness, the same impulsiveness of mind, the same detached outlook upon everything. It would be a pleasure to talk to him, even for someone who was not as fond of him as I am. He is thin, but he looks well. His wife is really charming. She cannot fail to make a good impression on everyone by her gentle manners, her intelligent and distinguished appearance. And then, how she adores her husband, how taken up with him she is! Their

¹ The Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres were the Duc d'Orléans' two sons, next in order of succession.

² Princess Lieven had just taken this house on the outskirts of Paris, at Passy, where Guizot used to visit her after the exhaustion of Parliamentary debates,

relationship is like that of a middle-aged woman in love with a handsome young man, where the handsome young man accepts his wife's adoration with gratitude and affection, and nothing more. But they are very pretty to watch, and their relationship is probably a very unusual one. He has certainly made an excellent acquisition. She seems to me to talk English like an Englishwoman. She has every requirement of beauty. Yesterday was very sad and very solemn. The procession was superb, and the whole populace more respectful and reverent than at Napoleon's procession. It was entirely a religious and military ceremony. The whole of Paris came out to watch, from Neuilly to Notre-Dame. The French certainly showed themselves very dynastic in sympathy on this sad occasion, and I agree with those who say that the Duke's death will strengthen the monarchy rather than unsettle it.

The question of the regency will, no doubt, be settled without difficulty. There are many ambitious intriguers who wish to upset the Ministry; the King is very active in its support, and M. Guizot's courage will not fail.

Everyone is very grateful here for England's sympathy in the distress of France and her King. Her attitude seems to have made a great impression everywhere.

To Lady Palmerston.

BEAUSÉJOUR, *September 12th, 1842.*

There is so little to tell you at the moment that I have not been able to bring myself to write to you for some time, dearest. I am, however, beginning again now. I imagine that you are at Broadlands. I also am in residence in my *château*! The only benefit I obtain from it is absence of noise, and the sight of green fields and flowers; this however is enough, for as one grows older one becomes fonder of peace and quiet. I intend to remain here until the bad weather drives me away. A few people come to see me.

Everyone is in vacation at present, and there is not a soul in Paris save the Diplomatic Corps. The Court is remaining at Eu until the end of the month. The King and all the Royal family are in good health, but the Duchess of Orléans is sick. Her stomach is in a bad condition; it has troubled her for a whole year now, and people are beginning to be anxious about her. Her children are well. I am very curious about what

will happen in Düsseldorf.¹ It appears that the King of Hanover is in a desperate condition. I have always been fond of him and have always defended him against attack for the double reason that he was always kind to me, very friendly and very faithful, and that I really was his only supporter, so that it would have been cowardly, when I heard people speak of him, not to have revealed the good side of his character which I have learned from experience, for he certainly had a good side. I am speaking of him as though he were already dead, and yet we have not actually received the news.²

They say that his son is not nearly so intelligent as himself, that he is very obstinate and very absolutist in outlook. I foresee a great many difficulties in this respect.

What have you heard about the rumour of Lord Douglas's marriage to the Princess Marie of Baden? Everyone in South Germany is full of it. How curious! I am afraid that once poor Emily de Flahault is in Vienna she will have no more chance of settling herself. Lady Tankerville is still here. She has put new life into her Marshal,³ and takes him about to all the little theatres. Many English people are expected for the winter season, and all Russia, or, rather, all the Russias. This forbidden spot has become a place of pilgrimage, though not a very holy one. My whole family will be here in three weeks. When you write, please continue to give me Lord Beauvale's news. Has he resumed the customs of his own country? A propos, does Esterhazy's return to England mean that he is staying there for good or that he is leaving again?

Everyone is peaceful in France, but they will begin to wake up towards the end of the year.

To Princess Lieven.

CARLTON TERRACE, September 28th and 29th, (1842).

I am sure that you will be very glad to know that Fanny has a little daughter, that the birth was very successful and that she is at present as well as possible. We are all delighted at this happy event, and my feelings are greatly relieved. I shall spend another fortnight in London, and then we are returning to Broadlands.

¹ King Ernest Augustus had altered the Constitution of Hanover to suit his own absolutist principles, and was encountering opposition.

² He did not die till 1851.

³ Sebastiani.

You will soon receive a visit from my son William¹; he has gone on a trip to Italy and Germany and intends to return through Paris. I know that it is unnecessary to ask you to be kind to him, for he has always been one of your favourites. My brother Frederick has completely returned to his English habits of life. He is enjoying himself very much here, and we all like his wife. Melbourne loves her like a sister and the two brothers are inseparable. Frederick wants to buy a house, and and we are at this moment discussing what part of London they are to live in. He would like a house near Hyde Park, but I would prefer him to come and live near me.

Adine is very sweet and charming, and her only object is to please her husband—she thinks of nothing else—I really have never seen such devotion! No, I am wrong, there is one *exception*, and that is the devotion of my husband to myself—but I discount this, and have never seen anything to equal it.

The Queen was completely satisfied with her trip to Scotland, and extremely struck by the beauty of the countryside and its historical associations. What she admired most, she tells me, is Lord Breadalbane's estate and his rich mode of life—it is true, nothing could be more magnificent. It was a pity that she could not go as far as Dunrobin!² I think that this would have made her very popular in Scotland.

Politics are in rather a sleepy state at the moment, but all English people are disgusted with Lord Ashburton and his treaty, in which he appears to have given way to the Americans on all important points, ignoring our previous expedition to the country, in which our rights were very clearly laid down. I think that in the coming session the Government will be at great pains to defend this treaty.³

Lord Ellenborough has also given them a nasty knot to unravel—but we are impatiently awaiting the news from India. Lord Auckland and his sisters have preserved their looks so well that one would imagine they had been away for only seven months instead of seven years. Mr. Bulwer is shortly returning to Paris, and I believe he has been offered Persia and has refused it. We are at this moment in Brighton.

¹ Lady Palmerston's second Cowper son.

² The Duke of Sutherland's house.

³ The Ashburton treaty settled the boundary dispute between Maine and Canada.

Prince Esterhazy is in good looks and seems very gay. We had expected to see a great change in him after the news which we heard. Lady John Russell is coming to London in November for her confinement. There are quite a number of people in London and Lady Holland is better. I hope that you are regaining health.

To Lady Palmerston.

BEAUSÉJOUR, *October 25th, 1842.*

All my congratulations on your daughter's happy delivery of a child, and on all the good fortune which surrounds you. I am delighted to hear the good news about your brother. I was a little afraid that after having lived for so long on the Continent he might find it difficult to accommodate himself, at his age, to English customs. But of course he has so far only seen the best side of English life, life in the country! What will he think of life in London, the long hours, the fog and the smoke? Personally, I think he would do well to take that house in Hyde Park; there at least he will have all the sun and air that it is possible to find in town.

I have had with me for the last two days the Countess Tolstoy, the daughter of my late brother, of whom I was so fond. She is remaining the whole winter. I did not recognize her at first. She is not exactly pretty but she is very distinguished looking, very easy and natural in her manners. Her presence gives a new interest to my life. I am returning to Paris in a week, to resume my former life there.

I read carefully the account of your Queen's journey through Scotland. She must have enjoyed it, although she certainly made short shrift of all the usual tiresome duties that a sovereign has to perform, and has apparently left behind her with those whom she visited no token beyond her gracious smiles and manner. This does not seem to me quite the right behaviour for a Queen-King who is paying her first visit to an important part of her dominions.

The King of Prussia's tour was, on the other hand, very political; perhaps even more so than he imagined himself, or than it was exactly prudent to make. His speeches were remarkably fanatical. I do not know how Prince Metternich can have liked them. Austria seems to be well relegated to the background by this sovereign protectorate, as Prussia calls herself.

What is your brother's opinion? Personally I think that the old King was wiser, and a great many people agree with me.

I do not approve of your treaty with America. In fact it is attacked in a great many quarters. However, it is very convenient for you to have cordial relations with America at this moment.

Please remember me to Lord Holland.¹ How pleasant it is to grow younger as the years pass, or at least to remain as one is. This is not the case with me! I am gradually disappearing. When I leave this earth for good it will be without regret. This, at least, is my reward for having suffered so much.

In Paris there are still only diplomats and Russians. It really looks as though the whole of St. Petersburg had migrated here. It is really funny to watch. Lord Cowley is going to London for his brother's funeral,² which inclines me to the belief that Bulwer is returning.

The Royal family is better. The Queen appears still to be the one who is most afflicted by their terrible loss.

The Duc de Nemours³ has now a seat in the Council whenever the King presides. Adieu, dearest. What do people say about Lord Douglas's⁴ marriage to the Princess Marie of Baden? Everyone in Germany believes it.

To Lady Palmerston.

PARIS, November 27th, 1842.

Although your party is in opposition I think that as an Englishwoman you will not refuse my congratulations on the brilliant success of the British troops in Asia.⁵ You have settled gloriously two big problems, both of which seemed full of difficulties. Peel has certainly been lucky, and he can surely count on a brilliant opening of the session. Do you still maintain that his position is bad; the opposition may really be convinced of this, but I can assure you that from a distance his position appears very impressive. Everyone has the greatest respect for him, for it is a long while since Europe has seen so firm and powerful a Minister at the head of affairs. I hear the same

¹ Son of the famous Holland of Holland House, who died in 1840.

² Marquis Wellesley.

³ Second son of Louis Philippe.

⁴ Afterwards Duke of Hamilton.

⁵ Trade war with China, culminating in the victory of English troops and the Treaty of Nanking, August 1842.

story from all the English people here, who regard his position as absolutely secure.

Everything is very quiet here, and the debates of next January in the Chamber appear to give no cause for alarm. Nobody talks much about the new revolutionary movement in Barcelona,¹ because nobody regards it as very serious. They say that Espartero² will manage it without difficulty, and that his position will even be strengthened as a result of it.

Reports from Vienna tell me that Prince Metternich's health is failing. Certainly if he were to die it would be a great loss to Europe; and nobody would be found to replace him. His high authority and his experience cannot be transmitted to a successor.

I am much pleased to hear the good news about Lord Melbourne's health. I imagine that the quiet of the country and the careful attention which he will receive will restore him to health. Please continue to mention me to Lord Beauvale; I think he is very wise to take a house in Hyde Park Terrace. He will have all the air and all the sun that it is possible to obtain in London. This is the most important thing. I, too, have all the sun and air which Paris can provide, and I cannot now conceive how anyone could be satisfied to live in a street.

The Court cannot make up its mind to return to Paris. They are all happy and peaceful in St. Cloud; the Queen loves it especially. They are all in good health. The Duchess of Orléans is better and the little Paris³ very well.

I, too, am personally interested in the Douglas marriage. She is the first cousin of my future Empress, which is a nearer relationship even than yours. I do not greatly approve of this new fashion of marrying outside one's class. But there are many good customs forgotten nowadays. I myself am busy in my mind finding husbands for our Grand Duchesses, and I can see no suitable candidates. Yet they are so beautiful and so charming. What news of the Stuarts in St. Petersburg? Is he still alive?

Lady Cowley has started giving some intimate evening parties. But they are not very grand affairs. There are no brilliant English people here at the moment. As for the French, they are either not in Paris or they remain at home. I do not feel

¹ One of the series of separatist Catalan movements.

² Nominated as Regent in Spain in 1840, after the abdication of the Regent, Queen Maria Christina.

³ Grandson of Louis Philippe.

that the winter will be very gay, for there will be no Court balls or parties of any kind.

Tell me news of Lady Jersey. Is she satisfied or worried? Has she married off her second daughter? I never heard how she and Paul Esterhazy agreed together while he was in London. It is everyone's private belief that she was the cause of his resigning his ambassadorship.

To Lady Palmerston.

PARIS, *December 5th*, 1842.

Your letter of the 1st shows me that I made a very great blunder, and I now ask your forgiveness for it. It is obvious from what you say that the credit for your glorious successes in China is due entirely to Lord Palmerston, and I can only say in my own defence that when I attributed the credit to Sir Robert Peel, I had completely forgotten your husband's speech and was only following the general opinion. Nobody thought of looking up the old debates in Parliament;¹ they took the facts as they appeared. The success threw an immense ray of glory on the Government which actually brought it to pass; everyone forgot the Ministry who is really responsible, and I was as flippant in my judgement as the rest of the world. There is nothing else I can say. If the Afghanistan disaster was laid at your door, it is because it followed very rapidly after the fall of your Ministry, but the triumph in China, even though it occurred only a year later, was not attributed to your party. This is a piece of injustice, but the world has always been like that and always will be. You must excuse it.¹

I am reminded of the beginning of your letter in which you accuse me of party spirit.² Really I do not deserve this reproach. I did not deserve it when I was in England! How do political parties concern me to-day? The excuse which I give you to-day is the simplest and most obvious in the world: I have merely become flippant through living in this flippant country, which does not alter the fact that I am also becoming very old. My health and my strength are leaving me; you must sympathize with me in this respect, as in so many others.

¹ It was *really* Palmerston who was responsible for the British success in China.

² Naturally Princess Lieven was much more sympathetic to the Tory Ministry, comprising Peel and Aberdeen, whom she put hand in hand with Guizot, than with Palmerston, whom she hated.

The Chesterfields are here, but they do not show themselves much. However, Lady Ailesbury makes up for it by showing herself everywhere, and by astonishing everyone with her extraordinary contours. She really is a remarkable sight. Last night when she came into my drawing-room, the most serious-minded of my guests were hardly able to contain themselves, and Molé completely lost countenance.

There is a wonderful and charming person here at present, Madame de Krudner.¹ She has created a sensation, and I am sorry that she is leaving. She is returning to Russia.

The Ambassadors have opened their houses, but there is not a single French face to be seen anywhere. The French ladies do not like having to buy new clothes before Christmas.

The Court is returning to Paris. The little Duke of Chartres² is ill. They hope that a change of air will do him good even though it is the air of Paris. Dearest, there are fogs here just as bad as the London fogs. I sometimes see Colonel Fox, who is a delightful companion. He intends to spend a few days in London.

I am delighted to hear such good news of your brother. Tell him how pleased I am, and give my affectionate regards to your other brother.

The latest news is that Berryer is becoming a Dominican.

To Lady Palmerston.

PARIS, December 28th, 1842.

Thank you a thousand times for your kindness in remembering me on the 25th; I also thought a great deal of you on that day; my thoughts were sad and at the same time affectionate. I was very happy when I was with you! At that time I had everything which I most cherished in the world. The most trivial events of that period return to my mind with a vividness which breaks my heart. The thought of you is associated with all my joys in this world, for you knew how I adored those angels, and how much Panshanger meant to me then! Dearest, it is a sacred recollection, and it will be associated with you for the rest of my life—whatever may happen. Forgive me, I can write no more on this subject.

¹ Daughter-in-law of the Madame de Krudner who inspired Alexander I of Russia to form the Holy Alliance after the defeat of Napoleon.

² Baby son of the late Duke of Orléans.

30th. Although I am not very fond of having to make excuses for myself, above all at a distance, I feel obliged nevertheless to reply to that part of your letter in which you mention Lord Palmerston.

Dearest, you surely remember the friendliness with which I wrote to you about him at the time of your marriage. And not only did I write in that way to you, but I said to everybody: "From now on I am married to Lord Palmerston." And I never talked of him again with anything but friendship, for I was bound to treat your husband as a personal friend of my own. It was in that frame of mind that I came to London, quite prepared to resume my old friendly relations with him, forgetting everything that had happened in between. I did not meet with a similar response from him. Your husband was not even *polite* to me (to say the least of it!). Naturally I was wounded by his attitude. There you have the plain, unvarnished truth.

Nevertheless I am no more resentful towards him than he is towards me. Whenever he chooses to respond amicably to the friendship that I am still prepared to offer him, I shall hold out my hand to him, for he is your husband.

As for politics, dearest, it is really not worth the trouble for us to quarrel about them. We are both entitled to our own opinions. No doubt one of us will be wrong, I do not know which; but this should make no difference to our friendship.

I can understand that you should criticize Peel's behaviour; it is quite natural in someone who holds your views. If I were in England, surrounded by your friends, I might possibly feel as you do. But from here I cannot help thinking his behaviour noble and fearless; and everyone else thinks as I do.

Thank you for mentioning the "*Diversions*" of Lord Mahon. I intend to read them. If his book is as amusing as himself it will not hold my attention for very long.¹

The suspicions in England about Louis Philippe's attitude towards Spain² are so extraordinary and at the same time so powerful that I shall not bother to refute them. It would take too much time. With a perfectly clear conscience I declare

¹ Lord Mahon, afterwards Earl Stanhope, was Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, 1834-5, and an eminent historian.

² Queen Christina of Spain had abdicated, and General Espartero was declared Regent. In England it was believed that Louis Philippe had designs for uniting the two countries by marriage.

that there is not a single word of truth in the accusations. However, it is a mere waste of time to say so. I am curious to learn how this last episode will be dealt with. The bombardment of Barcelona met with nobody's approval here.

I have not yet seen Lord Tankerville. I saw his wife for a moment. She is the same as ever. Gay and friendly. Lord Ailesbury had an apoplectic fit but is better again. His wife is still remarkable for her voluminous clothes. They say that Wilhelmina Stanhope¹ has had a considerable social success. Both these ladies have returned to England.

To Princess Lieven.

CARLTON TERRACE, *March 25th* (1843).

It is true that this was the reason for all those war cries—this, at least, is what our public feels, so I am sending you the article.

We are delighted here with M. Guizot's success, because we desire France and Europe to be peaceful, and I am also pleased because I know that you are pleased. So I send you my sincere congratulations on this occasion, at the same time regretting that a Minister who is usually so dignified should have lost his dignity to the extent of confessing such petty motives for not having signed the treaty about the negroes.² In our House of Commons no Minister would ever have admitted that he had such personal motives for a public act—he would have been too badly received. But French people are still young in parliamentary experience—in time they will gain more dignity. Guizot's arguments were a trifle limp, considering that he had signed the treaty of the Dardanelles with my husband at the same moment as he declared himself unable to sign the other for reasons of personal resentment. I made no comment on this matter while M. Guizot's position was unstable, but now that he is firmly fixed in his place and triumphant, I allow myself this little criticism.

There is nothing new to tell you as regards politics—we have triumphed in argument in all the debates so far, yet Peel still maintains his majority of votes, so I imagine that he is as satisfied

¹ Daughter of Lord and Lady Stanhope, afterwards Lady Dalmeny and Duchess of Cleveland.

² A treaty had been negotiated with France to regulate the Right of Search, in the interests of abolishing the Slave Trade. Guizot refused to sign it with Palmerston, but signed it immediately upon Aberdeen's accession to office.

with his position as we are with ours. He has a great deal of power, a great deal of hard work, and much worry. We, on the other hand, are free from care and responsibility, and enjoy the great blessing of independence and of not being forced to work more than we like—moreover we can walk about the town without fear of being shot.

Dearest, do you think there is any comparison between these two positions? For my part I vow to you that I am constantly overjoyed at being no longer in power; I do not say my husband would refuse to take office if it were offered him, but I assure you he would accept with *great regret*, and it would be a real sorrow to me. When one is in office one hates to leave it; but once free, it needs a great deal of courage to return to harness. There is poor Lady Peel, ill and unhappy with worry and sorrow, while I myself enjoy a life of leisure.

When one has everything that makes for happiness: position, reputation, money, friends and a beautiful house, what more can one desire? Young people long for advancement because they are tortured by ambition—we have had our ambitions and they have been satisfied.

The Queen is in excellent health, and her pregnancy does not trouble her, for she remains on her feet like a young girl. It is impossible to be kinder than she is to her old friends. So please do not believe the false rumours spread by the Tories to blacken her character.

The Prince of Wales is a beautiful child, and the little Princess very charming, very pretty and very witty—and Lady Lyttelton is a treasure as a governess. My two brothers and Adine are still at Brocket, and I am going to-day to see them. I hope they will come to London after Easter.

Falck's death has grieved everyone here. He was such a charming man and so agreeable to talk to (in those days our Diplomatic Corps was very brilliant). It is some consolation when one is growing old to remember happy times past.

Adieu, dearest, keep a little, a very little of your old friendship for me—I set great store by it.

To Lady Palmerston.

PARIS, April 3rd, 1843.

I am answering your letter of March 25th. First I must thank you for the kind words which you write at the end of your letter. I am happy to receive any word of affection from

you, for I am very fond of you, dearest, and have been fond of you for so long that I do not think I can ever change. Your letter was so cheerful that it was a pleasure to read. I had been told that you still regretted not being in office, but I can tell from your letter that you are really enjoying the rôle of opposition. Peace and independence; the luxury of being able to speak and think as one likes, and it is indeed a luxury; you have all that and you know how to appreciate it. I am delighted that you should be so content. Moreover I think that the present state of affairs is bound to last a long time. Peel has a great many annoyances to contend with, but his position is very strong and stable.

I read to M. Guizot the passage in your letter which concerns himself. He is very grateful to you for your congratulations on his success. But he will not accept your accusations of inconstancy and lack of dignity. He signed the Treaty of the Dardanelles with you because it was to the interest of France to return as soon as possible to its former state of peace and good understanding with Europe, which had been upset by the Treaty of July 15th.¹ He did not want to form any pact with the Ministry which had signed the Treaty of July 15th about the negroes, because there was no immediate hurry to make any changes at that time, and because he owed nothing to a Ministry which had treated France in such a despicable manner. He knew then that the Whig Cabinet was about to fall, and he therefore preferred to wait. Your husband's name was at that time, and indeed still is, very unpopular in France. If he had signed anything with him, the popular reaction would have been very different from what it is now!

M. Guizot has therefore only done his duty, and could not refrain from expressing this fact in public.

I congratulate you, dearest, on your husband's increasing reputation as an orator. Everyone says that his last speech on the Ashburton Treaty² was magnificent.

7th. I am afraid I have delayed a long while before sending off this letter. Please forgive me.

¹ Lady Palmerston was evidently annoyed at the friendliness of Guizot with the new Ministry in England, engineered by Princess Lieven through her influence over Guizot. England and France were busy patching up the bad feeling which had existed since Palmerston's Convention of London.

² A treaty between England and the U.S.A. settling the boundary between Maine and Canada. Palmerston, being in opposition, attacked the Treaty.

I hear that the Londonderrys are coming to Paris. I saw Lady William Poulet and Miss D'Este. The latter caused a certain amount of amusement at my dinner table by asking if I was patroness of a concert which was to be given for the Poles.¹ And later on she asked M. Guizot if the Princess Clementine was making a morganatic marriage by marrying Augustus of Coburg. Mlle D'Este seems to have aged, and her face is coated with paint of many colours.

Give me from time to time details about Lord Beauvale, of whom I am still very fond.² I see that he is staying with Lord Melbourne in the country. It is certainly a charming life. To be inwardly happy and to be able to enjoy this happiness in a beautiful English country house has always seemed to me the summit of human bliss! Adieu, dearest, write to me more often and rest assured that I am as fond of you to-day as I have always been.

To Princess Lieven.

BROCKET, April 21st, 1843.

Thank you, dearest, for your letter, which I was delighted to receive. We spent the first part of Easter at Broadlands, and are finishing it here with my brother, who is very well in health, very gay, and hugely enjoying the pleasant society which he has invited for the occasion—that is to say the John Russells, Lord Auckland, his sister, Lord and Lady Errol and a few others. The weather is delicious and it is so nice to think of summer approaching! I have another source of pleasure, a family marriage of which I thoroughly approve—my son William³ is engaged to a young, charming and very beautiful girl, a Miss Gurney, Lord Errol's niece, daughter of a "gentilhomme campagnard" as the Duke of Wellington used to say. She has lately spent several weeks in Paris, so it is possible you have heard of her, for her beauty is sensational.

The Queen wrote me to-day a very kind and friendly letter of congratulation (for she never misses an opportunity of being civil to us), though she is very uneasy at present about the health of her uncle, the Duke of Sussex, who I fear, is going into a decline.

¹ Rebels against Russia.

² But did he like her? He wrote to his sister Lady Cowper in 1839: "I try to keep liking her, but I feel it a relief to you that she don't go to England."

³ Lady Palmerston's second son by her first marriage.

I cannot recollect a single year in which there have been so many deaths and serious illnesses—one would think it was a period of plague or cholera.

The death of poor Mr. Allen¹ is a great blow to Lady Holland, and she is inconsolable. No doubt she will find another doctor, but a friend of forty-five years' standing is difficult to replace.

But, to turn to something more gay, you have seen Brougham, who will certainly have amused you if he behaves as absurdly in Paris as he does here. What an incredible man! He does a great deal of harm, though he is sometimes capable of kind actions, and then one forgives him and pities him for his obstinacy. My brother said the other day, talking of Brougham and of the impossibility of forming a government with him, "Brougham's talents are too brilliant and too powerful to make him content to follow, and he has not judgement and discretion enough to enable him to lead." This is the truth, but it is not generally recognized, and Brougham has never forgiven my brother for not including him in his cabinet.²

Having grossly flattered Peel and the Duke of Wellington, he hopes to become Chancellor as soon as Lyndhurst retires for reasons of health—if this attempt fails, then he hopes at least to succeed Lord Cowley—but he would make a strange Ambassador. I think both these little plots will fail. His hopes are being fostered at present because he is useful in the House of Lords, but he will be scorned when the day of reckoning arrives. So one day we shall see him tirading against the people whom he now flatters so grossly.

You must have been glad too, to pick out dear William Russell and others from among the crowd of English people who have gone to spend Easter in Paris.

Saturday, the 22nd.

We have been greatly distressed to-day by the Duke of Sussex's³ death. He was a steadfast and loyal friend, and the country will mourn him sincerely. He had many fine, good qualities, and the Queen was very much attached to him.

It is hard to have to go into mourning in this season, and very bad for the shops, which are already complaining bitterly of lack of trade.

¹ Old Lady Holland's doctor and constant companion.

² Brougham, though he had quarrelled with the Whigs, continued for more than 30 years his judicial business in the House of Lords in a subsidiary capacity.

³ Sixth son of George III.

To Lady Palmerston.

PARIS, November 2nd, 1843.

I am writing in answer to your letter of October 20th, dearest, for which I thank you. This letter will find you at home, surrounded by your children. You are very lucky ! I am full of good wishes for Fanny's confinement—you will tell me her news, will you not ?

I only returned a week ago from the provinces. Paris is still entirely devoid of French people. But the Russians abound, nearly all of them of the highest calibre. It is astonishing how crazy they are to come to Paris in defiance of obstacles. However, I think that they are quite right to enjoy themselves there. There is nowhere else in the world where one can find so many amusements and so much independence of life.

My Grand Duke's journey to England seems to have been a great success. He is an excellent person, with a great deal of good sense. Did you hear any reports about him ?

The Duke and Duchess of Nemours are going to England on the 10th to spend a fortnight with the Queen. The Duke of Bordeaux is due to arrive in London on the 15th. How will they deal with this awkward situation ? The Legitimists are going in a body to London to pay their respects to the Duke of Bordeaux.

I was lucky enough to see Palmella here. An old and happy souvenir of the past.

What do you think of Greece¹ ? Nobody seems at all surprised by what has happened. Nevertheless it is quite a serious matter and can have serious consequences. I hope that there will be a general unanimity of feeling.

Bulwer's nomination for Madrid is a good thing for him, but I am sorry for my own sake, because I am very fond of his society. The diplomatic corps in Paris does not contain many intelligent people, and one can ill afford to lose even one.

I am waiting to hear the confirmation of the news which you give me about Lord Westmorland. I am sure he will be very popular in Russia.

I have with me at the moment a charming nephew whom I would love to have as my son. He is the son of my late brother of whom I was so fond. You cannot imagine what

¹ Otto of Bavaria, King of Greece, had been compelled by the Greeks to dismiss his Bavarian Council and create a constitution.

a charming young man he is, so kind to myself, so attentive, so affectionate. He is the Emperor's aide-de-camp; the Emperor gave him permission to spend a few months with me. After that he will leave me again. I am afraid of becoming too fond of him, because I should thereby dig my own grave. All my female relations are here as well; one of them, the Princess Beloulsky, is very pretty and agreeable.

I hear that the Duchess of Cambridge is due to arrive here. This will be a great burden for Lady Cowley. She appears to be very content with Paris, and her husband too, but he is certainly no younger than when he first arrived.

You will have heard about Montrond's death ten days ago. He died in a pious frame of mind. It was the Duke de Broglie who converted him on the eve of his death. The poor man had been crippled for the last three years, but his mind had remained as lively and brilliant as in his best period. Do you remember how he used to make us laugh?

Adieu, dearest, write to me more often. Tell me stories about Windsor; what were your impressions of the Queen? They say that her appearance has changed, that her complexion is spoilt. She was perfectly gracious and charming to the Grand Duke. He was overcome by her kindness, and wrote to me in great delight on his return from Windsor.

To Lady Palmerston.

PARIS, December 9th, 1843.

I have just received your letter in which you tell me about Fanny's happy delivery of a child. I congratulate you and her with all my heart, and am so grateful to you for letting me know the news immediately.

I can well imagine the fairy-like magnificence of Chatsworth. How the Duke of Devonshire must have enjoyed everyone's admiration! It is a lovely place, and reminds me of my happy days!

There is a great deal of talk here about the Duke of Bordeaux and the pilgrimage of all those French people. A large proportion of them had not the smallest desire to go, but were compelled either by a false sense of shame in remaining behind, or by the fashion, or merely because they had nothing else to do. Only a tiny number had any real feeling of devotion. In reality the whole expedition is somewhat childish. Everyone

knows well enough that the party does not exist in France, and even if it did exist, they realize only too well that of all those gentlemen who went to hail the *King of France* in London not one would offer the hundredth part of his fortune to replace him on the throne. Those people would never make the smallest sacrifice, and they think they have done a great thing in paying for their fares to London ! They all of them bear great names, they all have enormous fortunes and very small minds. Berryer is the only one with a spark of intelligence and without either of the two other attributes ; they say that the Duke of Bordeaux has given him three hundred thousand francs. The Deputies are hurt by his behaviour, and it is more than likely that he will be attacked in the Chamber—one cannot really serve two Kings at the same time. I imagine that the Duke of Bordeaux's stay in England will be shortened. His position is too false, considering that he has not been received at Court. Here everyone is a little surprised at the cordial welcome which Berryer received—I hear also that the Queen of England was displeased at this.

The Spanish news is incredible ! Fancy that unfortunate little Queen !¹

Lady Shelburne² is leaving for London the day after to-morrow. She is absolutely charming ; I do not know how much love there is in the marriage, but the outward appearances are excellent. She looks natural and happy, and her behaviour towards her husband is perfect. She is a charming little thing. She is looking forward immensely to seeing her parents-in-law.

Paris is still swarming with Russians. There are very few English people, at any rate very few who attend salons. Is it true that the Londonderrys are coming to spend the winter here ? Mr. Damer conceived the idea of rejuvenating himself by the cold-water cure. Every night when he went to bed he wrapped himself up in sheets drenched in cold water and slept like that. After a week he was attacked by gout in his arms, his legs and his stomach. How ridiculous these notions are !

Adieu, dearest, write to me often ; it is always a great pleasure for me to get your letters. Send my love to your daughter and take some for yourself.

¹ Queen Isabella.

² Emilie de Flahault.

To Princess Lieven.

BROADLANDS, *January 8th* (1844).

Thank you, dearest, for the interest which you take in everything which concerns me, and Fanny's happy delivery of a child is a source of joy to me. Her little daughter promises to be everything that is desirable. I had all the family here for Christmas. Sorrow and recollections of the past spoil these family gatherings a little, but it is always nice to be together once in a while, and to see everyone in good health and spirits. Melbourne is completely cured, and Frederick better than he has been for several months. His wife's care and adoration for him are as lively as ever, and make him very happy. Dear William Russell was also here—he is always a loyal friend to you. My son Spencer has just left for Paris—he will spend some time there, as he has taken a house, No. 9 Rue de Lille. He will not fail to pay his respects to you, and if you take the trouble to talk to him I think you will find him agreeable, for he is intelligent and full of knowledge. He is still a little shy and awkward, but was thought highly of in Stockholm, and Bjornstierna told us that he was astonished at his knowledge.

I do not understand why the Faubourg St. Germain should be so angry with our Queen for not receiving the Duke of Bordeaux. They ought to have realized that it was impossible—in the first place she never receives foreigners unless they are presented by their Ambassador! And secondly his pretensions have put him beyond the pale—one cannot recognize two Kings of France simultaneously. He was ill-advised to come here in such pomp and state.

There was hardly anyone in London during his stay there, and he was only entertained in the country by the Duke of Beaufort and the Duke of Buccleuch, and I am told that he was popular in these two houses, but that he is not very good-looking.

Lady Jersey has returned from her travels greatly pleased with herself, and delighted with the King of Hanover, and she tells all her friends of the parties that were given for her, and how many crowned heads she had fascinated. What a gift she has for believing what she would like to believe! Emily met her in Vienna and at Pottendorf, where she was bowing and scraping to Prince Paul and his family, praising everything and every-

body. The younger marriage is going well—the older too, it appears. The Prince takes great care of his health—Marie was in disgrace, having had several adventures of the same kind as her mother, though unfortunately not blessed with such a *mari complaisant*.

There is nothing at present to relate about English politics. Everyone is curious to know what Palmerston will propose on the Irish question at the opening of Parliament, and how he will escape his other embarrassments. Do you ever read a very witty paper published here, called *Punch*? It is an imitation of *Charivari*, and very well written. When I get to London I will send you some numbers. There have been some very subtle skits on Brougham, with caricatures (no one lends himself so well to burlesque!) I have just received a letter from Brighton, which describes the Duchess of Somerset flaunting around the cliffs in an open carriage with the Duke of Bordeaux—very proud of her companion. If he remains in London for the season I shall not be surprised to see him asked everywhere, regardless of politics, like the King of Hanover, merely for the pleasure of having a *lion*. London is very snobbish in these matters.

I am finding out about the nurse. I cannot lay my hands on one for the moment, but I think it should be easy to find one, and I have this moment written off for one. I don't wish to recommend anyone who is not reliable.

Adieu, dearest, I would love to see your apartment; they say it is delightful and so well furnished.

To Lady Palmerston.

PARIS, January 18th, 1844.

Your letter of the 8th interested me greatly, as, indeed, do all your letters. I shall first of all thank you for your promise to find me a good nurse. Please, please do not forget this, and remember above all that she must be very kind and very sensible.

So the Duke of Bordeaux has left England! Everybody here feels it as a great relief, and no doubt they feel the same in London. The whole *exhibition* was a very unfortunate piece of party politics, which has resulted in injuring the reputation of the Princes everywhere. Here the members of the party are quarrelling among themselves, and those who were inclined to rally are now less at liberty to do so. The Government, on

its side, is regarded with greater hostility than before, so from whatever angle one regards this business it has done harm.

Berryer was pitiful in the Chamber.¹ You can hardly imagine how astonished everyone was ; he had certainly left all his talent and intelligence at home. He was frightened and embarrassed, and a complete failure. M. Guizot had a great success that day.

The discussion on the Address is not yet over. There will be debates for another few days, but the ultimate result is not in question. Thiers' supporters absolutely compelled him to speak. His speech was not very remarkable, although it contained the usual amount of wit and malice. I imagine that he will attack the Government's foreign policy.

Dearest, I have seen Spencer² again ; he came to visit me. You cannot imagine what a delightful surprise it was for me. He preceded your letter, so that I was absolutely taken by surprise. I certainly showed joy at seeing him again. I begged him to return that evening, but I imagine that it would have bored him, for my salon is not *funny*. However, he is remaining for some time here, and we shall see each other again, no doubt. He looks very well and still a little shy, which will stand him in good stead in Paris. I was delighted to hear all the good news which he gave me about yourself.

Alvanley³ has written to me. He did not give me a thought the whole time he was in Paris. I am very disappointed ; usually English people are so kind and attentive to me ; I adore them, and their society gives me more pleasure than any other.

Have you heard that the Londonderrys refuse to speak to me. The reason they give is so idiotic that I really cannot take it seriously. He declares that it is because I did not recommend him as ambassador to Paris. One must be as mad as Londonderry to invent a thing like that. Nevertheless he has made his peace with the English Embassy, and with the French Government, while I remain the *black sheep*. The poor Londonderrys were very anxious about their daughter, who had scarlet fever a short time ago, but she is well again now. The Damers are settled here ; I see them, but not very often. I am told that their house is a headquarters for gossip. I was very sorry

¹ Defending himself for his pilgrimage to England to visit the Duke of Bordeaux.

² Spencer Cowper, Lady Palmerston's youngest son.

³ Lord Alvanley, fashionable wit and roué.

to say good-bye to Charles Fox and Lord William Hervey. In my opinion Hervey does not form an adequate substitute for Bulwer. Everybody was fond of Bulwer and misses him.

Paris is in the thick of balls and entertainments, of which I hear accounts at second-hand. My only immediate pleasure is the Italian Opera.

Pauline¹ has returned to Paris to have a child. You cannot imagine how exactly she resembles M. de Talleyrand. It really makes one gasp—moreover she has a little daughter of 3½ who is even more like, for her hair is exactly the same as his was; ash-blond locks, hanging in loose curls like Talleyrand's; it is really ridiculous. Pauline is the same as ever, very nice and kind—but unintelligent. Her husband is really the most pedantic and uninteresting person in the world—however, they agree excellently together.

Adieu, dearest. Tell me some news of the Court. All the English visitors, without exception, tell me that Prince Albert is exceedingly unpopular, the Queen also, and that both of them are extremely rude. I must admit that this was my own impression.² I know that you are very much in favour in those circles, so you are probably not in a position to judge; but the general opinion is so much the reverse that one cannot ignore it. Your sovereigns used not to be like that.

Tell me about Emily Shelburne; I hope she is happy.

To Princess Lieven.

CARLTON TERRACE, *February 12th, (1844).*

I am writing to you immediately to assure you there is not a word of truth in the rumours you have heard about the Queen.

She showed the greatest and most touching concern about my brother's illness—wrote to me several times for news of him, and, fearing that I might be indulging in false hopes, sent several of her friends on various occasions to Brocket to visit him and to give her all details, and an account of his illness and of his convalescence. Her interest is quite understandable in view of the circumstances, but nevertheless one is always grateful when Kings and Queens show the same loyalty and affection as ordinary mortals. And it is always unpleasant to hear this good-hearted creature being thus maligned.

¹ Daughter of the Duchess of Dino.

² Princess Lieven's interview with Queen Victoria was not a success.

The Prince too shows the keenest interest, and a great deal of affection for my brother. I will spare you any further details, for these are unsuitable to put in a letter, but I am telling you the simple truth about both the Queen and the Prince.

It is believed here that the Prince has entirely deserted his former love, the Tory Party. He had heard a great many criticisms of our Government during its year of office, and made the mistake which all young people make, of not knowing that it is the fate of all governments to be criticized, and he believed that the advent of the Tory Party would produce better results and a more general contentment in the country—also that the position of the throne would be strengthened thereby, and this is naturally a Prince's first thought.

Now, on the other hand, he sees that everything is in confusion, everyone is discontented, trade difficulties have increased, the income tax is detested by the whole country, and the vast sums of money which it has no doubt brought in to the Treasury are outweighed by all the harm which it has done in ruining trade and other sources of income, which have steadily and rapidly decreased since the imposition of this tax and those clumsy tariffs. If we had not had the blessing of a mild winter, the misery would have been appalling.

My brother Frederick is remaining at Brocket for the present but will come and take his seat as soon as Melbourne returns to Parliament after Easter. He sides with the Opposition (definitely and on every point, much more than I imagined he would). But many people change their ideas when they are actually on the spot and when they see the position of the two parties at first hand. The Tories have consistently sunk in public esteem since their entry into power, and we, on the other hand, have consistently risen since our defeat. So we are very content with our position, and are only putting up a mild opposition, hoping that the Tories will stay in power until they have entirely lost the prestige which they enjoyed on their accession.

I gave your message to Lady Clanricarde, who was dining with me last night. She has returned from Ireland in great good looks and much fatter. Later in the evening I had my first soirée of this season—it was brilliant in spite of colds! The diplomats are still as faithful to me as ever, and I even believe they realize at last (as Prince Albert has done) that pious hopes are not always fulfilled. It is certain at any rate that they

are at our beck and call, although I do not know whether we owe this to our own merit or to the faults of others.

Brünow is still in poor health after a horrible cold which he caught at Lady Londonderry's in a damp room—Neumann is fat but sad, and I think he is still pining for Miss Johnston. M. de St. Aulaire¹ brought his daughter, the Countess d'Harcourt, to my party; she would be handsome if she looked a little less delicate, but she seems intelligent enough. I like her mother very much, and M. de St. Aulaire. They are both so polite and distinguished.

Lord Ellenborough is behaving with incredible stupidity and causing his Government a great deal of embarrassment.² Even *The Times* writes against him, and everyone thinks he is mad. He imitates Napoleon's style and thinks himself Aurangzebe. His open declarations and Lord Tweeddale's are farcical; if one could only laugh at them, but they are too serious!

Dr. Franklin's letter to M. de Vergennes, which has just been discovered in Paris, has arrived here, which is unfortunate for Lord Ashburton and for the Americans. I do not know if it is worse to be duper or duped.

Lord Brougham, who also prides himself on his diplomatic talent, is aiming to be sent to Paris on a special mission—what an eccentric idea! Nevertheless he has set his heart upon it and is preparing the way by paying compliments to France and special attention to the Duke of Wellington, with such extravagance that he is laughed at even in the House of Lords.

To Princess Lieven.

CARLTON TERRACE, *March 1st* (1844).

I received your letter this morning, and carried out your commission at once—I shall send the parcel this evening to the Embassy.

I think the needle case is very pretty, although it is not fitted out exactly to your design. Macdaniel assures me that he has never made any other design than the one I am sending you, and that to alter the design would mean delay. If you insist on the other design, I will tell him to copy it exactly—this one costs fourteen shillings, a trifle which I would not mention,

¹ The French Ambassador.

² Lord Ellenborough succeeded Lord Auckland as Governor-General of India. His administration was criticized by the Whigs, but he was vindicated on his return to England by Peel and Wellington.

only I am afraid that you might not give me any more commissions. And I assure you that far from annoying me, it is a pleasure to be of some little use to you.

I am sure M. Guizot will come well out of the Tahiti affair¹—the French get very excited over trifles, but they cannot fail to see that they are fundamentally wrong—firstly in forcing that unfortunate Queen to accept the protection of France against her will, and then dragging her into a one-sided quarrel merely in order to satisfy their childish vanity, and then demanding money from her which she does not possess. It was this first bad move, this crying injustice, which caused the problems and misfortune of the affair—and the whole thing created more sensation that it should have done because, fundamentally, protection and position mean the same thing to that idiot Aberdeen, who is now protesting vigorously, although he raised no objection to the first protectorate—on the contrary, declared in the House last year that he thought the arrangement would benefit Tahiti and everyone else as well—blind to the fact that one thing leads to another, and that an “enforced” protection of this kind must inevitably lead to some explosion. Our conduct compares well with that of France on this occasion, for Queen Pomare has twice invited us to take her and her country under our protection, and we have always refused, saying that we preferred to see her independent, but that we should be ready to defend her if she were attacked by others. And yet our missionaries have been there for the last twenty years. We have educated these savages, and turned them into Christians, so they are really ours by right, seeing that they owe to us whatever enlightenment they possess. And I think it is very wrong of the Catholic missionaries to poach on our preserves, and to upset all the ideas of that new continent, when there are so many countries (and so many ignorant savages) on whom they could practise their zeal with the same success as we have had in Tahiti. I am very interested in this Queen Pomare, because I know someone who has lived on that island, who described her as very enlightened compared to her subjects, very amiable in character, amazingly sensible and strong-minded—in fact a most remarkable person in every way. Like our own Queen she has a *Prince Consort* and three children, which

¹ A French admiral, Dupetit-Thouars, had deposed Queen Pomare of Tahiti, but his action was not countenanced by the French Government. The Queen appealed to England for protection.

is another very curious coincidence. But I hope the whole affair will be settled. It is impossible for two civilized countries to quarrel over a cannibal island which has no importance apart from French pride and the cruel injustice with which France has treated the poor Queen. And to make matters even more absurd, that ship's captain who without any authority goes and dethrones the Queen, and addresses her as Mme Pomare!

Everyone in England would like to be on good terms with France; this is certain, and I think that good and open relations could be established between the two countries if one only knew how to do it. But our government misses its aim through being too twisted and cunning in its dealings. The pretence of extreme intimacy between the two countries which they wrote down in the Queen's speech and in their own address at the opening of Parliament had a bad effect, not to mention the little scene between Brougham and Aberdeen, and Peel in the other House.

Paris, like London, should be sufficiently clear-sighted to see the falseness of this behaviour—there is no tact in it—we are all smiles and graciousness, but we actually deceive nobody. Let the French people be sceptical and M. Guizot as well, seeing that our Government makes deliberate attempts to deceive him, apparently in order to advance his interest. And yet, *au fond*, the friendship between the two countries is as firm as ever.

No doubt he owes his nickname of my Lord Guizot¹ to our Ministers' mistaken adulation, for I cannot say that I think he has earned it on his own merit.

Lady Clanricarde has just arrived in London, and complains that you have not written to her. Her daughter is to be presented at Court after Easter.

My soirées are greatly in demand at the moment, for there is no other open house. Bunsen² is to bring Baron Thile to my party to-morrow—the Baron is acting Chargé d'Affaires during Bunsen's absence, which is apparently to be a short one. Hammelauer and his wife have just arrived. The whole Corps Diplomatique is extremely faithful to me, although this is not usually their practice. But I think that on this occasion it is inclination rather than virtue, for they dislike Aberdeen intensely; they regard him as a poor sort of fool, and draw very unfavour-

¹ The Parisian comic paper, *Charivari*, was always attacking Guizot for being too humble and conciliatory towards England. The paper also made slighting references to his association with Madame de Lieven.

² Prussian Minister in London since 1842.

able comparisons between him and my husband. I do not hesitate to speak my mind to you about Aberdeen, because this is not the first time we have discussed him. I know exactly what you thought of him in the old days, and he has not improved with age.

You are right in saying that Peel's position is better than before the opening of Parliament. His promise to make no other changes in the Corn Bill has had the effect of rallying those whom he had previously annoyed, and the prosecution of O'Connell, although badly arranged and badly carried through, and too late, has nevertheless had a good effect on the country.¹ The nine days' Debate on Ireland was marvellous. They say that never in ancient or modern history has there been such an assemblage of brilliant talent and such a display of oratorical prowess. Macaulay's speech was undoubtedly the most brilliant. Next in order came Shiel, Wild, John Russell, Peel, Graham, Lord Howe, Stanley and a score of others. My husband did not speak, because he had already spoken on this subject last year.

Adieu, dearest. I close my letter now, and await your reply about the nurse. I am anxious to know whether the Princess approves what I have done—if not she can always retract.

To Lady Palmerston.

PARIS, *Thursday, March 7th, 1844.*

I must thank you for the extreme promptness and kindness with which you carried out my little commission for the needle case. I received it yesterday, it is perfect. I will pay what I owe you directly you tell me how much you gave to the nurse, in order to put it all on one account. Again a thousand thanks for your kindness.

Last week's struggle in the Chamber ended very satisfactorily for M. Guizot. The defeat of the opposition was so much the more striking because it was they who publicized the debate and the division, by proposing a set order of proceedings. Such a step has not been taken for ten years. At the moment they are busy blaming each other for their failure, Thiers, Molé, etc. However, it will not prevent them returning to the attack in less than a fortnight from now, on the question of the secret

¹ Peel's Government decided to prosecute O'Connell for attempting to repeal the Union of Great Britain and Ireland.

funds. This will be another Cabinet question. The majority, however, seems pretty secure. I agree with you in all you say about the Tahiti affair. But as things stand at the moment, it is clear that France could not act otherwise than was decided in last Friday's division, and that everyone must try and live peacefully together on that savage island. Madame Pomaré's treatment shocked everybody here as it did in London; only the left party could possibly approve of this naval blunder. After all, if Thiers or Molé had been in power they could not have acted any differently from Guizot. They too would have disowned the Admiral. All the manœuvres and intrigues were thoroughly bad and underhand. For whatever you may read in the French newspapers, you can take it for granted that no one here wants to quarrel with England, and that any one of these gentlemen would be prepared to make any ignoble gesture to obtain your favour. The whole thing is humbug. Strange people these !

The Dauphin ¹ is really dying. He is greatly concerned about the loneliness which his wife will suffer at his death, and considerably worried about the further complications which it will create in the Duc de Bordeaux's situation. His dying moments, they say, are very pathetic and very edifying. Probably the Dauphine will go and settle in Rome after her husband's death.

You say nothing about Brunow; what is his position in society, and that of his wife? As for his political attitude, Peel, in his speech at the Russian dinner, declared it to be very flattering and very admirable.

Jarnac is going to be married, to a rich and pretty Mademoiselle de Rougement.

Adieu, dearest, I do not see Spencer ²; he gives constant dinner parties; he is enjoying his wealth, and amusing himself. The people who see him tell me that he is very witty and agreeable; I am sorry that he does not come and see me; however one must leave young people to enjoy themselves in their own way.

M. Guizot begs to be remembered to you and to your husband.

¹ Son of Charles X, father of the Duc de Bordeaux.

² Spencer Cowper had just inherited the fortune of a Mr. Motteux, an old friend of Lord Cowper's. He is said to have chosen Spencer as his heir because he was the only one of Lady Cowper's children who resembled his old friend Lord Cowper (from *An Italian Englishman*, by J. de Lacaita).

To Lady Palmerston.

PARIS, March 24th, 1844.

We are awaiting Mrs. Richardson with great impatience. You will no doubt have told her the exact sum which you paid for her in advance, for I am extremely anxious to settle all my debts to you. Meanwhile I thank you again and again for your kindness in bothering with this matter.

Lord Ashley's ¹ triumph interested me a great deal. I understand nothing about political economy, so I cannot appreciate the *merit of the case* in that respect, but I have always felt a deep sympathy with those unfortunate children of whom your son-in-law is such a bold and persistent champion. It is a question of humanity which touches the hearts of everyone. I see from your newspapers that the affair has caused great excitement in the political world of London.

Here all essential points are settled, i.e. those which concern the fate of the Ministry. Now, however, we have a very important dispute between the University and the clergy. The clergy remain what they have always been, arrogant and grasping if they are left to do as they please. The Chamber, however, is not at all inclined to let them have their way. Probably this question of public education will be settled this session, and certainly not in favour of the priests, for their latest utterances annoyed all intelligent people.

Do you think that my Emperor will come to London this summer? There is not a word from St. Petersburg about it, although in England people seem to expect him. How will the Queen receive him? He is not very well disposed towards the Coburg family, and she is so extremely fond of them! However, if he does come, I am certain that he will make a tremendous impression. His appearance, manners and character are quite unique, and he is bound to create a good effect.

I shall probably see the Empress this summer in Germany, and the Emperor too, if he happens to come during the short time that I am there. I shall spend part of July in Baden, where I plan to meet my brother.

Whatever may be said to the contrary, I still believe that the Grand Duchess Olga will marry the Archduke Stephen ² and that the difficulties of religion will be glossed over. She is the loveliest Princess and woman in the whole of Europe.

¹ The Factories Bill, limiting the hours of work.

² Of Austria.

Londonderry fell off his horse yesterday ; he was bled. They certainly are a most unlucky family ; in the short time they have been in Paris they have had four accidents and five changes of address !

Ellice is here with his wife, who is pregnant ; he has aged a great deal and is in very bad spirits since his marriage.¹

To Princess Lieven.

CARLTON TERRACE, *Thursday, March 28th* (1844).

I hope you will be so kind as to accept a little trifle which I am sending you by my daughter's hand—a case for memorandum and visiting cards, which seemed to me a rather neat little arrangement.

I am extremely doubtful whether your Emperor will come here. I would like him to do so, for I am very anxious to meet him, but I see no reason to suppose that he will, apart from Peel's speech in the City, in which he paid lavish compliments to Brunow and announced in a half-hearted manner that he was hoping to welcome the Emperor here. I think this only a piece of cajolery intended to atone slightly for all his previous compliments to France, which the representatives of other Governments had regarded as somewhat exclusive. Peel never lets go, and there is always a motive in what he does. I think this solitary remark of his is the sole basis for the rumour.

Prince Bariatinski, who has just left us, had never heard any mention of it in Petersburg. The King and Queen of the Belgians have rushed over to England to console our Queen for her fortnight's widowhood.²

I think you will have several English people for the Easter season, among others Brougham, who is madder than ever. At the last Drawing-room the Queen could not get rid of him—he insisted upon staying and conversing endlessly with Prince Albert—and everyone thought the moment would come when they would have to take him by the shoulders and force him to move on. He started by asking her if she had any package which she could entrust to his care to take to Paris (as though there were no couriers)—finally, when she at last shook him off he ran towards the Duchess of Kent to tell her that she was so beautiful that she looked not a day over twenty-four—in

¹ He married *en secondes noces* Lord Leicester's widow, who died this year.

² Prince Albert had gone to Saxe-Coburg for his father's funeral.

fact it was an excellent imitation of Don Quixote and Dulcinea. The Queen looked extremely embarrassed by his behaviour, but I have no doubt that when he gets to Paris he will invent some story about a commission with which the Queen has entrusted him. The Ashley business¹ has been postponed until Easter—it is an important matter, because it reveals the feelings of the Tory Party for their leader, their hatred for Graham, and their unfriendly disposition towards Peel.

Nevertheless I think they will have a majority after Easter because they *declare openly* that they wish to retire if they are defeated, and naturally their Party does not wish to push them to this extremity. But it is an unhappy business and has become much more important than we expected. Ashley will have a very good rôle to play, for he is acting entirely on principle and conviction, in full assurance that the arrangements which he proposes will benefit workman and employer, and the country's trade as well ! He has studied this subject very deeply. It was because of his conviction on this subject that he refused to take office with the present Government when they came to power—so he has thus proved his altruism.

To Lady Palmerston.

PARIS, Sunday, March 31st, 1844.

Your dear Fanny has just arrived. What a pleasure it was to see her. How pretty she is ! I think she has greatly improved in looks. Actually her looks have changed ; she has grown, she is slender and her features are so delicate ! She has completely altered in every respect, although she is as charming as ever, and, I think, even more charming than she was. Yesterday she had a slight swelling in her cheek which upset her a good deal and prevented her going out. However she is imprisoned in the most exquisite room that you can possibly imagine ! Spencer² never leaves her ! A thousand thanks for the very pretty present which she brought me from you. How well-made everything is in England. So neat and useful. Very many thanks.

Everybody was greatly interested about the events in England of last Thursday and Friday : the Right of Search Bill, the Factory Bill, the ministerial crisis. I see that the one has come to nothing ; the other has been adjourned because of the Trinity, and the crisis appears now to be most improbable. It seems to

¹ The Factories Bill.

² Cowper, her brother.

me that even though the Government is weakened, the Whigs are not sufficiently united, and that on balance the Tories are bound to win the day and to remain in power for some considerable time yet.

Although you seem to be doubtful about the Emperor's arrival, I am inclined to believe it; however we shall hear definite news by the next courier from St. Petersburg.

Ellice is still here nursing his wife during her confinement. Brougham is arriving to-day. He is apparently bringing the fine weather with him, for to-day is like mid-summer, and Paris is gay and full of life. I refer to the streets, for people are spending Holy Week in retreat and in religious observances. Everyone has become very pious in Paris; it is the fashion to be so; the Churches are always full.

There is no news to tell you. The Italian trouble seems to be causing no alarm. Queen Christina¹ gives her attention to nothing except bouquets and rhymes. I hear that she longs to renounce her position as early as possible. She infinitely prefers the Rue de Courcelles and her life of independence. She is very right! Independence before anything! I do not know if you have seen the Duke of Glücksberg, St. Aulaire's² grandson. Although very young, he is an admirable person. Jarnac is still full of marriage intrigues—three rich heiresses want to marry him. His only problem is to choose between them, and it is a real problem.

I imagine that Prince Albert is to receive a big inheritance; she³ would not have allowed him to leave her for any trivial reason.

Let me know dearest if you have received the payment of my debt of £15 14s.

To Lady Palmerston.

PARIS, April 16th, 1844.

Your charming Fanny is returning to you. I have asked her to give you a message from me, in fact a commission, that is to say, to tell you how fond I am of her, how charming I have thought her, and how greatly she was admired here. She is so modest and unaffected in her manner that I do not dare say these things to her face.

¹ Christina of Spain, who had resigned from the Regency and was living in France. ² Still Ambassador in London. ³ Queen Victoria.

You can be quite certain that her charm was appreciated by everyone here, and the whole town resounds with her praises.

Lady Cowley was very attentive to her, and took a delight in looking after her, because she too finds her charming.

Dearest, I am sending you a little piece of nonsense, an *Easter* egg which will reach you in time for *Trinity*. From Paris one can only return idiotic presents for the useful ones which come from London. You must forgive me, because Paris is like that.

To Lady Palmerston.

PARIS, *Saturday, June 1st, 1844.*

I intended to reply to-day to your letter of the 25th, but I am so anxious to hear your news about the great event, that I am resolved only to speak of this !

So the Emperor is in England.¹ I hope first of all to hear that his visit did not take the Queen by surprise, that it was she who invited him ; for in spite of my respect for Peel I did not consider that his speech at the Russia Company dinner was sufficient inducement to make the Emperor visit England. Please tell me everything. Tell me what he is doing, what they are doing for him, how he is behaving to everyone, what effect he is producing. My curiosity is unbounded. I almost imagine myself in London. I think about him constantly ; no other idea seems to enter my mind. It is exactly thirty years ago that the Emperor Alexander visited London. It is twenty-eight years since this Emperor was there. I believe I am right in saying that you were away in Italy at the time, and that you never saw the Grand Duke Nicolas. Dearest, tell me the exact impression which he has made on you, and on other people. Be kind, give me a few moments of your time, not once, but often during his short visit. Just a simple account ; you write so easily and so vividly.

I have not seen Hemmelauer, but I agree with you that I am no longer a good judge of what is happening in England. It is ten years since I was there. People and things have entirely changed.

I would like to give you some news, but for me there is only one interesting event at the moment, the Emperor Nicolas in

¹ Visit of the Czar Nicolas I.

London. How pleased he will be with everything ! But his little flirtations of former days—I am afraid he will find *them* a bit changed. Do you realize that Lady Peel was one, very much so. Lady Graham,¹ Lady Conyngham, I forget the others. I am sure he will be greatly interested to see Fanny.

To Lady Palmerston.

Saturday, June 8th, 1844.

A thousand thanks for your letter of the 5th ; I implore you to continue writing. Give me all the details—your letters contain everything that I am most curious to know. They are rich and satisfying ; even from that letter written when you had not yet seen the Emperor I was able to form an impression of his looks, his mood and the effect which he is producing. Tell me how the Queen likes him. There must be a few embarrassing points between them ; for one thing, the mourning, which will have displeased him. He is rather superstitious. I am sorry about the mourning. Then tell me if it is true that in Peel's house he refused to be presented to the Cabinet Ministers who were present when he called on Lady Peel. As for the diplomats, I imagine that his refusal to receive them was due to his dislike of the Belgian. How does he treat Aberdeen ? Was he polite to the Opposition ? Did he talk to you ? You will tell me all these things, I know. I am sure you will be truthful, both about your impression of him and his effect on the general public.

The Polish ball was unfortunate.² However, if I were the Emperor's adviser, I should have the applause on my side. An anonymous donation of £20, and let them dance to their hearts' content.

Dearest, I am only telling you the truth when I assure you that I think of nothing but London, and I dream of it. The whole spectacle seems to come alive before my eyes.

In Paris everyone is interested to know the English news, because they find the newspaper reports tepid. My belief is that your public did not at first grasp how a great Emperor can behave like an ordinary person, for English people prefer Royalty to be pompous. However, it is impossible that such a magnificent figure as the Emperor should not win the affection

¹ Wife of Sir James Graham, former 1st Lord of Admiralty (?).

² A ball for Polish refugees had been arranged.

of the public, and I am certain that he will leave behind an impression of popularity.

You see that I am absolutely obsessed with this subject. I am delighted with his generosity for the Ascot races.¹ But I can see that it would not please the Queen, for she could not help making unfavourable comparisons with Prince Albert. Dearest, write, write, I beseech you. If only Lady Clanricarde would ! But she is so lazy ! Tell her, nevertheless, what joy she would give me if she would also let me have a line.

P.S.—No news at all here. A party at Versailles this evening for industrial exhibits. The two Chambers, the diplomatic corps.

It is lovely weather, which delights me when I think of the party at Chiswick. How overjoyed the Duke of Devonshire will be !

To Lady Palmerston.

PARIS, August 29th, 1844.

Following your instructions, I am addressing this to you in Berlin. Please let me know from there what date I must begin writing to you to Vienna.

I returned here in a sad state of mind at finding my brother so ill, though I am not anxious for the moment. His illness is incurable, but it may drag out a long time. His children are with him. For my part, I would like still to go to Dieppe. But the journey to Baden tired me so much and the weather is so horrible, that I lack strength and courage to bestir myself again. I am good for nothing more except rest.

I found on my return a great deal of anxiety among intelligent people. The relations of France and England are very ticklish,² and your newspapers have become very insulting. The general feeling is disagreeable and hostile, and I am a little alarmed, although the general good sense ought to prevail and prevent any idea of war. It would be so absurd and so monstrous ! I do not know if the King will be able to pay his visit as he had planned, now that the situation has become so awkward.

I am greatly distressed at the Imperial family's loss. I have an idea that the Empress may come to Berlin. Perhaps you

¹ Nicolas I gave a cup which is still raced for at Ascot.

² With regard to an outrage committed on Pritchard, English Consul at Tahiti.

will see her. I should be delighted, for I am sure you would like her.

Mme de Flahault informs me that she is leaving in great haste for England to look after her second daughter's health, which is causing anxiety.

There is not a single English person here at the moment, no Russians either, no French people; there is absolutely no one but diplomats, who appear very lost, very busy with intrigues, and very much on the *qui vive* for news. I do not know when we shall see an end of the Tahiti and the Morocco ¹ business, when the first will be explained away, and the second brought to a conclusion.

I hope you will let me know when you intend arriving in Paris, for you have promised to come. I am looking forward extremely to seeing you.

To Lady Palmerston.

PARIS, September 19th, 1844.

In obedience to your letter from Wiesbaden on the 10th I am addressing this to you in Berlin. You will have found a very out-of-date letter from me there—it was not my fault that I did not address it to Wiesbaden. You had instructed me to write to Berlin and later to Vienna. I now beg you to give me your exact dates, for it is impossible for me to guess otherwise.

Thank goodness all the difficult straits have been navigated, and we are now on good terms with England once more. Tahiti has been settled, honourably for both sides; peace has been made with Morocco after a war which brought just sufficient glory to France to satisfy the national vanity and not enough to offend the sensibilities of England. The King's journey,² to crown it all, will finally disperse the clouds. I am very pleased that we have escaped war; I say we, for sooner or later the whole world would have been involved, and probably sooner.

I did not know what to think of your O'Connell affair.³ They tell me he is quite embarrassed at his own unexpected triumph, and that the rôle of martyr suited him rather well. It is certainly a most extraordinary event. The only important

¹ A phase of the long-drawn-out struggle between France and the Moors for possession of Algeria.

² Louis Philippe visited England in October.

³ The House of Lords acquitted him after he had been arrested for agitating for a repeal of the union between Great Britain and Ireland.

result appears to be that he is once more joining forces with the Whigs.

The Clanricardes are here for two days. They are leaving to-morrow for Italy. I was delighted to see them, and plied them with questions about England.

I hope, dearest, that you will come to Paris. Tell me which day you intend to arrive ; at the moment there is absolutely no one here except the Diplomatic Corps.

The St. Aulaires are returning to London early in October in order to be present when the King arrives. He is taking with him his youngest son, the Duke of Montpensier, who is said to be very agreeable and much more sophisticated than the others. The Prince de Joinville ¹ is returning, ill with an attack of liver. They are appointing him Vice-Admiral. He behaved very well, showed a great deal of courage and sangfroid, and much tact in his dealings with the English.

The Duc d'Aumale ² is marrying the Princess of Naples, daughter of the Prince of Palermo. In Naples they were expecting him to choose the Queen's sister, but she was really too ugly.

Write me a line from Berlin and then again from Vienna. I am sure that you will enjoy your little trip. A change of scene refreshes one's ideas and one's health.

To Princess Lieven.

BERLIN, *October 3rd, 1844.*

We have now been here for three days, after the most annoying set-backs which delayed our journey. First of all, we were forced to stop in Wiesbaden because my brother had gout, then my husband had a fierce recurrence of his vile illness through having taken the waters too zealously, and then I myself became ill in Frankfurt for the same reason—all these things one after another. We were delayed much longer than if we had all been ill at the same time, but, thank goodness, we are now all restored to health. My brother has returned to England and we are here in Berlin. Unfortunately, alas, it is now so late in the season that I fear we shall be obliged to cut short our journey and give up our plans for Vienna and Paris. I much regret this, for I was really looking forward to seeing you again, but the weather is becoming bad, and the cold makes

¹ Third son of Louis Philippe.

² Fourth son of Louis Philippe.

us think irresistibly of our own fire-side and the need to return home before the winter sets in. It is a great sorrow to me to have to give up our plans, but we must hope that this will mean only a postponement until a later date.

They are making a great fuss of us here, and I see it will be impossible to leave before next week. We shall then take the railway to Dresden, to see the beautiful picture gallery, and then return direct to England, arriving about the end of the month.

Our friend Bülow seems very well, and we are delighted to see him again. He has a charming country-house near Berlin, but comes to town every day. Yesterday we dined with the King here, and later we are to dine at Sans Souci—the day after to-morrow with Crown Prince William. Humboldt¹ sat next to me at dinner last night, and we talked a great deal of you. I also found several other old friends, and have made many new ones. So you see I am not wasting my time in the way Germans do. Berlin is a lovely city, and its buildings make a particular impression upon me, because they are in a style which London especially lacks. The Queen seems charming, and the King is always good-mannered and pleasant. I understand the Prince of Prussia was delighted with his visit to England. We found La Galignani here, and Sir George Hamilton's English newspapers, which were a great joy to us, because we had been so long without news.

Our Government is fortunate in having had a good harvest, for otherwise they would have been hard put to it with all their squabbles and discontentments. It is amusing to see how their own newspapers treat them, and that even *The Times* itself has become a faithless friend.

Lord Stanley's change to the House of Lords is certainly an important event, but I am not sure that Peel will not find it an embarrassment at the opening of Parliament, and he will certainly be a great loss to the Commons. The Duke and Stanley will have old bones to pick with each other, and neither of them is amenable in character. Nor will Brougham welcome this rival, whatever he may say!

Adieu, dearest, I am very sad to miss you at present, and am most distressed to hear that you have been so anxious on your brother's behalf, for I know how your own health will suffer from it.

¹ Prussian Minister in London thirty years previously.

PART V

LAST YEARS OF PRINCESS LIEVEN'S LIFE

The last years of Princess Lieven's life, 1845 to 1857, saw an estrangement between her and Lady Palmerston which was due to various causes. Firstly, Princess Lieven, in spite of all her protestations of affection to his wife, maintained her life-long enmity towards Lord Palmerston. In this she was really justified, because, when she left England, her career, with its glittering promise, was finally and utterly shattered, and although she maintained a salon in Paris which was respected and feared, and frequented by the most brilliant politicians of every party, and by all the "bons principes" (leaders) of the diplomatic service, yet she could never again claim a truly legalized position, as in the days when her husband was accredited representative of the Russian Court, and she his wife. Now, as Guizot's confidante, she tried more and more to embroil him with Palmerston. It was the cold fury of a woman who knew that her ambition had been thwarted, and who had seen three of her sons die.

The Whigs returned to power in 1846, and from then until 1848 England and France were at daggers drawn. The Spanish Marriage Question brought the two countries to the verge of war, and finally dispelled the feeling of trust and confidence which had been so laboriously built up during Aberdeen's period as Foreign Secretary. Then came the revolution of 1848, when Princess Lieven and Guizot were both forced to flee to England, where they remained as exiles for three years. Princess Lieven's "power politics" were temporarily suspended. There is unfortunately no record of any correspondence between the two women in these intervening years, so we have no means of discovering whether the breach between Palmerston and the Princess was ever really healed. We hear of her living in Brighton and meeting ghosts of the past, including Metternich, her lover of thirty years ago, who had also been cast by the tide of continental revolution upon the shores of England. In these years of upheaval, Lord and Lady Palmerston were enjoying all the delights of high office—did they take pity on the unfortunate exile living among the ghosts of Brighton, and did she, for her part, deign to swallow the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table? The question is unanswered. We only know that in 1851 she returned to Paris, to her beloved apartment in the Rue St. Florentin, where Talleyrand had lived and died. Here, under the patronage of the President, Louis Napoleon, she

re-opened her salon and gathered around her as many of her old friends as remained. Her influence still counted for something, for Eugénie de Montijo, while the question of her engagement to Napoleon III was still in the balance, was brought to see the Princess, as being the most likely person to "predispose the European courts in her favour".

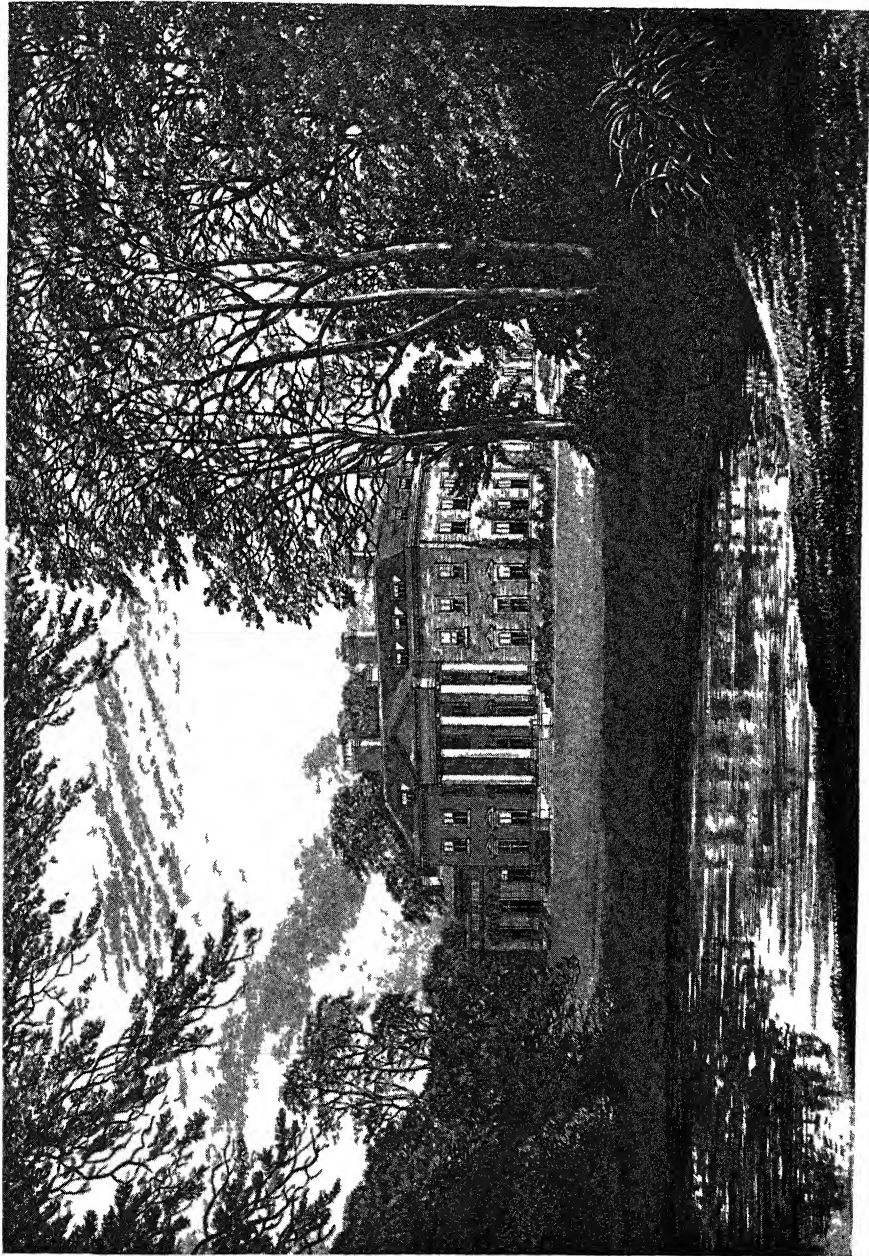
Then, alas, came the Crimean War. Princess Lieven was banished to Brussels. She was now 70 years old, alone in an alien city, separated from her lover, from her friends and from her comforts. Again she had paid the penalty of power. In despair she resumes her correspondence with Lady Palmerston, begging her, for the sake of their old friendship, to use her influence with the French Government to enable her to return to Paris.

In 1856 the war ended, and Princess Lieven returned. Guizot was now living in retirement, and never again held office after 1848. In the following year, at the age of 73, Princess Lieven died. Guizot was at her bedside, and her son Paul. In her last letter to Lady Palmerston, dated April 1856, she condoles with her on the death of her son, and asks to be allowed to send her love, as "I did in the days when you were still fond of me". We know of no reply to this letter, so perhaps Lady Palmerston had finally decided to break off relations with her. But this is unlikely. Though there had been mistrust and political rivalry between them, there is a constant under-current of affection in the exchange of letters between the two women. Each admired the other's brilliance and charm, and neither can have ever totally forgotten the early days of peace and prosperity in England, when each enjoyed the pleasures of the other's home and fireside, when their children played together, when they laughed in secret over the whims and follies of Kings and the tortuous intrigues of high diplomacy, and when they gave each other rhubarb pills, both believing that the stomach was the seat of all human woe.

To Lady Palmerston.

PARIS, Monday, April 7th, 1845.

I AM indebted to you for an improvement in my eyesight. My eyes are much better now. The golden ointment was most efficacious, and your opinion of Alexander encouraged me to continue with this remedy. Thank you again for your help in that question. The cold weather has also contributed to restoring me to health; nevertheless I am still being very careful, and only allow myself one walk a day. I am sorry about my complaints, because they prevent me from doing anything for Lady Clanricarde. I sometimes see her in the evenings in the

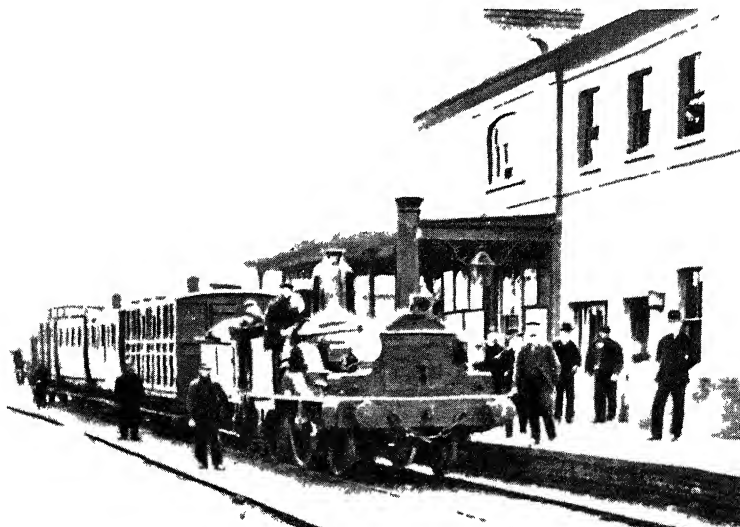


BROADLANDS



THE "UNCROWNED MONARCH'S" NEXT LEVEE

Mr O'Connell, when released from Richmond Prison, held a Levee in Dublin, and Sir Robert Peel was suspected of conciliating the Irish Party, to strengthen himself in the House—1845



ROMSEY STATION IN THE 'SIXTIES

semi-darkness. She appears to be enjoying herself in Paris ; after all, everyone enjoys themselves there. Politics are going better here, but Switzerland is causing a good deal of excitement. What a terrible thing that Lucerne massacre ! If the inhabitants of Lucerne had any sense they would give up the Jesuits¹ and everything would return to normal, but conquerors are never wise.

Your great wound, Ireland, seems to be healing rapidly. It is really odd, when one thinks of the time when Peel was the strongest pillar of Protestantism.² However, he is a man of intelligence who knows how to move with the times, and he is certainly very wise to adopt your principles. I agree that the situation is a curious one !

Tell me about the Duc de Broglie. How does London like him ? When he is here he never goes out. He is certainly changing his habits now. What do they say in England about Thiers' work ?³

Please give me news of Lord Granville's health.

To Princess Lieven.

DUBLIN, October 11th (1845).

Here we are on our way back from the depths of Ireland, and we intend to be back in London on the 16th of this month. We have spent three weeks in complete retirement among our savages—so I know nothing of what is happening in the world. I hope that your eyes are better and that I shall soon have the pleasure of seeing you in Paris. We shall only stay a week in London, and shall therefore leave for the Continent about the 29th.⁴ Please let me have a word to say if you are in Paris, or I shall be greatly disappointed to miss you during the short stay which we intend to make there.

Ireland is still so different from any other country that one cannot fail to be amused there—it is such an original country, with so many bad and so many good qualities, and the people are so witty.

O'Connell is still holding his Monster Meetings, but they seem to be fairly peaceful, and it is with the Orange Party that

¹ Battle between the Catholics and Liberals in Lucerne, Berne and Aargau.

² The last remnants of the penal laws against Irish Catholics were removed in this year.

³ Thiers' *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire* was published in this year.

⁴ The Palmerstons visit to Paris was postponed until the spring of the following year, owing to doubt whether Peel's Corn Bill would be carried.

the Government has trouble afterwards. We dined a few days ago at Lord Heytesbury's¹ house—he is still as amusing and charming as ever, and has a great affection for you—he enquired with great interest about your eyes, and about your journey to London.

He keeps a good household and lives in great state, although he has cut out all the exaggerated pomp which his predecessor was so fond of—and I think the change is all for the better. I am very sorry to hear from my letters from London that Lord Granville's health is going from bad to worse, and they are afraid that he will not last much longer—poor woman! What a loss for her, after she has taken such care of him.

I send you all my love, and my husband begs to be remembered to you.

To Princess Lieven.

CARLTON TERRACE, November 29th (1845).

It is true, dearest, that a long time has passed since I wrote to you. I always hesitated to do so, remembering your eyes, but now that you ask for news of me, I take up my pen with great delight.

Lady Holland's death has been a great grief to me; our friendship had been such a long one, and I feel deeply the loss of her company. The older one grows, the more one clings to one's friends, grateful for their good qualities, and indulgent to their faults, which one accepts as part of themselves, and which one misses after they are dead.

Her death was very peaceful—without suffering or fear, and she contemplated death with a resignation and fortitude which surprised everyone.

I do not know what to tell you about public affairs, for everything in this country is upside down, and no one knows what will happen, nor how the Government will settle their difficulties. People seem to think that they will summon Parliament and take certain definite measures, but I hear that the Cabinet itself is so internally divided that it cannot make up its mind to take any step at all; so everything at the moment is in the air, and the Government is like a ship without an anchor. In these circumstances it is not possible for us to leave England. But I do not know what you mean when you say that "our

¹ Former Ambassador in St. Petersburg, now Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

journey to Paris had taken on a political significance".¹ I certainly read a stupid article to that effect in the *Morning Herald*, but you know what a gossip paper it is, and that nobody pays any attention to it in this country. And you should know the English well enough to realize that when they have political schemes they remain at home, and that they travel only to amuse themselves.

We have just this moment returned from visiting my son Spencer in the country, where we spent ten days admiring all the lovely possessions which he has suddenly inherited—it is like a fairy tale. Just conceive, a beautiful estate of sixteen thousand acres, and everything which one could possibly desire.² Lady Jersey is still very unhappy, for her vanity is wounded. I have never in my life known anything to equal this extraordinary escapade. After hearing the details one cannot help thinking that the child must be mad—her family did not even know that she³ was acquainted with this young man, and even now no one knows where she met him—probably on the pier at Brighton or in the street. For three days her parents suffered martyrdom, having not the faintest idea whom she had eloped with. If Lady Jersey has brought up her daughters badly one must admit that she is now being punished for it.

Lady Villiers has been dangerously ill, but is now convalescent. Her father, who dotes on her, was prevented by his duties at Court from going to her bedside, which distressed him considerably.

I open my letter again to tell you the news that dear Emily has just had a daughter, which is a great joy to me. You are always so kind to us that I am sure this news will please you.

¹ Peel's Government was tottering, and it seemed as though the Palmerstons by travelling to Paris at this time, were trying to establish good relations between themselves and the French Government. This is borne out by Brougham's jealous behaviour, referred to later on. The *Morning Herald* was under Brougham's control.

² Spencer Cowper had inherited from Motteux the property of Sandringham, which was subsequently bought for the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VII, for £220,000.

³ Lady Adela Villiers eloped with and married Colonel Charles Parke Ibbetson, 11th Hussars.

To Princess Lieven.

BROADLANDS, *Friday, January 16th* (1846).

I am sure you will want to hear news of Lady Granville, who has endured so much, and so long.¹ She is profoundly unhappy, but calmer than one could have hoped—her long period of agony at least had the effect of preparing her for her loss. She is by way of leaving to-day with her children for Walton, Lord Tankerville's country house, which has been let to her. She is very unhappy, but I hope as time goes on she will find consolation in her brother's² company, for he is so devoted to her, and they will be a great source of comfort to one another.

She will be safe as far as money is concerned, for she has £4,000 a year, and there will be £8,000 for her eldest son and £15,000 for the second—no one thought Lord Granville was so rich.

We are going to town next Tuesday and I think that the debate will begin next Thursday. London will be very crowded, for everyone is curious to know what has happened and what will happen.

There has never been so much excitement in the air, and everyone is expecting new crises. They are having sweepstakes in the clubs on the names of individuals whom the Queen would send for if the Government should again collapse. The circumstances are so extraordinary that it is impossible to foresee the march of events. I hope that Peel's disclosures will be so important that they will put Lord Grey's quarrels and follies into the shade.

It is now quite clear that Ellice had persuaded him that Palmerston could easily be satisfied with the Colonial Office, and that Grey would then as a matter of course be given Foreign Affairs—Lord Grey would never have insisted if he had realized that his demands would only result in ending the negotiations.³

This is the defence which his friends put forward for him—I have seen it written down in black and white. But I am not

¹ Death of Lord Granville, English Ambassador in Paris for many years. Lady Granville was Princess Lieven's greatest English friend, next to Lady Palmerston.

² Duke of Devonshire.

³ Lord Grey, son of Grey of the Reform Bill, refused to join a Ministry in which Palmerston held the office of Foreign Affairs, with the result that no Whig Government could be formed. Palmerston was considered dangerous as Foreign Minister. Ellice was Grey's brother-in-law.

surprised that you should be sceptical; for only very stupid people are deceived by Ellice's double-dealing and absurd intrigues.

I have been talking with people just returned from Paris, and the accounts they gave me of the fuss and excitement caused by our crisis were amusing to listen to—how staggered they were by Peel's resignation, having thought him so strong, and then the wave of the wand which put everything suddenly back in place!

One must admit that this world is an amusing place—I wonder if the other planets also have their crises!! I am in no hurry to die, quite the contrary, but I have a great curiosity to know everything.

Lord Canning¹ is leaving the Foreign Office. I do not know why! He is supposed to be going to Lisbon.

To Princess Lieven.

BROADLANDS, *March 31st* (1846).

I received your letter here this morning, dearest, and I thank you for your invitation to dinner on the 11th, which we accept with the greatest pleasure. My husband has not been in Paris for fifteen years—so you can imagine how greatly he is looking forward to it. I have asked Lady Tankerville² to lease an apartment for us in one of the hotels in the Rue de Rivoli where we can have sunshine and look at the Tuileries, so you will be able to find out from her where we are staying. So long as the Corn Bill³ was uncertain we were unable to leave, but now I hope there will be nothing to stop us, and I feel as though I were already en route. To-morrow we are returning to London for a concert given by the Queen, and on Saturday I am having a soirée and an "At Home" to say good-bye to my friends.

I can tell you nothing about politics, for at this moment I am busy in my garden, which is looking lovely in the spring-time, with sunshine by day and great cold at night. This is the best and most healthy form of weather. And it is a great pleasure for us, who are so fond of the country, to be able to escape from London for three days.

Please remember me to M. Guizot.

¹ Son of the Foreign Minister.

² Lady Tankerville was a Frenchwoman, daughter of the Duc de Gramont, who lived mostly in Paris.

³ The Corn Bill was not passed by the Lords till June.

To Princess Lieven.

(LONDON), May 3rd and 4th (1846).

We were lucky right up to the end of our journey, wonderful weather and a most pleasant crossing, only one hour, with a sea so calm that no one was sick—and we remained standing on the upper deck talking to Lord Lansdowne and young Gordon, who had joined our party. I mention this crossing to you with the object of giving you courage,¹ and to tell you that we are counting very positively upon your visiting us this autumn. I am setting great hopes on this. If our intimacy was in any way clouded during the latter years, I feel that these clouds have been finally dispersed by our journey to Paris—your frank and friendly welcome touched us both very much, and I can assure you that these proofs of friendship have not fallen upon ungrateful hearts. Our good reception in Paris has made a great impression here, and I really believe that, apart from Brougham and Lord Grey, everyone is pleased about it. I feel that our party as a whole regards it as a further guarantee for the maintenance of good relations between the two countries, which is what everyone in England wants. And although well-informed people realized that the rumours which had been spread about Palmerston were false, there was nevertheless a faint anxiety among ignorant people, and this I think is now completely cleared up. Brougham has behaved more stupidly here even than in Paris, stopping people in the street to explain to them that it was not true that Palmerston had been well received, and contrasting Palmerston's reception with the reception given to him, Brougham—in short, showing such a ridiculous jealousy that everyone laughs in his face! Articles on this subject appear every day in the *Morning Herald*, quoting word for word expressions used by Brougham, and then he swears to high heaven that he never writes for that paper, and that it is unthinkable that he should want to cause Palmerston anxiety, that P. is his best friend! In short, he has become mad on this subject, and realizing this, one does not feel the resentment which one would naturally feel—one is only sorry to see such great talent so misused, for this is really painful. I am enclosing an article which appeared in *The Times* and which seems to give a pretty good résumé of the situation.

The St. Aulaires gave a wonderful ball last Friday to celebrate

¹ Princess Lieven was frightened of boats and of railways.

the King's¹ birthday. We arrived here Thursday, so I was able to attend it—but Palmerston was kept back in the House. I have no political news to tell you; our affairs are roughly in the same position as they were when I talked to you in Paris—that is to say, they are making hardly any progress at all. It is an extraordinary position for the country and for the Government. We have very happy recollections of our stay in Paris.

Press-cutting.

To the Editor of THE TIMES.

SIR,

As I am not one of that select section of the public which reads the *Morning Herald*, it is only to-day that Ld Brougham's article upon Ld Palmerston (on Friday last) has been pointed out to me. The noble Viscount would certainly have acted more judiciously if he had abstained from addressing a letter to the King of the French.² It was unusual, uncalled for and was sure to be ridiculed and abused at home. But I have reason to believe that it was *intimated* to him, that such an expression of sympathy and good will would be accepted at the Tuileries, and he suffered himself to be persuaded to take a step which otherwise would not have occurred to him. Nevertheless it is to be regretted that he did not decline to act upon the suggestion, no matter from what quarter it proceeded. But what is it that has made Ld Brougham pour forth such a flood of venom and spit upon this occasion? I have said without hesitation that the article is his, for no one who has the slightest knowledge of his style and his phraseology can for a moment doubt it; moreover it is no more than he has been writing to his correspondents from Paris, and saying since his return to everybody who listens to him. His whole behaviour on this occasion was a very characteristic piece of Broughamerie—first moving heaven and earth to prevent their coming to Paris, and when they got there fawning on them with a simulated *empressement*, endeavouring to thrust himself into notice by doing the honours of them, and taking them under his protection, all the time warning his friends at home not to believe a word about the cordiality of their reception and abusing them now that they

¹ Louis Philippe.

² Palmerston wrote a personal letter to King Louis Philippe, congratulating him on his escape from assassination.

are returned with all the rancour of disappointed jealousy. How long is this man to be permitted to play the pranks with which he by turn diverts and disgusts society?

He is a sort of Zimri whom Dryden's lines with a very slight alteration would accurately describe :

"Who, in the course of one revolving moon,
Is statesman, dandy, lawyer and buffoon";

for his most recent ambition has been to exhibit himself in the character of a man of fashion ! and he fancies that he passes for a Chesterfield or a Walpole, because he thrusts his nose into fashionable company, affects a ridiculous familiarity with smart men and fine ladies, and calls all the women by their Christian names. Of real good breeding, of the dignified discretion which respects itself and others, he has not an idea. Everywhere and with everybody he affects to be familiar, and this is his notion of being fine. At Paris he *tutoyers* M. Guizot ; he breaks through all the rules of etiquette, drags his relations unpresented to the palace of the King, and his *protégés*, uninvited, to the hotel of the Minister ; and because his impertinent extravaganzas are endured, he imagines they are approved ; and thus he gallops and gabbles through the world unconscious of the fingers of scorn which are pointed at him from all sides.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.

To Princess Lieven.

CARLTON TERRACE, May 10th, (1846).

Thank you very much for your kind letter of the 7th. I sent you the cutting without having had time to read it properly myself, but I thought it strange that *The Times'* correspondent should have heard about the *tutoyement* and other of Brougham's absurdities. Later I was afraid that my sending you this cutting might have made you think that we or others attached any importance to these little intrigues. This is not the case. People laugh at him and his *Morning Herald*, and that is all. Everyone is pleased with the result of our journey, and my time is entirely taken up with receiving congratulations from all sides. And I think that apart from Brougham, nobody blames my husband for the letter. Everyone thought that his first step was very natural, and the friendly manner in which the King received him showed that no embarrassment had been caused. But

Brougham is like an angry dog, biting everyone within reach. And he was especially angry at my husband's letter, because he himself had left Paris without hearing the news of the attempted assassination, and probably learned of it only in Boulogne.

He appears nowhere in Society, and I have not seen the tip of his nose since my return. But what irritates him most in all these little intrigues is that Lord Lyndhurst still refuses to resign. Lyndhurst¹ is playing with him, holding him between his paws like a cat with a mouse !

When he arrived in London he paid a round of visits to all the members of the Corps Diplomatique, and saw among others, Van de Weyer² (whom he usually never sees), with the sole purpose of explaining that we had been very badly received in Paris and how foolish we had been to go there against his advice ! Is he not mad to persist in his ideas despite all contradiction of fact ?

The big debate will take place in the House of Lords on the 25th, and it is thought that there will be quite a strong majority in favour of the bill,³ but that difficulties will arise later, when the House goes into *Committee*, and when one of the Peers proposes a fixed duty. We hear that the Government has made great preparations to meet this crisis, and that they are even recalling Heytesbury, Cowley and Lord Westmorland to help them. The whole nation is buzzing and humming like a hive of bees, but no one knows exactly what will happen, and opinions are divided.

The Government says that it intends to resign, but for that very reason we do not believe them, and our idea is that they will try to stay in office as long as they can.

We have had very fine weather for several days, and there have been a few balls and evening parties which have given Lady Ailesbury an opportunity to show off all the beautiful clothes which she brought back from Paris. But in general Society is languishing. When politics are chaotic, evening parties become duller. The Queen is in good health, but her pregnancy is the despair of her dressmakers,⁴ all the more because they have bought enormous stocks—in London I find all the dresses and coiffures for which I searched in vain in Paris. The decrease in duties has been very helpful to dressmakers.

¹ Lyndhurst remained Lord Chancellor until the Tories resigned this year.

² Belgian Ambassador.

³ Repeal of the Corn Laws, introduced this year by Peel.

⁴ Birth of Princess Christian.

To Princess Lieven.

CARLTON TERRACE, (Tuesday, June 1846).

I have not written to you for a long time ; I was waiting until I had something positive to say to you, but one day's rumours were contradicted by the next. And then we went to spend a week in the country in order to enjoy the fine weather, and to arrange our little affairs in case of a crisis. You will have read in our newspapers the debate in the two Houses, and you will have realized that everything is working up to a disaster—the Protectionists are acting while we remain inactive. Universal hatred, bitterness and contempt for the Government is the order of the day, and it reached a climax yesterday in the House of Commons when Lord George ¹ made a most violent speech blaming the Government for incapacity, treachery and clumsiness, and reproaching Peel personally for his conduct towards Canning. There was no answer at all from the Government benches. The whole House applauded and approved Lord George's speech. It is an extraordinary sight to see a Minister, who was once so strong, beaten and mastered by a man just starting on his career, hardly known to the public, with no advantages save a handsome face and a great name (which incidentally counts for a great deal in this aristocratic country). It is thought that the Government will be defeated ten days hence on the Irish Coercion Bill, but certain arrangements have been made to avoid overthrowing the Corn Bill at the same time as the Government, and this complicates matters. It is possible that Peel, when he finds himself defeated, will have recourse to a Dissolution, but I do not believe this. It would only prolong the agony for a few months. The feeling against the Government is too general. The Queen has almost recovered, and has arranged to go to Osborne on the 19th—I do not know whether the new developments will alter her plans in any way. It is very lucky that she has recovered so well, for all this agitation must fuss her considerably. Prince Albert has just driven past my window with Ibrahim Pasha,²

¹ Bentinck, the 4th Duke of Portland's son. He was George Canning's great-nephew by marriage. Peel, through personal dislike of Canning, had refused to serve under him when he was asked to form a Ministry in 1827.

² Ibrahim Pasha, son of Mehemet Ali, Pasha of Egypt, was on a visit to the Western Powers. It was he who had wrested Syria from the Turks in 1833, and had been defeated by the Western Powers in 1839.

on his way back from a review. How glad I am now that I went to Paris—one should never miss an opportunity.

To Princess Lieven.

CARLTON TERRACE, June 20th (1846).

Do not reproach me, dearest, if I write rarely—the situation changes so rapidly that one has no time to pause and describe it. We shall know the truth on the day of the division over the Coercion Bill,¹ but until then everything is uncertain. Some people prophesy that we shall have a majority of forty or sixty, others that our Radicals will cross over to the other side, and that the Government will have a small majority. But uncertainty does not end there. It is doubtful whether the Government will resign even if it is defeated, and whether they will not prefer to dissolve Parliament. I am telling you all that is *said*, but in actual fact I think that the struggle will soon be over, and that the Government will resign. Their position is too false and too unpleasant for Peel to consider remaining in Office; his apology for his conduct towards Canning was a painful affair, and although he came out of it better than I expected, nevertheless he left a bad impression. I am sure you will remember something about that period, and about the persecution which Canning endured. Lady Clanricarde² still retains bitter memories of it, but I think it is a great pity that Lord George should have broached the subject—it is difficult to prove something which happened years ago, and public affairs are thereby reduced to the level of personal disputes.

The Diplomatic Corps is in despair over this muddle; they do not know what reports to make to their Courts, and go from side to side asking for news, and are told a different story by each person—it is rather a comical situation. One of them told me that he was reporting everything that was said to him, so his reports will be a pretty muddle—another wiser one said to me that he always made the same report, namely, that Peel would remain in Office, because in that case he could only be wrong *once*.

Brougham still flies into a rage when people say that there will be a change of government and that Peel is not *very strong*—he is a very perverse creature—he was furious with Lord

¹ Peel's Government was thrown out over the Irish Coercion Bill.

² Canning's daughter.

Stanley for taunting him in the House of Lords the other day.

We are still stifled by the heat, and are quite unaccustomed to a summer like this—it has taken us all unawares, and the large dinners and evening parties are continuing steadily, as though the weather were quite fresh. The Duchess of Gloucester is coming to me to-day, but luckily my windows open on to the Park, so that there is always a little air in the evening.

Adieu, dearest, I will write to you when I have something more definite to report. Meanwhile my husband asks to be remembered to you, and believe me always your old and sincere friend.

Lady Tankerville is better, but has been ill again since her return. Please give my respects to M. Guizot; I am sorry to hear that one of his relations has been ill.

To Princess Lieven.

CARLTON TERRACE, (*June or July, 1846*).

The newspapers will have told you all that has happened here. Lord John is away in Osborne and returns to-morrow—the Government will be formed at once, and without difficulty. I think that our Government will be very well supported by all parties, for the best of reasons, namely, that any other Government would be impossible at this moment. Peel handed in his resignation on Saturday. He expected to be defeated, but not by such a great majority as 73. The Duke of Wellington, who is bitterly disappointed at being turned out, did his best to persuade Peel to try a new Parliament—but this majority proves too well the determination of the large Protectionist Party to throw them out, and a dissolution would only have gained them a few weeks' respite. The combinations in this affair are rather peculiar. The very Parliament in which Peel used to have a majority of 90 has now thrown him out with a majority of 73, and he was defeated the *very same day* on which the Corn Bill passed through the House of Lords.

We are greatly pleased to see that this change of Government has had so little effect in France, and that the newspapers are not fussing about it. This is the result of our visit to Paris, for which I never cease to be thankful. By making the personal acquaintance of Palmerston the French realize that he is just as anxious to preserve peace as his predecessor, and to maintain the previous friendly relations with France.

I am sorry that you will not have my brother in Paris¹—they would both have liked to go, but partly owing to his health and partly to his attachment to Melbourne he was obliged to refuse an appointment which would have been so pleasant to him in other ways. In his place you will have Normanby, who, I am sure, will be very popular. They are very kind and good people, and well looked upon in Society—they will live in a grand way and entertain parties. Brougham is furious! Up till the last moment he refused to believe “*that the Ministers could be so idiotic as to leave their seats*”.

We are expecting every day news of Lord William Russell's death—it is very sad, and we all miss him very much. Lord John and the Duke are very grieved, and it is especially sad for Lord John to have to suffer a bereavement at a moment like this.

To Princess Lieven.

CARLTON TERRACE, July 3rd (1846).

The Government has been arranged and has met with almost universal approval—I think it will be very strong because there is no Opposition, and if John Russell maintains his present wise and moderate attitude, I do not think there will be one for a long time. The two Parties, Peel and the Protectionists, both court our favour—so all we need do is to remain friendly to both, if possible, and not become too much entangled with either.

Peel's radical speech the other day annoyed everyone; his Party is ashamed of it, and maintains that he lost his head—the Protectionists, especially, are angry, and it is certainly true that his tone was not suitable for a Minister to adopt. For instance he should never have said that Richard Cobden was the hero who deserved all the honour and glory for that *wonderful* Corn Law affair, thus admitting that he and John Russell had not acted through conviction, but merely to put themselves in the tail of that *agitator*, the very man whom he had denounced last year as capable of having him shot like his poor secretary Drummond.

Cobden is not a bad man, and much better in his ideas than the other members of the League²; nevertheless he is one of

¹ As Ambassador.

² The Anti-Corn-Law League, which stipulated that foreign grain was to be imported at a low duty.

them, and has kept his position through actions which are not strictly legal. My husband wisely counters these criticisms by assuming that Peel did not approve of his agitation in the country, but was only thinking of his behaviour in Parliament. Just fancy, Brougham's idea is now to put himself at the head of the Protectionists, and he took it on himself to write to Peel after his speech to express his disapproval, accusing him of making himself "the advocate of mob government".

The Duke of Wellington remarks on what an extraordinary situation it is, that Brougham should remonstrate to Peel about his radical views!! The Duke is delighted to be at the head of the Army and declares himself prepared to renounce politics for good.

Lord Grey is as gentle as a lamb, promising to do everything required of him and to make no more difficulties. The fortnight of agonizing doubt, when he thought he was going to be overlooked, was as good for his character as a year's schooling in his childhood would have been.

All things considered, we thought that it would be best for the Party to have him with us, and Palmerston decided to take him in in order to avoid having to explain *why* he was being punished and left out in the cold, the reason being his irritable temper.

Adieu, dearest.

The Queen is charming and very good and kind to John Russell, so all is well and promises well for the future. I think the Duchess of Grafton will take the place of the Duchess of Buccleuch.

There has never been a Government take office with so much general good will. Of course this will not last, but it is a good beginning.

To Princess Lieven.

CARLTON TERRACE, *Saturday (July 1846).*

It is not the Duchess of Grafton who will be Mistress of the Robes but the Duchess of Sutherland who will replace her. The Duke of Wellington will remain Head of the army and Lord Anglesey will have the *Ordnance*. Everything has been beautifully arranged without a hitch, and everyone is pleased with us, and angry with Peel personally for his abominable speech; the Duchess of Cambridge spoke of it to me yesterday

with anger and astonishment. The Duke of Wellington is loud in reproaching him, and declares that he intends to leave politics for ever. No doubt in time *some* Opposition will be found, but for the moment there will be none.

The Queen is very kind and gentle, and shows no regrets. How things change in this world ! For instance, Palmerston dined last night at the Reform Club, where a great dinner was given to Ibrahim Pasha—Palmerston proposed Mehemet Ali's health ! He made a flattering speech which so pleased Ibrahim that he said to his interpreter, "the words that have fallen from Lord Palmerston have given me more pleasure than the sight of a beautiful woman".

Ibrahim is coming to-night to my Saturday evening, and is to dine with us again on another occasion, so I hope he will be satisfied. They say he was annoyed at not being lent the Queen's carriages and her Guards, and that they paid him less honour here than he received in Paris.

To Lady Palmerston.

ST. GERMAIN, Sunday, August 2nd, 1846.

Thank you very much for your letters of 25th and 28th and for the newspaper with the portraits of the present ministers. Actually they are very bad likenesses ; never mind, it amused me.

You have successfully negotiated the sugar problem.¹ I imagine that you will now have a period of quiet until the time when you decide to dissolve Parliament.

Brougham writes angry letters directed chiefly against Peel ; his fury surpasses the furies of Orestes.

The fresh attempt on the King's² life on the 29th was stupid, shameful, outrageous. Nobody knows what to say, and the King is at his wits' end. His life is constantly in danger, luckily constantly protected, but he cannot hope always to escape. To-day there are general elections throughout the whole of France. The result is uncertain ; to-morrow we shall know if the Chamber is Conservative or Opposition.

M. Guizot spent two days here ; he was a trifle worried over this affair of the assassin Henri, but otherwise in good spirits. He has returned to Normandy for ten or twelve days. The heat this summer is terrific, and I am very thankful for the fresh

¹ The Sugar Bill. For previous history, cf. Macaulay's speech, February 1845.

² Louis Philippe.

air of these mountains, and the pleasant coolness of the forest. I have a few friends who come and visit me from Paris every day by railway.¹ I am very glad that other people should use the railway, though for my own part I am more than ever determined never to travel by it.

I doubt very much, dearest, whether I shall go to England in spite of your tempting invitation. Tell me about the post-chaises, and I shall welcome your news; but never mention the railways.

The Cowleys seem determined to remain in the Embassy until September 1st. I have not seen them for the last fortnight.

The Duc de Poix is dying, probably dead by now. Sabine is to be married, to Standish's son; a poor marriage. You will remember the Poix² in London last summer. Otherwise I have no news to tell you. I am still as delighted as ever to receive your letters.

To Princess Lieven.

WINDSOR CASTLE, *September 25th* (1846).

I was very sorry to hear from the Duke of Wellington that you were still ill—he had met Lady Anne Becket at Dover on her return from Paris, and she had told him the sad news. However I still hope it may be only the after-effects of cholera, of which you told me in your last letter—in England this illness is always followed by a period of weakness, but nothing worse. I would have written to you earlier, but the unhappy events in Spain distressed me so much—and will have also distressed you, I fancy. I was unwilling to broach a subject which is so distressing for all lovers of France and of the *Entente Cordiale*, for after this gross treachery it is impossible for England ever again to rely on French honour and French promises—so I foresee a long future of doubt and mistrust in Europe, in place of the frank and open understanding which we thought existed on both sides, and which certainly existed on ours.³

¹ St. Germain is 13 miles north-west of Paris.

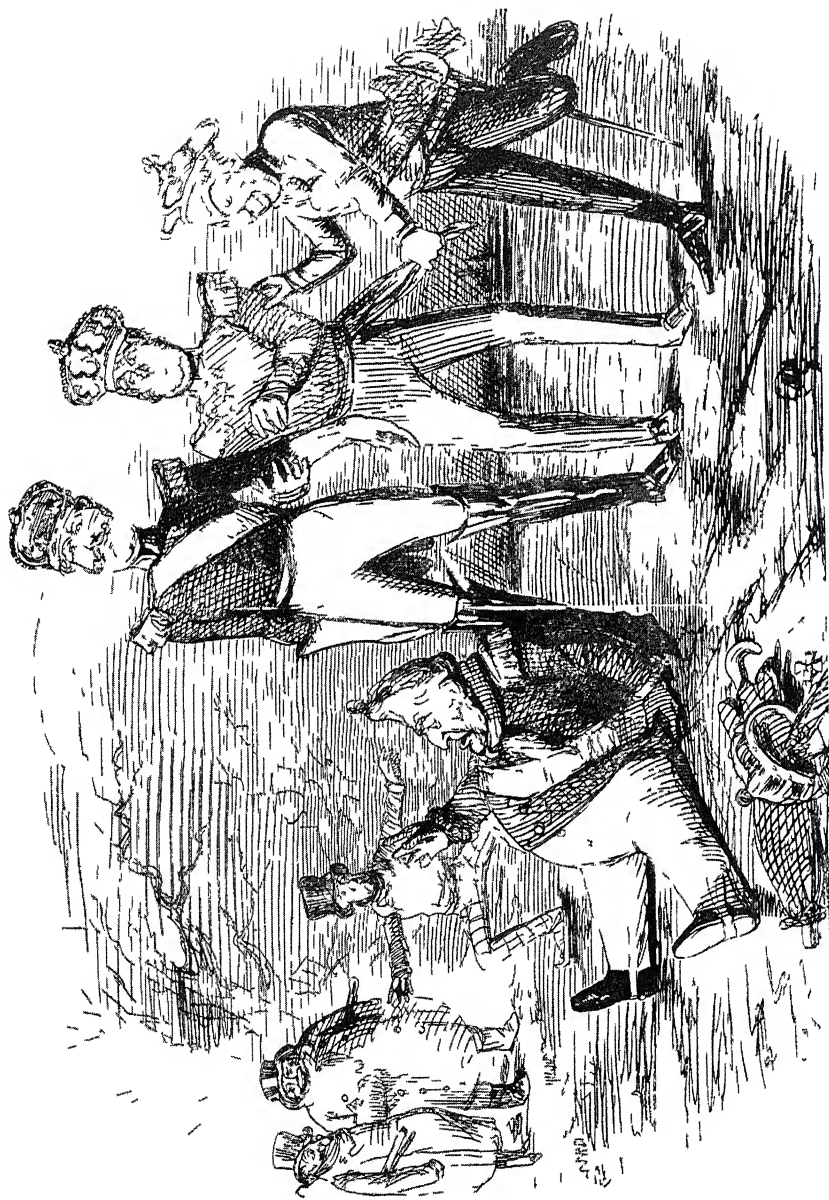
² Duchesse de Poix was Prince Talleyrand's niece.

³ The Question of the "Spanish Marriages". France, without England's consent, had arranged the marriage of Queen Isabella of Spain to Don Francis, Duke of Cadiz, and of her younger sister to the Duc de Montpensier, son of Louis Philippe. As Don Francis was reputed to be impotent, the succession would naturally fall to the heirs of the younger sister, thus uniting the dynasties of France and Spain.



LOUIS PHILIPPE MACAIRE INSTRUCTING COUNSEL FOR HIS DEFENCE
IN THE ENGLISH HOUSE OF LORDS

*Lord Brougham possessed an Estate at Cannes, and was the most
eloquent speaker in defence of Louis Philippe and the Spanish
marriages—1846*



ROYAL PASTIME—OR LOUIS PHILIPPE “TRIPP’D UP”

Russia, Austria and Prussia, by the extinction of the Free State of Gracow, were considered to have violated the Treaty of Vienna with impunity, whilst Louis Philippe was thought to have come to grief by the marriage of his son Montpensier with the Infanta Luisa Fernanda of Spain—1847

The whole of England and all political parties agree on this matter, and I personally am sorry that the French King should not have performed his trick a little earlier, because I would have much preferred Lord Aberdeen to deal with the situation, rather than my husband, who has unfortunately arrived just in time for the dénouement, and is confronted with problems and explanations of a very disagreeable nature. However, the only point on which he can be blamed is for having been too gentle and trusting on this occasion—and though on previous occasions he was accused of suspecting the King's ambition, and of mistrusting his friendliness and the Entente Cordiale, the latest developments have at least put everyone on his side and have shown that he alone knew France, and was right to mistrust the sincerity of this much vaunted Entente Cordiale.

But let us leave this horrible subject. We have a very brilliant party here—the Queen Dowager, the Princess of Prussia, the Cambridges, in fact a crowd—everything very magnificent and luxurious, and lovely weather. From here we go to Broadlands for a few days, and finally to London for the end of October and all November. We have not spent much time at home yet, for the Queen took my husband on a long journey by Yatch [*sic*] while I spent the interval with my children at Ryde, which cut short the holidays at Broadlands.

The Princess of Prussia is beautiful and charming, and her visit has restored the Queen Dowager's youth. Her company is always a joy.

To Lady Palmerston.

PARIS, October 17th, 1846.

Your letter found me in bed with a very serious illness. I am not yet well again. I spend the greater part of the day in bed. This is the first letter that I have written since my attack, but I must say a few words to you.

I am greatly distressed to see the good understanding between England and France upset by the Spanish marriage. I live here among people who see no harm in it whatever, and who are amazed at all the fuss it is causing. Foreigners are equally astonished.¹

¹ England thought that Louis Philippe had double-crossed her with regard to the Spanish marriages. In *The Diary of Princess Lieven* Dr. Temperley says that the Princess, who had complete ascendancy over Guizot, had very

Of course I quite understand that you should have a different point of view about the whole affair, and I can understand that the arrangement may have caused you a momentary annoyance. But it seems to me now that the darkest clouds are over. And I hope with all my heart that both sides will now set themselves diligently to smooth away by degrees this unpleasant misunderstanding. This is my sincere wish. It is the wish of an invalid, the wish of a healthy person too, and it must be shared by all well-intentioned people in the world.

Dearest, my strength fails me. You cannot imagine how changed and weak I am; it is a nervous illness. The shock has been severe at my age.

To Princess Lieven.

CARLTON TERRACE, October 30th (1846).

It was a real and lively pleasure to receive your letter telling me of your convalescence. I had been so anxious about your health that I had written to Lady Normanby asking for details. I hope that now you will recover strength and that you will write to me sometimes to spare me fresh anxiety.

I was delighted to meet our old friend M. de Bacourt, and we talked at great length—but he only stayed a short time in London, and my husband was at Windsor, so I could not ask him to dinner as I should have liked.

I can assure you I am overwhelmed about this unhappy Spanish affair. I wish, as you do, that our relations would improve, but I fear that the old cordial feelings and the old trust which existed between us is gone for ever. Those who were most horrified in England were those who had been previously most enthusiastic about the French alliance—having had faith in the good intentions of France they were furious at being deceived. But time can effect much, and if only the Queen of Spain had children everything would then return to normal—the past would be forgotten, and our relations could stand as they stood before. But if there are no children, then alas for Europe in the future. The arrival of these children would also help M. Bresson's¹ position, for you are no doubt aware of what

probably arranged the marriages out of spite for England and in her love of arranging the destinies of Royalty. (Palmerston, her great enemy, had become Foreign Secretary again in July.)

¹ Comte Charles de Bresson, French Ambassador in Spain.

irritated people here, namely, the suspicion that he forced this marriage with Don François in the hope that the rumours about him in Spain were true and that there would be no children. But I refuse to believe that he acted with this motive, and think it impossible that, if the rumours were true, a mother should have been partner to the plot—no, I cannot believe this—we must hope to see this slander refuted at some later date.

No more about the vile subject of Spain—at present it looks as though we were to have Portugal on our hands as well.

Has there ever been such a year as this? Revolution everywhere, famine in Ireland, starvation everywhere, floods in France, cloud-bursts, accidents, ship-wrecks, in fact every possible misfortune. And all these things for the Whigs to deal with! But we are of good heart, and our Government is strong, for the simple reason that there is no opposition, because all independent members are on our side and a great number of Peel's old friends. Peel himself and his colleagues are well-disposed towards us, and support us entirely in our attitude to the Spanish question.

There was talk for a time of summoning Parliament at once to deal with Ireland, and I personally would have been pleased, because then our methods of dealing with France could have been brought into the open, and the French papers would not have been able to malign us! Paris would have realized that our Cabinet was united, and that my husband is as much in favour of the *Entente Cordiale* as anyone else—that in fact he was less angry than the others on this occasion through having been more suspicious beforehand.

I have known many Cabinets, and I can truthfully say I have never seen a more loyal and united one than ours—my husband and Lord John are particularly intimate, being of one mind on every principle, and trusting one another implicitly, which gives each of them an added strength. I am settled in London at present, entertaining the few people who are here or who are on their way through. Emily is with me, and we are expecting Fanny who is arriving next week for her lying-in—she is at present staying in Ireland with Lord Roden.

There is certainly much suffering in Ireland at present owing to the loss of the potato crop, but I think the accounts are exaggerated. If one could only get rid of some of that enormous population through emigration or through a war, I think everything would go well. We shall have to follow your system

and found a second Algeria to contain those millions of people. I have not yet seen Lady Augusta Neumann, but she is here—and poor Neumann is rid of that pest for a few months at least.

Lord and Lady Holland¹ are settled in Holland House and seem to have forgotten Florence.

The Howard de Waldens had left Lisbon on a holiday just before the revolution broke out. I do not think they knew it was so serious—and in any case they had no time to lose, for they were due to visit their property in Jamaica next month. What a journey!

Adieu, dearest, all my love and congratulations on your recovery. I have just heard that you were well enough to go to Théâtre des Italiens—is this possible? I should rejoice to think it could be true.

Lady Tankerville is in London—she is in better health, and her husband has some hope of recovering his sight under different treatment. This would be a very great blessing.

Lady Mary Lambton² is to marry Lord Elgin, Governor of Canada. It is a good marriage, but her health will not permit her to join him before next summer.

To Princess Lieven.

CARLTON TERRACE, Monday (November 1846).

Your letter has just arrived, and I am entirely of your opinion about what Lord Normanby³ has done—he could not go to the first reception without compromising his position, but we greatly approved of his second action which was in very good taste and very right and proper—he always comes well out of awkward situations because he is so *gentlemanlike*.

I also entirely agree with you that a woman's part is to create understanding and sympathy between conflicting parties. I can truthfully say that I have always tried to do this, now and on previous occasions—and I am very happy to know that you feel as I do in this matter.

Nevertheless I cannot hide from you the fact that people

¹ Son and daughter-in-law of the famous Lady Holland, who made Holland House so renowned as a political centre.

² Lord Durham's daughter.

³ Newly appointed Ambassador in Paris. He shunned the Society of Princess Lieven, on account of the rumours of her complicity in the Spanish Marriage plot. England and France were on bad terms.

have been saying the very opposite of you, and only the day before yesterday one of my friends showed me a letter from Paris in which I read the following paragraph!! "Madame de Lieven is doing all the mischief in her power, and M. Guizot's alentours say that she is always trying to exasperate his Party against Lord Palmerston." I answered that I did not believe a word of it, and that I *could* not believe it, having just received a letter from you in a completely different sense.

No doubt it is a piece of slander, but I thought it better that you should know what is being said—all the more since there may be people in Paris who wish to aggravate the quarrel, and who accuse you of doing what they are doing themselves. But what inclines me to believe their story a little is that the more reliable newspapers which are under M. Guizot's influence, such as *La Paix*, *l'Époque* and *Le Portefeuille*, are the very papers which lash out most bitterly against my husband.

And in Paris editors are not like the editors here, rich and independent, only concerned to sell their papers—I think actually that Parisian editors obey the will of their party chief for right or wrong—perhaps I am mistaken, but that at least is my idea. How rapidly events have succeeded each other in these days!! It is Pandora's box reopened to spread pestilence all over the earth—wars here, wars there, revolutions everywhere, endless quarrels and marriages on all sides!

In fact it is a real chaos, and we cannot see where it will all lead. Meanwhile Lord Aberdeen reposes quite happily at his Scottish fireside, no doubt rejoicing to be rid of the whole business.

Tell me something of what Baron de Cannes—*ci-devant* Lord Brougham¹ is doing. Is it true, as *The Times* says, that he is to be made a Marshal of France? Is he with the King, or is it true that the King has been cold towards him since he wrote that impertinent tract about his sister? There are so many stories current about the ridiculous baron that I cannot grasp them all, and his own letters confuse one even more, instead of making things clearer.

Lord Stanley had seven of his letters in his portfolio, and he had not answered one of them—one can read his letters without being compromised, but it is dangerous to write to him. I am quite enjoying myself in London at this moment (although the weather is not pleasant)—we have had a succession of small

¹ Brougham had inherited a property in Cannes.

"evenings" at the various cabinet ministers' houses; they live in very close intimacy with each other. The Diplomatic Corps adores these evenings—an unusual treat at this time of year. We have the great novelty of a Turkish Ambassador taking his wife about in Society—there is also an American Minister with his wife, both charming people. The others you know from the old days. Lady Augusta Neumann is no handsomer, although she shows an interest in her husband and talks of him in an affectionate manner; perhaps it is a pose, but at any rate a highly suitable one.

I am so delighted to hear that your health is better.

To Princess Lieven.

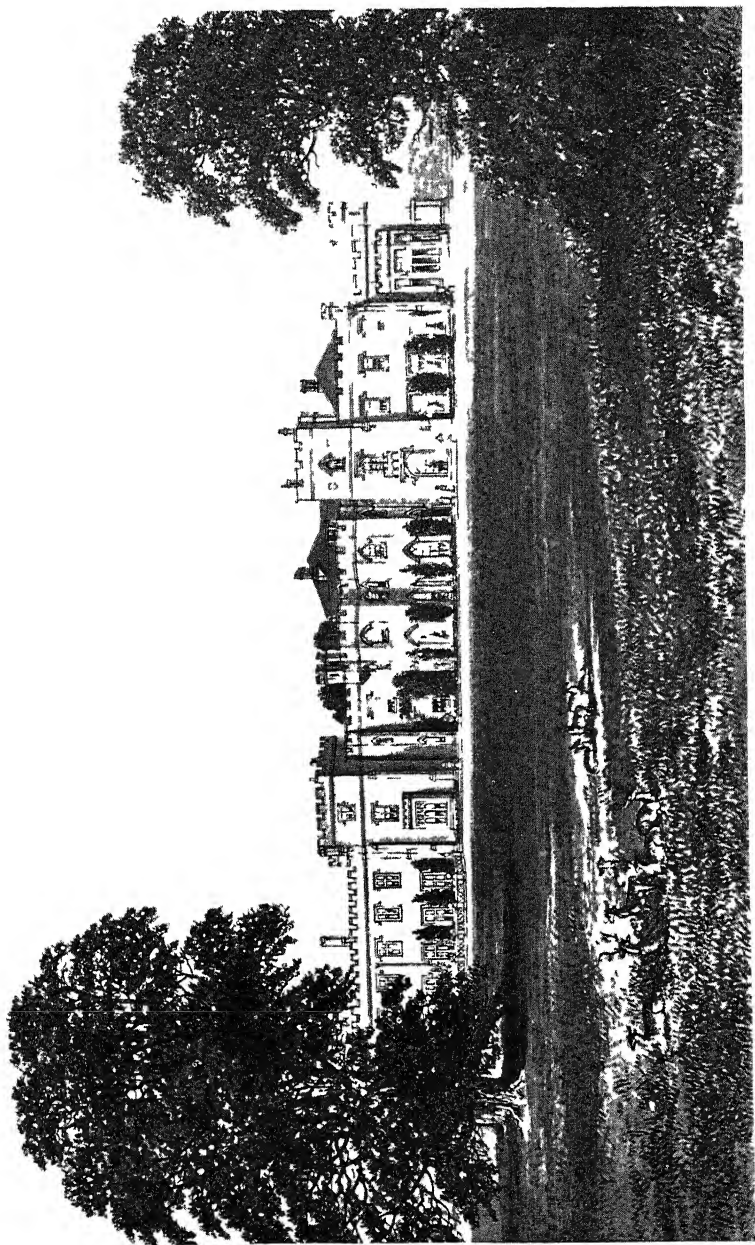
CARLTON TERRACE, *Monday, November 30th (1846).*

Your letter was very kind and I am too happy in your friendship ever to doubt it. It is very true that you gave us strong proof of it at the time of our journey to Paris, and my husband and I were both very touched by this—we felt that we were back in the good old times, and I can assure you that we were extremely grateful for all your kindness and friendliness towards us. So that is now settled, and let us not listen to the tales of malicious people.

But what dreadful things are happening everywhere in the world!

I have not yet seen Lord Brougham, but they say he is in a very bad humour at finding the political horizon here so little to his liking, and the Government so strong and prosperous, in spite of his prophecies that it would fall at any moment. He also finds himself in the curious position of not knowing what society to frequent, finding no one who shares his views—except, perhaps, Dr. Gifford, Editor of the *Standard*, whose sympathies he engaged by taking him to dine with the King. I do not know if this is true, but I am to meet his step-daughter, Lady Malet, at dinner to-night at the Admiralty. You must have heard of the scandal he created in Paris when he turned a certain young lady out of his carriage in the street in the middle of the night, in full evening dress. However, nothing he does can ever surprise one!

Lady Tankerville is much grieved by her brother's illness, and was counting on leaving for Paris to-day when her doctor absolutely forbade it. He thought that the journey and the



PANSHANGER PARK



A SILLY TRICK

John Bull—"Come, come, you foolish fellow; you don't suppose
I'm to be frightened by such a turnip as that!"

There was much talk at this time of invasion by the French—1847

agitation would be too much for her, for although she is better in health, she has never quite recovered from the serious illness which she started in Paris at the time when Brougham was acting so unkindly towards her.

The stories about Lady Seymour are utterly false—she is in London, very happy and contented with her husband. This season is always the season of rumours, invented to amuse lazy people in clubs.

To-morrow we are going for three days to Arundel Castle ¹ to meet the Queen—they say it will be a very beautiful party. The Duchess of Sutherland is coming down from Scotland to be there. I met her two days ago, dining with the Duchess of Gloucester, who gave a delightful ball for Princess Mary of Cambridge's birthday—and a ball in November is a rare event. But there are a great many people in London at the moment—the railroads have entirely upset people's usual habits! We can now go from London to Broadlands in two and three-quarter hours! Is it possible!!

I saw Lady Normanby yesterday on her return from Osborne—she is going to visit her son in the north, then she will return to Paris, taking with her her beautiful niece, Miss Barrington, who is one of the most admired young ladies here.

I am praying for your health.

Fanny had a little boy last week, which she was longing for, having had nothing but girls so far.

My brothers are still at Brocket, living in retirement like two philosophers, and very happy—they take great interest in the events of the outside world, but refuse to work.

To Lady Palmerston.

PARIS, *March 26th*, 1847.

I was delighted with your last letter of the 23rd. If I had answered your previous letter I should have had to adopt a sad note, for you were rather sad yourself. This new letter, however, is gayer and pleases me more. I was also astonished about my Emperor's fifty millions, but I am delighted at it. It proves that he is rich and also benevolent. Nothing is lasting in this world, especially in politics.

I am delighted about the English visitors who you tell me are coming to Paris. I must except the Londonderrys, because

¹ The Duke of Norfolk's house.

for some time now they have taken offence at me, and I no longer see them. They have got into their heads the strange idea that I opposed their appointment to the Embassy in Paris in 1841, and have loudly declared their eternal hostility towards me ever since. I am made the scapegoat of their ridiculous fancies. I do not know if he would have made a good ambassador, but at any rate it is certain that he would have been a ridiculous figure, and no doubt the Tories in England considered that it was a drawback for an Ambassador to be ridiculous.

I found Lady Tankerville looking very well. She is a nice woman, always the same, with a detached outlook on life, both in good fortune and in adversity.

If what you say is true, that the Grand Duke Constantine is going to London this summer, you will be charmed with his great intelligence, originality, humour and powers of observation.

I have a strong desire to go to the Rhine this summer, and spend a few weeks in Ems. I need a change of air, for I am still very weak after my long illness of last autumn.

The weather is delightful, even more perfect than when you were here last year. By the way, you talk as though it were two years ago; that is because your life is so crowded with incident that time passes more quickly for you. In my monotonous existence the time seems to drag.

I can understand that there should be very little gaiety in London during this period of famine and distress in Ireland. But what an extraordinary tirade the other day in the *Morning Chronicle*! Simultaneously to blame God and the Queen is odd behaviour for a governmental newspaper!

From what you tell me of Montémolin,¹ it is a pity that he did not marry the Queen.² What a much better arrangement that would have been! They wanted it here, but he would have nothing to do with it.

There is no news from Paris to give you. Only some trivial rioting by a few hot-headed and self-important little boys, who wanted to make a stir, and who only succeeded in getting themselves laughed at in the Chamber.

There is a great religious retreat during Holy Week. After that there are to be several balls. But here, as in London, public distress has rather killed people's power of enjoyment. Adieu, dearest.

¹ Pretender to the Spanish throne under the title of Charles VI.

² Isabella, married to her cousin, Don Francis of Cadiz.

To Lady Palmerston.

PARIS, September 24th, 1847.

I received your last letter at Trouville, where I was leading that idle life of sea bathing which makes one incapable of fulfilling one's duties. It was only on my return here that I could take up my old occupations. I am sorry to be back because the sea air was doing me good. However, when everyone left I was forced to leave too, for I could not bear the loneliness.

Paris is very empty. There are only diplomats here, concerned as usual, and even more than usual, with the clouds on the political horizon.

Italy is a very serious business. Rome behaved admirably. If the others would only act like the Pope and the people of Rome, one could only applaud. As for Spain, it is still a hopeless mess. To-day Bulwer¹ is in command there. Everyone has his day. I do not quite understand what you mean about the slanders against Queen Isabella. I should have thought it was fairly notorious that she is a pleasure-loving Queen; she does not even take the trouble to hide it.

Talking of queens, I heard yesterday the following story about the Queen of the Belgians, who incidentally does not resemble Queen Isabella in the least. The question was raised in her presence whether the Duchess of Praslin² had been able to recognize her murderer in the dark. The Queen said: "Certainly she did not recognize him; for if she had recognized him she would not have submitted." I think this is a sublime and touching remark.

This horrible tragedy has appalled the whole of Europe. What a fiend the man must be!

Marshal Sebastiani is bearing his grief as all old men do; power of feeling dies with the years. Tell me if it is true that the Duke of Wellington is marrying Miss Coutts. I can hardly believe it, yet such extraordinary things happen in this world that I should never say that anything was impossible.

Lady Cowley is fairly well. She has taken a modest apartment in the Rue Royale, and is bearing her stroke of ill luck with dignity.

I am expecting shortly a nephew and niece of mine, Prince Kotchouberg and his wife, who will be charming additions to

¹ Sir Henry Bulwer, British Ambassador in Madrid.

² Daughter of Marshal Sebastiani, who was murdered by her husband for the sake of his mistress.

my circle, young, fashionable, immensely rich and greatly attached to me. I have another nephew here, Count Tolstoi, who is also charming. I am delighted with these new acquisitions.

In the interval between this letter and the last Princess Lieven had fled to England to escape the 1848 revolution.

To Princess Lieven.

BROADLANDS, *January 27th, 1852.*

I was intending to answer your kind note when all these unexpected events came down like an avalanche upon our heads, and naturally engrossed all my time. Forgive me for this delay. I shall not enter into details because I feel they would not interest you. And I know you will understand how busy I am with letters and explanations.

Public opinion is very much annoyed with Lord John, and sides whole-heartedly with my husband.¹ So we are all impatiently awaiting February 3rd (the day of Parliament's reopening) to hear what disclosures will be made, and what reasons Lord John can give for his extraordinary behaviour. And so unreasonable !

Meanwhile we have greatly enjoyed our stay in the country this fine winter. And my husband was really enchanted to regain his freedom after working for five and a half years without a break—he walked and rode up hill and down dale, exploring to the full this stretch of country which is so dear to him. So, other things apart, we really spent a very agreeable time, and shall be sorry to go to London to-morrow.

I am delighted to hear that you are a supporter of the President,² for I think that, in view of the condition of France, no other choice was possible, and no other Government. If the Chamber's conspiracy had succeeded, there would certainly have been a civil war, followed by a state of anarchy. So all sensible people should be on the President's side, and I am upset at the idiotic behaviour of *The Times* and of the people who always take their opinions from that wretched newspaper. And it is always the mischief-mongers who make the most noise ; Ellice, Normanby, Charles Greville are all in that category, and do

¹ Palmerston's unauthorized recognition of the French *Coup d'État* led to his dismissal by Russell from the position of Foreign Secretary.

² Louis Napoleon, who became President of the French Republic in 1848.

a great deal of harm by their foolish gossip. It would have been much better to have kept Thiers in Paris where he was so greatly criticized, rather than send him to us here, where he can always find half-wits to listen to him. But just think of his folly—on the first day of his arrival he told a number of people at Lady Alice Peel's house about the plans which had been made to arrest the President himself and take him to Vincennes a few days later, and how the *coup d'état* had taken them all by surprise.

✱ I believe that he now denies having said this, because it has been pointed out to him that he was only playing into the President's hands by his frank talk. But there is no denying that he did make this admission—and even Mr. Goulburn, who was present, made a few pointed remarks to him at the time. Mr. G. "So if the President had not made the *coup d'état* it was your intention to do so." Thiers answered, "Ours would not have been a *coup d'état*, because we had the law on our side—and he had not." Nevertheless, I think he would be glad to be able to retract his words.

To Lady Palmerston.

PARIS, September 5th, 1852.

I asked your brother for news of you, and I was thankful that he gave me such a good account. Now that I know you are almost recovered, I must tell you how very anxious I was about you. What a terrible attack! So sudden, so violent! Was it really cholera? What remedies did they give you?

I myself feel suddenly threatened by this cholera. For the last three months I have been put to constant inconvenience. They make me take Vichy baths in my house, for my liver is in a bad state. It is frightening how thin I have become. I had a fall six weeks ago which nearly killed me, with the result that I am in a very poor state of health. I am staying in Paris so that my doctors can see me. Paris is, however, odious at this time of year; there is not a single French person of my acquaintance here, and apart from being stifled by the heat I am desperately bored.

There is hardly a word said now about the President's marriage,¹ although I hear that the plans have not been quite given

¹ Louis Napoléon married Eugénie de Montijo in January of the following year.

up. The country has imperial ambitions ; in high circles they are very reticent on this point. I refer to the Prince, for his entourage is always high-flown in its language. Personally I think it will be a long time before anything of the kind occurs.¹

The world is very peaceful, and I hope that no untoward event will come to disturb it.

I spent four weeks of this summer with the Empress² ; we had the most charmingly intimate relationship. You cannot imagine what a brilliant life she leads, and yet how easy and smooth it is. She is an adorable creature, intelligent and affectionate. I had always been fond of her, but I am now more so than ever !

I saw Lord Granville here. He left yesterday after dining at St. Cloud. The Prince lives in great state, and it is very pleasant dining there. He entertains a great deal. He is shortly starting on his grand tour, which is to last thirty-two days, and which will be one long, exhausting sequence of entertainments and public appearances ! One needs great strength for that. I have nobody here to amuse me except the diplomatic corps, of whom I make all the use I can.

It would give me great joy to receive a little letter from you, telling me of your complete recovery. I can assure you I have been very worried.

To Lady Palmerston.

PARIS, *February 3rd*, 1853.

I find no words to express my grief to you. What a loss ! There is no one like him left in the world.³ I think first of myself ; where am I to find another friend like him ? Such a charming mind, such honest judgement, so simple and so easy to talk to. Put all the intelligent men in the world together, and they do not make up for him ! And then I think of you, dear friend, you and his poor wife. I can well picture your grief and hers. If I were with you I should take the liberty of acting like one of your family, because my grief and affection are equal to yours.

Send me a line. The shock of the news has been very severe,

¹ Louis Napoleon was proclaimed Emperor in December of this year.

² Of Russia.

³ Death of the 3rd Lord Melbourne, the Lord Beauvale of the earlier part of the correspondence.

and it is difficult for me to write to you. But I had to let you have these two lines. Remember me to your poor sister, and believe that you have all my sympathy and grief.

I send you all my love. Please remember me to Lord Palmerston, who must be grieving as much as you are.

Princess Lieven had to leave Paris on the outbreak of the Crimean War.

To Lady Palmerston.

BRUSSELS, *April 20th, 1854.*

Do you definitely refuse to write to me any more, dearest? Do you take me for a Cossack? Or do you despise me because I am so unlike a Cossack?

However, I have not lost courage and am writing to you a third time, hoping that at last I shall get some response. I long for news. I should also like to say and to repeat everywhere how stupid and odious I consider this war, and I long for someone to tell me when and where it will all finish.

I congratulate you on having killed the reform¹; try and kill the war as well; I am certain that we should be only too ready to help you. I am consistently bored in Brussels. Apart from the occasional conversations which I have with Brunow, my compatriots are no use to me. I can imagine that a French immigration into another country would be a success. The French know how to live together. We Russians do not know how to live together, and my real compatriots are diplomats of every different country. Here, however, I find nothing but underlings.

The weather is marvellous, which only increases my misery. I could be so happy if I had any happiness. That remark is not so silly as it sounds.

Adieu, dearest; if I get no response to this letter I shall write no more, which will not, however, prevent me from always being fond of you.

¹ Lord John Russell brought in a Reform Bill, which was dropped owing to the war with Russia.

To Lady Palmerston.

BRUSSELS, May 28th, 1854.

It is now I who am to blame. Every day I take up my pen to write to you, and it is one of the misfortunes of the present time that the most talkative people—and I am one of them—are prevented from mentioning the subjects which are nearest their hearts. I think of nothing but this hateful war; you too, probably, and I am convinced that our feelings on this subject are similar. But I cannot allow myself to say all I feel. Moreover, the past is past, it is useless to return to it. But the future? It is on that point that I disagree with everyone. People seem to believe that it is possible to intimidate the Emperor and Russia; and naturally people believe that we must yield in the face of a united Europe; nobody is right when the whole world is against them, and it is not even dishonourable to admit one's errors. However, we are not a logical people. We are and we always will be mules. Intimidation, attacks, will only make us all the more stubborn, and you will see that Russia will sacrifice her last halfpenny and her last man in the conflict. We have still a great many halfpennies and a great many men, enough to exhaust everyone's patience; there will be no end to this war.¹ I do not know if your grandchildren will profit in any way by it.

How is it that there is not one single man, not one brain which can find the clue to settling this idiotic business? For it really is idiotic, and if it was started because people feared our ambition, you must admit that to-day we have no ambition left.

I am staying another week here. You are now in the thick of the season's gaieties. Give me some account of them. I should like to be gay too, even if it is only in dreams.

The Brussels climate is detestable. I have not once ceased to cough during the whole of my stay here. Perhaps Ems will do me some good. Do you know of anyone who is going there?

Adieu, dearest. I beg you not to forget me. Lord Howard

¹ Lord and Lady Holland contemplated visiting Brussels about this time, but the presence of Princess Lieven made them postpone their visit until some good news should come from the Crimea. Lord Holland wrote, "She (Princess Lieven) would be intolerable if she even had the hope of a triumph. I only like her in adversity; she is too violent in prosperity."

is still in the country, and I therefore see no English people at all, which is a great sorrow to me.

Brunow is waiting to be appointed somewhere, but he is still here ; he is certainly very witty and rather aggressive. I did not think he had so much courage.

To Lady Palmerston.

BRUSSELS, November 22nd, 1854.

Lord Howard de Walden¹ has given me your message, in which you were kind enough to say that you would like to come and see me ! Oh how happy I should be if this could happen. What a joy ! But when I look at the sky, the snow and ice, I doubt your coming very much ; and yet I want you to know how grateful I am that you should even consider it. It is *I* who should be travelling in *your* direction—towards Paris, where I can find my doctor and my home, which I seem to need more urgently every day. Ill, wretched, spitting blood—for the last fortnight. I have a doctor who does not know me and in whom I have not the smallest faith. A horrible room in a hotel with draughts and not a single luxury ; not daring even to go out driving because the air of Brussels is so harsh ; oh what a life ! I feel myself dying away. I am told that if I went to Paris people would be suspicious of me.² I can really hardly believe that anybody could be so stupid, and I can scarcely help laughing at having to deny a charge of political power. What can I do with all this shot and shell flying about ? I am only concerned to avoid it and to think of myself, to nurse my health by my own fireside. Politics ! I send them to the devil. They have led me to great sorrow !

I am going to Paris to postpone my death, and I give my solemn word of honour to remain for the rest of my life as egotistical and self-centred as . . . well, let us say Luttrell.³ He was very much like that, I think. Can you imagine me injuring my life at the age of 70 ? Thank you very much, I only want to live in peace, but not in a hotel. Let heaven remove me from here, and as quickly as possible. Dearest, if you can do anything for me, I am sure you will. I rely on your friendship.

Your army is covering itself with glory. Everyone is gaining glory by this war, but what a horror it is nevertheless.

¹ British Minister in Brussels.

² People were still frightened of Princess Lieven at the age of 70.

³ See early letters. Author of *Advice to Julia*.

To Lady Palmerston.

BRUSSELS, *December 21st, 1854.*

Where can I turn in my present state of distress if not to you, who have been my friend for forty years. Absence and lack of communication cannot destroy a trust which has lasted as long as that.

I am dying here. I told you that six weeks ago, and I tell you so with greater conviction to-day. I spit blood, I have severe liver attacks, and my strength is ebbing away. I no longer leave my room at all, sometimes not even my bed. The King's doctor, who is treating me, is at the end of his tether, and attributes it all to the cruel and damp climate of Brussels—he wants to be rid of me (and I equally want to be rid of him).

A warmer climate, have I the strength to go a long way to find it? I wish to make the attempt if Audral orders me to. But I must without fail get to Paris in order to see him.

I asked permission to return a short time ago. The Emperor Napoléon very graciously gave his consent, but immediately afterwards I was told that England had raised serious objections, that they had suspected some political design¹ in my wish to return. The Emperor has suddenly retracted his expressions of goodwill, and although he promised me that I could come, I have not received my passport.

Dearest, I am writing to beg for your protection and your pity. I am merely appealing to your sense of humanity! I am an old woman of 70 (I was 70 the day before yesterday), ridden with physical illness and with material discomforts of every kind, landed in a hotel in a bad season of the year where the wind blows from every quarter and where my bed is the only protection against draughts; deprived of every comfort, separated from all my friends and acquaintances, without a single sympathetic person to keep up my spirits, a prey to the gloomiest imaginings on my own account. Cheerfulness, intellectual resources, material welfare, health, I lack all these, and why?

If I went to Paris and put myself in the power of my enemy, how could I be an object of suspicion to anyone? Is it not obvious that my best interests lie in becoming obscure? To live, if I live at all, in retirement and isolation, devoted entirely

¹ They were afraid that Princess Lieven might use her influence to bring France out of the Crimean War.

to nursing my health and keeping up my friendships? Rest, rest! I want no intercourse or relationship with anyone outside the narrow circle of my family. I pledge myself to this, oh how readily and solemnly! In my despair I said that I intended only to stay temporarily in Paris to consult my doctor and then immediately to travel onwards in search of sunshine as soon as my strength permitted me. Then at least I shall escape the worst period of winter in this cruel Brussels climate.

Please help me to do this, dearest. Beg your husband to help me. It is a question of simple humanity, which would be bound to meet with a response from you if it concerned anyone else. Will your heart remain hard towards me just because it is I? Dearest, if your brother were still alive my entreaties would not be in vain.

Do allow me to believe that his memory and the memory of so many intimate years, and of this very season of the year which we always spent together in such peace and happiness, will make you eager to help me. I only ask this one thing of you. Tell them in Paris that you have no objection to my coming, and do not leave me to die.

To Princess Lieven.

144 PICCADILLY, Dec. 28th (1854).

I am very much distressed at your letter—it has made me very sad. I am upset to think that you are unhappy and ill, and that you should imagine I can do something for you, when in reality neither myself nor my husband can do anything. I can assure you he has done nothing to interfere with your plans—in fact he is in no way implicated in the affair.

I know that there are a number of people, both here and in Paris, who fear your return to Paris and the influence of your Salon, and I myself agree that in the present circumstances the Emperor should not allow Russian ladies to live in Paris. But I do not know of any particular person who has spoken to him on this matter—and I think he always follows his own counsel and rarely consults the opinions of others. I have heard that Mme Kalergy was given to understand that she must leave Paris—but I do not know if this is a fact.

It is true that in Paris the Salons have a very great influence, and any Russian Salon must necessarily be hostile to the close alliance between our two constitutional countries. And if our

friendship were to be jeopardized in any way by society gossip, it would be a great misfortune both for us and for Europe. Moreover, it is suspicious that the Russian Emperor no longer objects to his subjects living in that capital—on the contrary, they say that he likes to see them settled there, and that he no longer interferes.

This subject and your letter are very painful to me, but I have always been frank with you ; and I am forced to tell you the truth.

I would put my hand in the fire if I could give you back your health and happiness, but others who have not the same feeling of long-standing friendship towards you cannot wish for your return to Paris, realizing what a great embarrassment it would cause them. So you must forgive those who are acting in the country's interests, and who are terrified, perhaps wrongly so, of the influence which you might bring to bear.

But, dearest, why do you not go to Nice or Cannes, where the best climate is to be found.

The Duchess of Hamilton, whose son suffers from weak lungs, was advised by the doctors to leave Paris and to go and spend the winter in Nice, where she is at present settled. They told her that Paris was too cold, and the wind too piercing.

Everyone will tell you that the climate in Paris is colder than the English climate, and very bad for the chest.

I am writing in great haste, so forgive my mistakes. I am sorry not to be able to help you—and am in an awkward position. I fear that my frankness may appear brutal to you, but put yourself in my place, and forgive me, and believe me when I say how happy I should be if I could feel more sympathetic to your wishes and could see the thing from your point of view.

I send you all my love and beg you to love me always.

To Lady Palmerston.

PARIS, April 21st, 1856.

A long time has passed, dearest, since I received any sign of recollection from you, and the last letter which I received from you in the autumn of '54 was written in such a tone as to make me doubt not only your friendship but your good will. I was greatly hurt by this ; to-day it is you who are suffering, and I am forgetting everything that has happened in the interval and remember only the time when we had a sisterly affection

for one another. This affection prompts me to share your grief in the death of your charming son,¹ whom I remember so well. How terrible your sorrow must be, and that of his poor wife. I assure you, dearest, that my heart bleeds to think of it, and that it has been in my thoughts ever since I heard the bad news. Your daughters too, especially Fanny; what a revival of her own grief this will be.²

Allow me to send you all my love as I did in the days when you were still fond of me.

¹ This letter refers to the death of Lord Cowper, Lady Palmerston's son.

² Fanny's husband, Lord Jocelyn, died of cholera in 1854.

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